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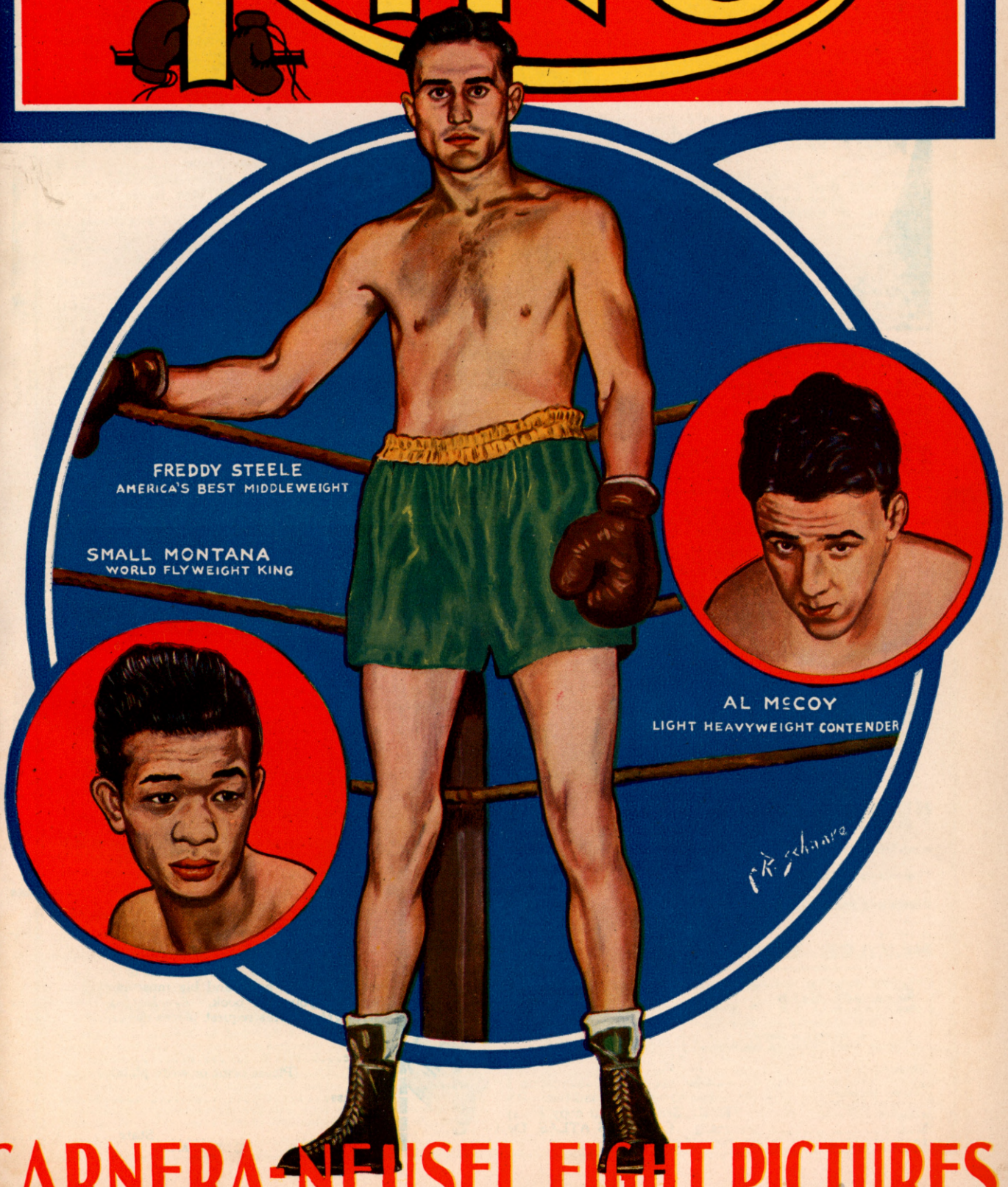

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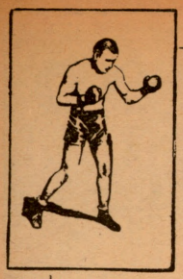

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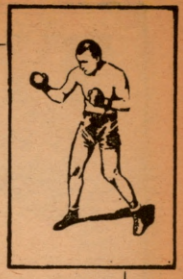

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

With the February issue, "The Ring" begins its fourteenth year, a record of which the Editor and his staff feel proud. During this period, many champions have come and gone, some by way of retirement, others by way of the knockout and still others, through the decision route. But "The Ring" which won its championship title soon after it had entered the field of boxing publications, continues to hold its title, more powerful now than ever.

Those who have followed "The Ring" for these many years, know what a hard task we have had, but even during the height of the depression, at a tremendous loss to him financially, The Publisher and Editor has carried on, to help to foster good will in the boxing fraternity, to spread the gospel of fair play in sports, especially in boxing and in wrestling and to keep the game alive at a time when it didn't require much to put it out of existence.

In our celebration number, The February issue, we will carry a special feature — "Down the Years in Boxing" in which we will give the highlights of the sport during the life of "The Ring." You'll like it. Watch for it.

And the February number also will be our "Annual Rating of Boxers" issue, a feature which we started twelve years ago and which has stood the test with a remarkable record for accuracy. It will be based on a rating allotted boxers by more than 100 scribes and boxing experts throughout the world.

If you are a manager, fighter or promoter, you cannot afford to miss this feature. There is no greater publicity and honor that a fighter can get than to have his name appear among the elite in

THE RING'S
ANNUAL RATING OF BOXERS

In addition, there will be heaps of photographs of the leading fighters and photographs of the year's most thrilling battle.

The issue of the year, that's what the February issue of "The Ring" will be.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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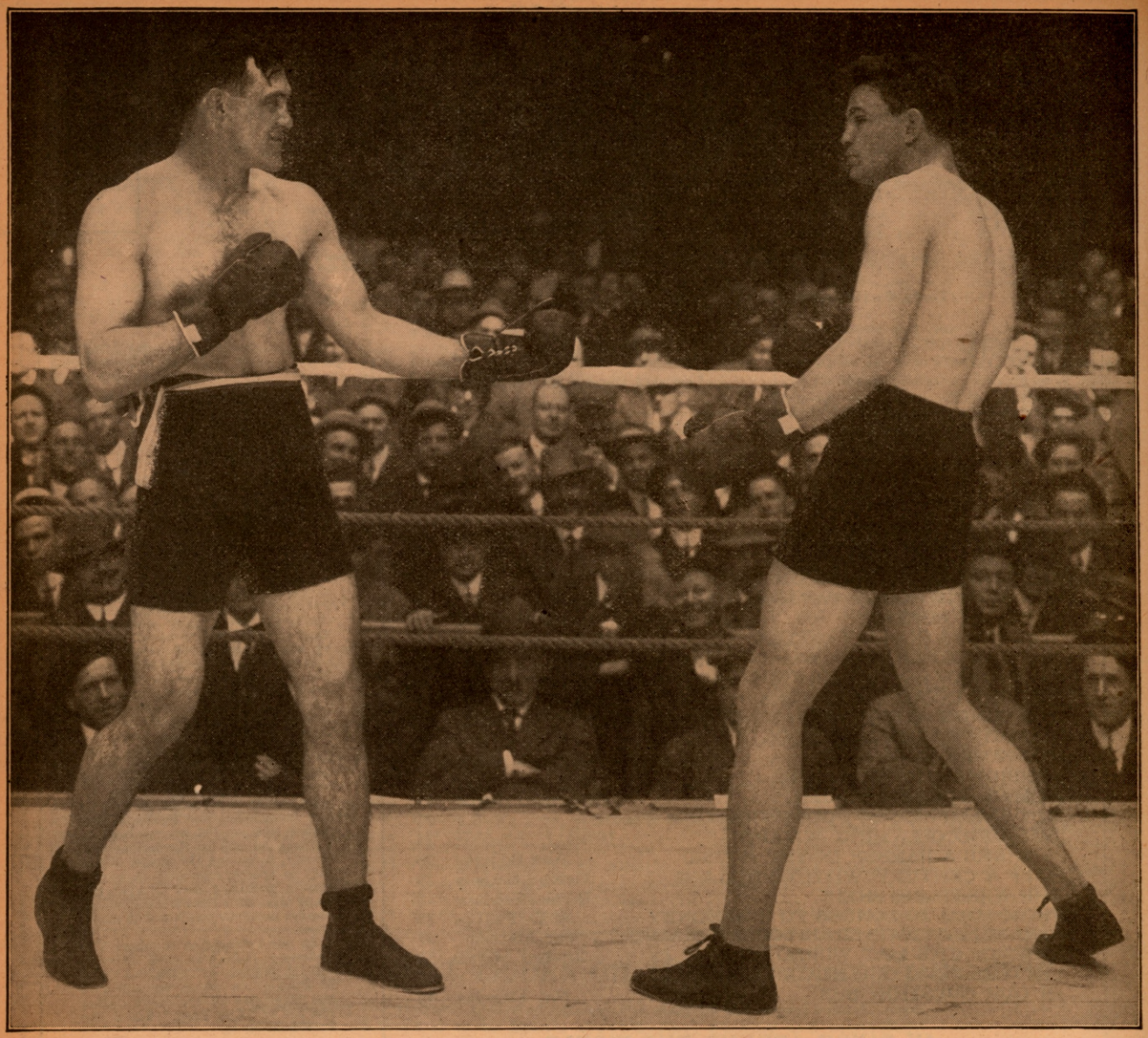


Arthur Pelkey (left) sparring off with Luther McCarty just before the gong sounded starting the fight that ended in Luther's death.

Come On, You "White Hopes"

Here's a Chance for All Who Think They Possess Any Fighting Ability—Plan Big Tournament in Madison Square Garden

By NAT FLEISCHER

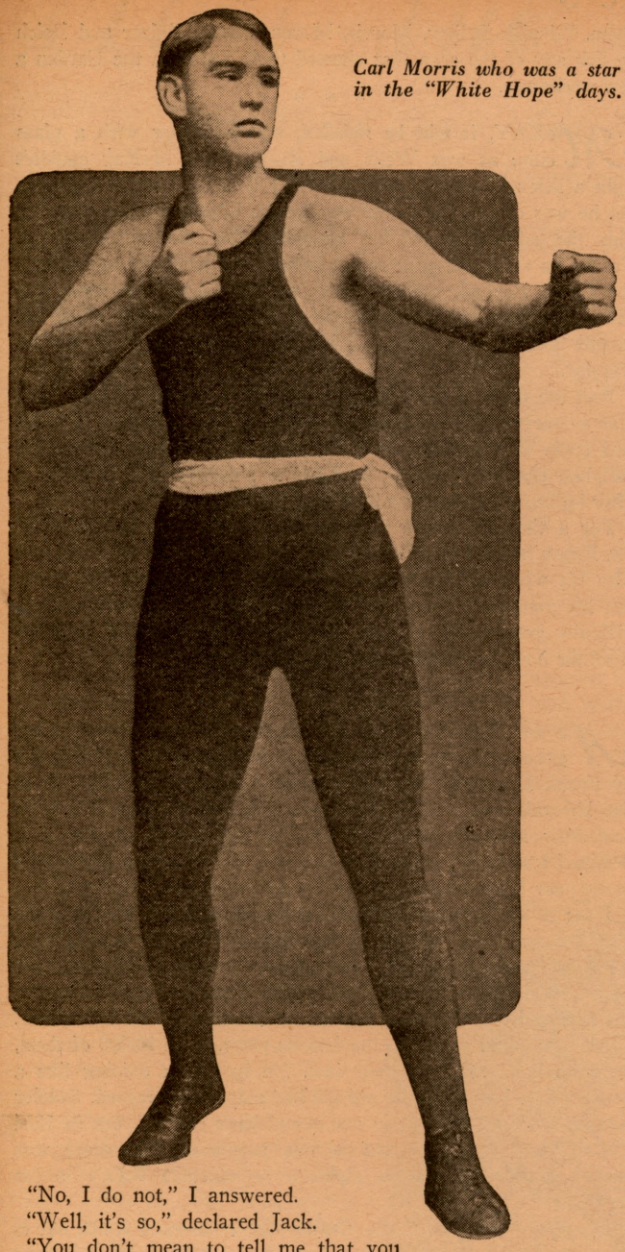
THE battle for recognition among the white heavyweights is now on in full swing. From all parts of the world, the huskies are coming out, just as they did when Jack Johnson won the heavyweight title from Jeffries. Why all the commotion? Jimmy Braddock is still the champion and he may upset the dope as he did when he fought Max Baer, and continue to hold the title despite the general opinion that Joe Louis cannot possibly miss if a championship bout is arranged for next summer.

It's just this—even if the Brown Bomber never becomes title holder, he is so big a drawing card that any white boy who shows ring ability, is certain to draw more money with Louis than the average fighter can obtain through an entire career. That's why every fight manager of note is hunting these days for a "white hope," a fellow who might be able to take the measure of the Detroit slugger.

But the white managers are not the only ones combing the pugilistic fields for a possible opponent for Louis. Jack Johnson, former world heavyweight king came into my office recently to arrange for a broadcast with me for my usual W-N-E-W programme each Thursday night, and he informed me that he spent six days in Boston trying to get the contract of a fellow who looks exceedingly promising.

"Promising for what," I asked Jack, and with a broad grin, only the kind the genial Jack can show, he replied:

"A good fight prospect. Didn't you know that I'm looking for a 'white hope' whom I can train in my own way to beat Joe Louis?"



Carl Morris who was a star in the "White Hope" days.

"No, I do not," I answered.

"Well, it's so," declared Jack.

"You don't mean to tell me that you are trying to get someone to beat the man who is giving your race so much fine publicity," I asked, in astonishment.

"Yes, that's just so. Why not? It is a commercial affair with me. There's big money for the man who can develop a white fighter to cope with Louis and I'm out to get such a man," concluded Jack.

So there you are, you "white hopes." If you think you have any ability, write to me, Nat Fleischer, THE RING, Madison Square Garden, and we'll see what can be done to stage a "white hope" tourney in the Garden, similar to that which Jimmy Johnston staged in the old Garden fifteen years ago. It will be interesting, if nothing more.

Come along, boys—only big fellows need apply. Here are the conditions—you must be between 19 and 23 years old—no older. You must have a little ring experience, even though only as an amateur. You must be no less than six feet tall and your weight should be no less than 180. And the final request, you must be athletically built. If you meet these qualifications and think you can go some with the gloves, send me your record with a complete story of yourself, and I'll arrange the tourney for you in cooperation with Jimmy Johnston.

Strange things have happened in boxing, but none stranger than the comeback of Primo Carnera to stir up the activity in the heavyweight ranks, after we had all decided he was washed up and fit for the farm. Primo's performance against Walter Neusel in the Garden, proved as has so often been said, that against a fellow who cannot hurt him nor reach him, the Italian Behemoth looks like a million dollars and that's just what he looked like against Neusel.

Neusel, who had learned much in England on the most polite way to quit, cried enough in 2.23 of the fourth round after he had held his own with his bigger rival in the three previous sessions. Thus Carnera jumped back into the fistic spotlight and if he is able to keep there for another two months, he may find himself back in the Garden next March as the opponent of Joe Louis in a return engagement.

Neusel gave no indication that he would "chuck it" and it was not until he was nailed with a short right uppercut to the jaw that sent him reeling to the ropes, that the German figured it was best to call a halt. Carnera took quick advantage of the distress signal hoisted by the German and let Neusel have another right. The punch was aimed at the jaw, but landed flush on the right optic, opening a deep cut. Fear of the infliction of more damage to the ruined eye caused the German to give in. He told Referee Arthur Donovan that he was through and walked to his corner while the crowd booed. Thus did Walter Neusel show the 12,768 fight fans how it is done abroad when one thinks he has had enough. Perhaps some of our boys will find it convenient to copy the style, but we hope not!

* * *

THE Garden show was interesting from one point of view, it brought out on parade a dozen heavyweights, a few veterans and the rest newcomers who are making their mark and may yet be heard from. In fact, from the list, there are several who at this writing look exceptionally good as "white hope" prospects, the leaders being Eddie Mader, George Turner, Joe Lipps, Bob Pastor, Jorge Brescia, Jimmy Marriott and Frank Connelly. When one considers how difficult it is to locate a half dozen fair heavyweights, he can readily appreciate what it means to have six newcomers make a hit with the fight public.

Of the above, I like the chances of Mader best. He is a lad with a neat style and knows how to handle himself. Unfortunately, he is an overgrown light-heavyweight and in these days of giants, both in height and weight, he'll have a tough time if forced to face the top flight for which he is now ready. In beating the highly touted Tony Galento, Eddie made a fine job of it. He showed superiority in every round. Mader is the boy who stopped the rise of Hank Hankerson on the Louis-Baer card, and he'll stop many others among the new comers.

* * *

THERE is a sudden throbbing in the field of fisticuffs and as I have already remarked, the reason for the commotion is Joe Louis. Tall men, skinny men, fat men, roly-poly men—men of all sizes and shapes—are being hauled from their work—whatever it might be, to "save" the day for the white race. The call has gone out and from now on, until Louis encounters a hazard, you'll find the search continuing. Rather astonishing, in view of the fact that the Dark Cloud has not yet mounted the throne.

It isn't so much the search for one who can lick Louis—for finding such a man right now would be a miracle—but the hopes that some good opponents can be located for the Black Bomber.

Every now and then there comes a time when some heavyweight of huge proportions temporarily dominates the boxing world and a feverish quest begins for a mammoth fighter to halt the progress of the new comer and such is the case right now, but instead of having a giant to cope with, we are confronted with a mastodon in ability. That's the way we must figure Louis. We are apt to pride ourselves on the high pressure of our publicity experts, but what we see to-day, doesn't compare to what the ballyhoo artists did in the days of our first "white hopes" rage.

It was Billy McCarney who started it and every fight manager in the country who had a heavyweight, took it up until the papers were flooded with stories of this and that phenom. The nearest approach to the McCarney stunt was pulled off by Joe Jacobs, manager of Max Schmeling, who kept the lights burning day and night in ballyhooing Tony Galento only to have poor Tony fall by the wayside in his tilt with Eddie Mader.

Not in years has an ordinary fighter been touted to the skies in such reams of publicity as was Galento. Even I fell for Joe's spiel in my talk over the radio, when I should have known better.

* * *

THE cases of Carl Morris and Luther McCarty are examples of ballyhoo par excellence during the "white hope" days. You remember the story of Morris, but for the benefit of those who do not, I'll repeat it here.

The story sent out by Carl's manager and headlined in New York where he was to make his debut against Fireman Jim Flynn, was to the effect that Morris, an Oklahoma locomotive engineer, celebrated for his size and strength and pugnacity, a rough-and-tumble fighter at any style of milling, having read a story about the vain search for a white man to beat Johnson, offered his services. He came East and declared that he would never again handle the throttle until he had brought back to the white race the heavyweight crown and of course, that kind of publicity, hit the imagination of the fans and a packed house saw his Garden debut in which Flynn beat him.

But before he came to New York, he had gained a reputation as a knockout artist, seven in eight months being to his credit. It was that record that enable his press agent to bolster his stock for the Garden battle and the man-eating qualities of the Oklahoma grizzly were spread on with a vengeance.

But the Morris bubble burst when the 60 pound lighter Flynn slaughtered the visitor whose greatest asset that night, seemed to be his extreme gameness. Nine out of ten would have quit but the Westerner was still on his feet, unlike Walter Neusel in the Carnera fight, when the final gong sounded. There was no quitting in Morris' make-up.

I mention this to show the difference between the fighters of a past era and those of to-day.

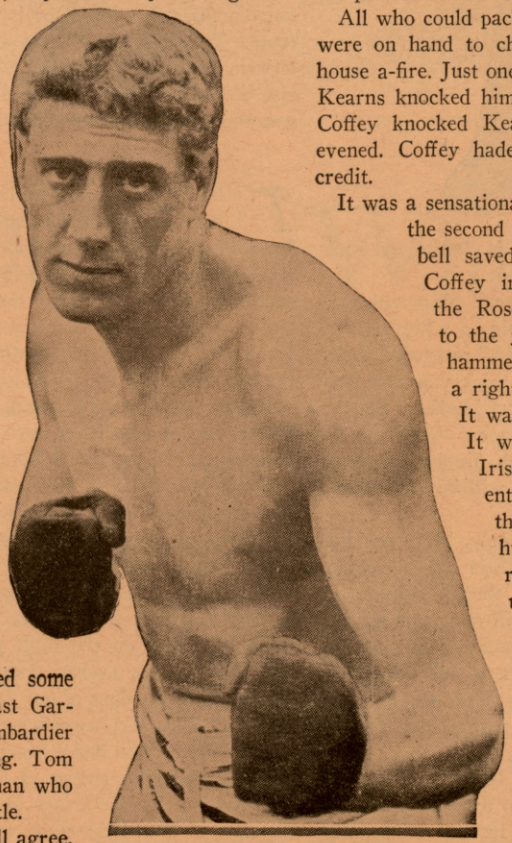
* * *

IT is interesting to list some of the boys who were in the spotlight as "white hopes" at the time of McCarty's rise and to compare them with the boys who are now striving for recognition. You'll find, if you know your ring records and history that the majority of those who appeared then, were all far superior to ninety percent of the lads who are in the spotlight now. Let us name just a few.

There was first and foremost, Luther McCarty, the "white hope" champion, the man, who, had he not been killed in the ring by Arthur Pelkey, would have faced Jack Johnson, instead of Jess Willard getting the assignment. Then besides Pelkey, there were the following:

Carl Morris, the Sepulpa Engineer; Fred Fulton, the Minnesota Plasterer; Boer Rodel, the South African champion; Fred McKay, another South African; Soldier Kearns, Jim Coffey, the Roscommon Giant; Frank Moran, the "Mary Ann" expert; Al Reich, who was Jafsie's bodyguard during the Lindbergh kidnapping search and who refereed some of the heavyweight bouts in the last Garden tourney; Al Palzer, and Bombardier Wells, the British heavyweight king. Tom Cowler; and Gunboat Smith, the man who gave Jack Dempsey his hardest battle.

An impressive list, no doubt you'll agree, even though there were quite a few representatives of the cheese brigade among them. I'd pick Pelkey, Morris, Moran, Smith, Palzer and Reich to lick any of the crop that showed their wares in the Garden a few weeks ago.



Bombardier Billy Wells, who was a clever English fighter but had a glass chin.

* * *

McKAY, it will be recalled, was a fighter with a glass chin, as was Wells and Rodel. Poor McKay couldn't fight a lick and was scared stiff every time he entered the ring, yet he was one of the world war heroes whose courage won for him the admiration of his regiment. On the battlefields of France he displayed such rare courage that when he passed into the Great Beyond, columns were written about the man who flinched in the face of the enemy wearing the padded mitts, but fought like a tiger when facing the deadly bayonets of the warrior.

And the story of Boer Rodel is another story of a fighter who was so scared stiff when pitted against a ring opponent, that he was ready to hop right out of the ring, yet Jim Johnston's great ballyhoo enabled Rodel to go back to England with a bankroll after he proved a complete bust as a "white hope."

For a time it seemed that Moran would clean up the field, but Frank just fell short of the mark. He was just a wild swinger who hit with sledge-hammer effect when he caught the mark, but his punches were so telegraphed that his opponent had no difficulty getting out of range. His famous right, which came up from the floor, was dubbed the "Mary Ann."

* * *

AS for Jim Coffey, the Roscommon Giant, he might have gone far in the heavyweight ranks had he been able to get by Frank Moran. Coffey was a popular fighter who hailed from the Emerald Isle. There were two fights of his that I like to remember most—in one, Jim rose to the heroic stature of a demigod and in the other, he fell like a ton of bricks and nearly broke poor Billy Gibson's heart.

I sat at the ringside in Madison Square Garden on the night that Jim scaled the heights. It was May 5, 1915. He was fighting Al Reich, the Adonis, the most perfect specimen of humanity I ever looked upon. The gigantic Coffey looked clumsy alongside the perfect Reich. It was a gala night for the Irish of New York.

All who could pack into the famous place, some 10,000 of them, were on hand to cheer their idol. He had been coming like a house a-fire. Just one little setback had marred his record. Soldier Kearns knocked him out in one round back in 1912, but in 1914 Coffey knocked Kearns out in one round, so that score was evened. Coffey hade some eighteen or nineteen K.O.'s to his credit.

It was a sensational battle. Coffey all but knocked Reich out in the second with a terrific right hook to the jaw, but the bell saved Al. In the third, while the mob cheered Coffey in a maddening, deafening chorus of cries, the Roscommon Giant whipped in lefts and rights to the jaw until Reich was dizzy. Then a sledge-hammer left to the stomach doubled Reich up and a right to the jaw sent him tumbling to the floor. It was all over.

It was a great night for celebrating. How the Irish did go wild. The least pleased, the least enthusiastic was Coffey himself, as he watched them trying to revive Reich. Jim had pity, humaneness in his heart. He didn't leave the ring, despite the ovation he was receiving, until he was sure Reich was not badly hurt.

And the big fellow rollicked all summer in the popularity that was his. He smiled and bowed his way into the hearts of the fans and how they did boost for him!

And I guess that Jim thought he could conquer the world. He was on the road to the title. Willard had just beaten Johnson. They were talking about Coffey meeting Big Jess. Then along came Frank Moran, the veteran Pittsburgher. He had to be overcome *(Continued on page 44)*

Hail the Champion!

John Henry Lewis Adds to Negro Prestige by Winning World Light Heavyweight Title From Bob Olin

By THE RING EDITOR

JOHN HENRY LEWIS, the twenty-one-year-old Negro from Phoenix, Arizona, is the new world's light-heavyweight champion, by virtue of his victory over Bob Olin in a bout that went fifteen rounds to a decision on October 31. Lewis' triumph adds to the ring prestige of the Negro race, which has boasted of such talented pugilists as the immortal Joe Gans and George Dixon, the stalwart Jack Johnson, the hard-hitting Sam Langford, the colorful Tiger Flowers and Battling Siki, in addition to Kid Chocolate, Young Jack Thompson, and the mighty Joe Walcott among the title-holders, and Joe Jeannette, Sam McVey, the great Peter Jackson, old George Godfrey and many others too numerous to mention in the "almost made it" class.

And to top it off, Lewis has gained the crown at a time when another Negro is holding the spotlight, one who is regarded by the critics, almost without a dissenting vote, as the next world heavyweight champion—Joe Louis. Thus, if Joe should come through as I think he will, the colored race will have two of the sons of Ham occupying the top rung of the ladder, with several others sitting on posts close to the top. Not since the halcyon days of Gans and Dixon have the Negroes been so honored.

Lewis is the second Negro to win the light-heavyweight crown, Battling Siki having preceded him. Though Lewis carried off the honors by a wide margin, no champion has ever relinquished his title in more glorious defeat than did Olin. Bob has never been recognized as among the truly greats of pugilism, but this much must be said for him—he exhibited the courage of a fighting man and, true to the traditions of his race, he fought gamely and bitterly in the face of odds, to the very end. While Lewis won the championship, it was Olin who received the plaudits of the crowd, for gameness such as he showed is the type for which the fans like to show their appreciation.

* * *

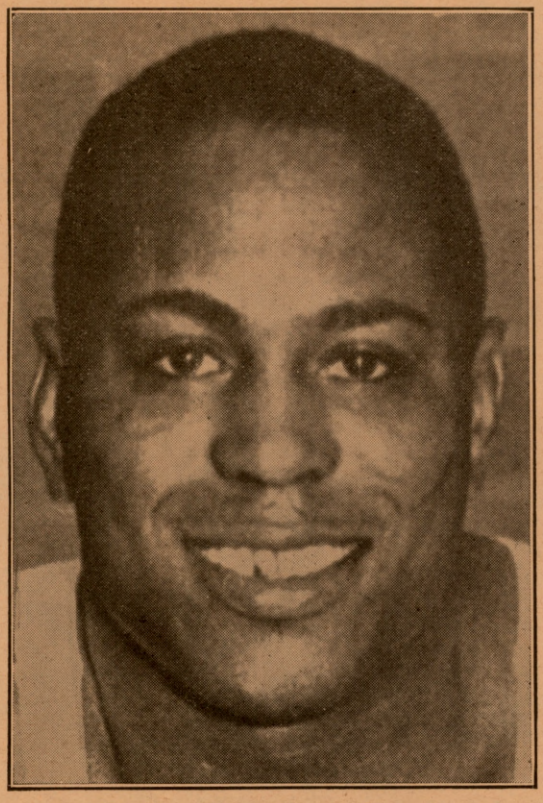
THE decision correctly went to the Negro, for the old champion took a severe beating in the majority of the rounds. Yet, faced by a superb boxer, Bob took everything Lewis handed out and when, in the twelfth round, the fans arose and shouted to the referee to stop the slaughter, Bob waved to his corner not to toss in the sponge and went after his opponent in a manner that amazed the gathering. He finished the round on his feet, although for a time it seemed he would be stopped, and then he came back with a rally that enabled him to earn an even break in the thirteenth session. He staggered through the fourteenth and, with every ounce of his strength, he managed to pull through the final session to last the limit.

There could be no doubt as to the victor, but on Bob's showing, despite the one-sidedness of the rounds, he is entitled to a return engagement. I hope he gets it, though I believe that Al McCoy, the New England youngster who has been coming along with a rush, is entitled to first crack at the title.

Starting with the fourth round, when Lewis began his uphill climb, Olin was hit hard and often in every session. Some scribe at the ringside counted four hundred and eleven solid punches in the last eleven rounds, somewhat of a record for punishment in a championship fight in the past few years. The Black Demon at times had the defending title-holder utterly helpless, but the veteran Olin refused to yield. At times Bob's body sagged and his head almost rested on his chest, but not once during the fight did he hit the floor. His raging Negro foe grew arm-weary hitting him, and caused Bob to reel from corner to corner, but that was as far as Lewis could get.

No wonder the crowd gave Olin a lusty cheer as the final gong sounded. The fans knew who had won. They could expect only one verdict but never in St. Louis' ring history had they seen a more thrilling display of courage as Olin went through his uphill struggle to avoid a knockout, and their applause was his reward.

The bout was the second in which Olin lost to Lewis, and it was also Bob's first defense of his title since winning it from Maxie Rosenbloom in Madison Square Garden a year ago. Only a few weeks before the fight, Olin refused to accept an offer of fifteen thousand dollars to fight Len Harvey or Jack Peterson in London, and although he was guaranteed that amount for the Lewis battle, he didn't get it. The bout drew only $16,584.32, leaving the promoters with a heavy loss.



John Henry Lewis, the new champion.

Olin refused to accept a cut and wouldn't budge from his dressing room until Mike Jacobs urged him to take less and save the day. He then agreed to take ten thousand dollars, thus enabling the promoters to pay off the preliminary boys. Lewis received only a little beyond his expenses but he is well pleased to have the championship and the glory that goes with it. He'll get his when he defends his crown.

Lewis has been a professional fighter since 1931. He was born in Los Angeles on May 1, 1914. He has two fighting brothers, Nathaniel Christie and Paul Roger, and his father, John E., has a wonderful athletic background. He is the physical trainer at the University of Southern California, and trained Joe Gans for many of his famous fights. Dad Lewis fought with Teddy Roosevelt in the Spanish-American War, in the Battle of San Juan, and later he was with General Pershing in the Mexican uprising. He has also trained famed track men, including Howard Drew, the great sprinter, and Fred Kelly, the hurdler.

The new champion scored seven victories during his first year of fighting, five of them knockouts. He *(Continued on page 49)*

Let's *Not* Go Haywire

JUST how good is this man Louis? To tell the absolute, unvarnished truth, it is not the easiest thing in the world to arrive at a reliable index to a fighter's ranking. I need only point to Max Baer as an example. When Baer beat Max Schmeling, the experts went into ecstasies. When Baer knocked out Primo Carnera, the insiders went haywire. They pronounced Baer the boxing paragon, the wonder of wonders, the second Dempsey.

Well, in only a year, Baer deteriorated so fast and so badly that Jim Braddock made a show of him in fifteen rounds, and then Louis stopped Maxie in short order. So, you see, you never can tell about athletes. After all, they are not machines. They are just human beings, subject to all the physical ills and mental ups and downs of the man in the street.

And so, as I take up the subject of Joe Louis, the Negro phenomenon, I say that it is extremely hard to give a rating on a human being—more so than on a horse.

However, let us discuss Louis from what we have seen of him, from what we know he can do, from what we believe he can do.

The big question in the life and career of Louis from now on has to do with his reaction to married life. As you know, on the night he fought Baer, just before Joe went to the Yankee Stadium, he was married to Marva Trotter, a young woman of his own race.

Before his marriage, Louis was a model young man. Now that he has been married, he still is a model young man. But it remains to be seen how much his life will be affected by what is known as travelling in double harness.

Normally, you would figure Louis to be good for eight or nine years more. I think that this normal expectation will be lived up to. But, I say again, nobody can foretell what a man will do in a day, let alone in a year.

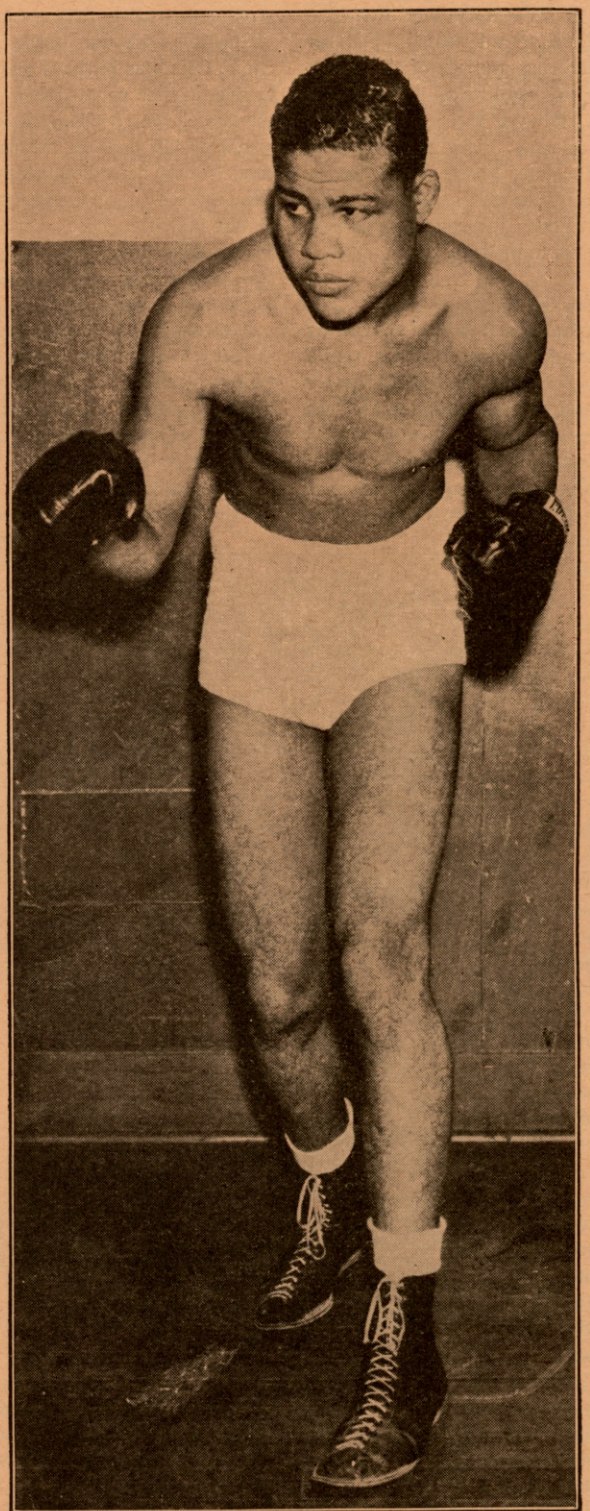
* * *

OF course, we must not forget that Louis is not yet the champion. Most folks seem to overlook that little detail. They consider him as a title-holder. Jim Braddock still is the champion and Louis first must dispose of Jim before he can face the world as the successor of such famous men as Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Johnson and Dempsey.

The nubbin of the discussion therefore centers in a Braddock-Louis fight. How will Louis fare when he faces Jim?

It is extremely difficult to develop any support for Braddock, especially among those who saw Louis wallop Baer. Braddock is no youngster. He is a clever trooper, and will, perhaps, present greater technical difficulties than did Baer. Max never was a clever fighter. That he chose to box Louis is only the greater evidence of the uncanny ability of the Negro to make the man opposite him fight the way he wants his opponent to fight him.

Braddock will, perhaps, not be so easy for the Louis left and Braddock, perhaps, will make the Braddock left develop a lot of uneasiness and maybe grief for the Black Bomber.



Joe Louis, Negro sensation, with the stolidity of his part Indian ancestry.

But, if you know Louis, at twenty-one, if you saw Louis belt Baer, you appreciate the size of the task which lies before Braddock in the defense of a title which he is not likely to carry out of the ring with him after a meeting with Joe Louis.

* * *

JOE LOUIS just now deserves ranking as a fine fighter. I say this without any tendency to overrate the Negro. I do not believe that Louis is invincible, but there is nobody around at this time to beat him.

Before the Louis victory over Baer, a New York newspaper ran a long series of imaginary fights between the Negro and the great heavyweights of the past. These pieces, naturally, were fantastic, and so were many of the conclusions arrived at. The series was calculated to act as ballyhoo for Louis, and it performed its function well.

In this series, Louis walloped one of the old stars after the other, only Langford and one other fighter being given the edge over the Detroit Phenom. Yet when the choice for the Baer-Louis fight was made, the same paper picked Baer to beat Louis, all of which would have made Baer the outstanding fighter of modern ring history, yet see what happened to Adelbert Max!

I mention this only to show you what can happen to the best of experts, for, as I said before, you cannot rate humans as you do horses. The man who made the choices in that series, ranks as one of the world's best fight critics, my pal, Hype Igoe, who has picked more winners in important fights in the last thirty years than any man I know. Yet you see how wrong he went on the Baer-Louis bout.

* * *

IN my own mind, I can see no such miracle working Louis. I see a Louis who is young, powerful,

on This Lad *LOUIS!*

Never Rank a Heavyweight Until After He Has Won the Title, Warns Billy Roche, Grand Judge of Fighters

By BILLY ROCHE

(One of America's foremost referees and promoters of the old school)

well put together, ambitious, in good shape, determined, fast, clever, even if flat footed, relentless, with the true killer instinct—a composite of the great Jack Johnson.

But I do not see in this man one of the greatest fighters of all time. It is silly, absolutely ridiculous, to rate any heavyweight until after he has held the championship. It is one thing, in any sport, to fight toward a title, and another thing to support the burden of the championship. The difference in the mental angle, in the general psychology, is great,—so great that the man in the street cannot possibly understand it.

Therefore, I counsel caution and restraint in ranking this Negro sensation. I say this without any effort to detract from Joe's achievements or his potentialities, for he is a splendid all-around fighter. I say this without any desire to take anything away from Joe.

But I repeat, never rank a heavyweight until he has won the title. And I am going to wait and see what Louis does after he disposes of Braddock—if he does reach that goal. Braddock with his tantalizing left, may furnish a surprise. He did it once, and may repeat.

* * *

LOUIS is not the bombastic battler that Dempsey was. Louis is a more methodical fighter, he takes more time. This may be traced to two reasons. First, to temperament. Second, to schooling.

Dempsey's style, quick and to the point, was due to his impatience, his quick style. And, I might say, to his possessing the fistic wares with which to take care of a rival quickly.

Dempsey was a self-made fighter. Louis got a lot of his stuff from Jack Blackburn, who in his time was one of the cleverest Negro fighters the game has seen.

Louis has a grand left—a better left than Dempsey ever boasted. But the Louis right is not all it should be. Dempsey's right was murder. Louis uses the right as an accessory. The right-handed maulers of ring history have been the sensational knockout artists.

The left-handed hitters have been more clever, more methodical, slower punishers. And, let me say, the slow punisher is the more cruel. If I am to be beaten, I'll have it the Dempsey way rather than the Louis method.

Let me point out that nobody has hit Louis hard enough since he became a contender, to give him a real test. No fighter can be ranked reliably until he has been belted on the whiskers.

Carpentier belted Dempsey, and Jack came up and stopped his man. Baer hit Louis just fairly hard only once, with a back hand righthander in the first round. After that Maxie never bothered Louis.

* * *

LOUIS sometimes gives you the impression that he is automatic, that he is thinking too hard of the various things he has been taught and told about and warned about by Blackburn.

There is no doubt that Louis has all the native ability of the ring genius. I am not taking that away from him. But there is something of the made fighter about him that stands out whenever I see Joe perform. This will wear off as he marches along the fistic highway and gains experience. Most of us lose sight of the fact that the Negro has not been fighting for very long as a professional.

Here is the Louis family on parade in Harlem. Joe and his bride, the former Marva Trotter, the day after their marriage.

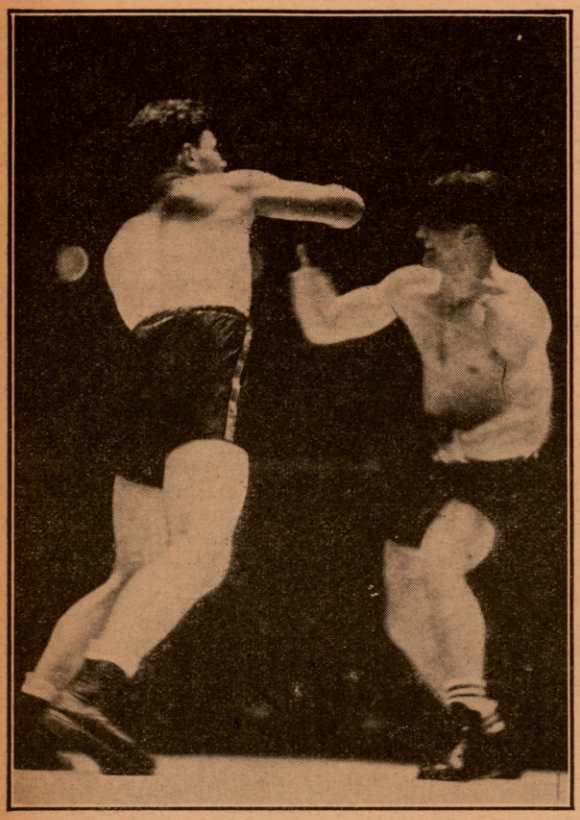
There is something of the left-handed ability of Jim Corbett about Louis. The Negro is not a motion waster. He is not a wild swinger. In fact, he is not a swinger at all. He works inside, with elbows close to his body, his arms working like piston rods. He pistons the left, and he crouches and drives in the right. It is a very workmanlike style which conserves power and is very disconcerting to the opposition.

Louis is a hard man to fight. He is stolid and strong. But it remains to be seen if he is a man so good that he cannot be fought at all. Quick to the punch, he is catlike. But, after all, with all his speed, he is flatfooted, which is something of a blow to the old members of the Fistic Academy of Fine Arts.

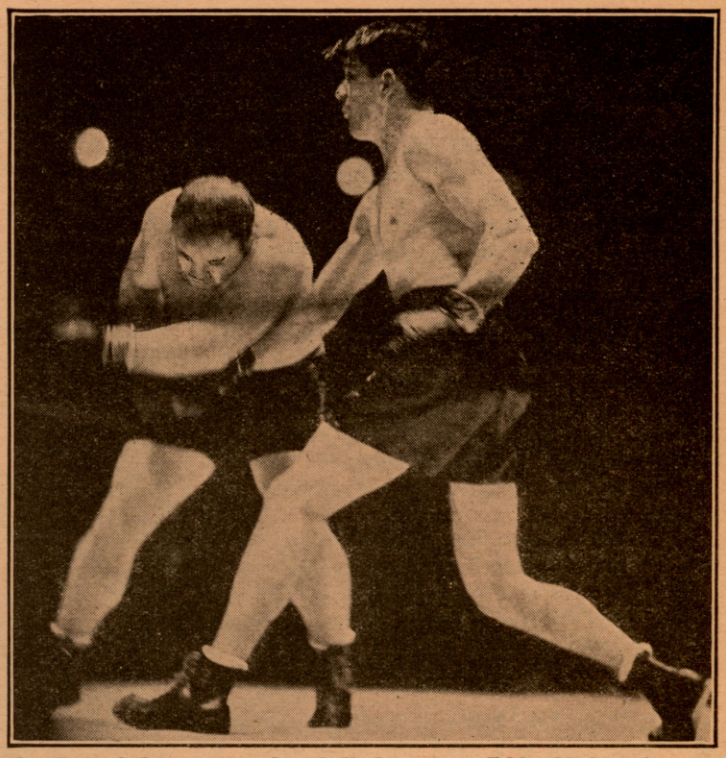
Time will tell about Joe. Let's not be too quick in our judgment.

As I have already said, he is a great fighter, but we cannot judge a man fully until after he has clashed with one who is not afraid of him. When Louis comes through after clashing with a tough, fearless fellow, then it will be time to give him his final rating.

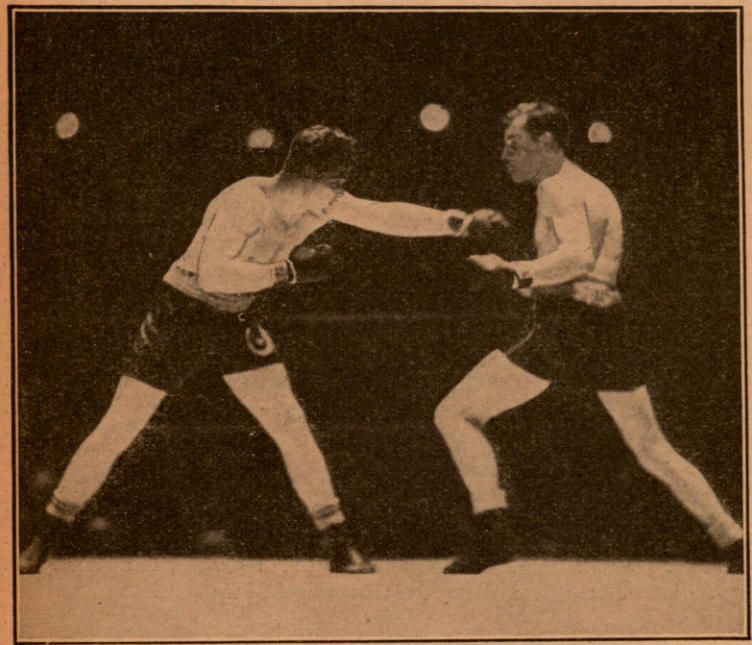
The "White Hopes" Parade



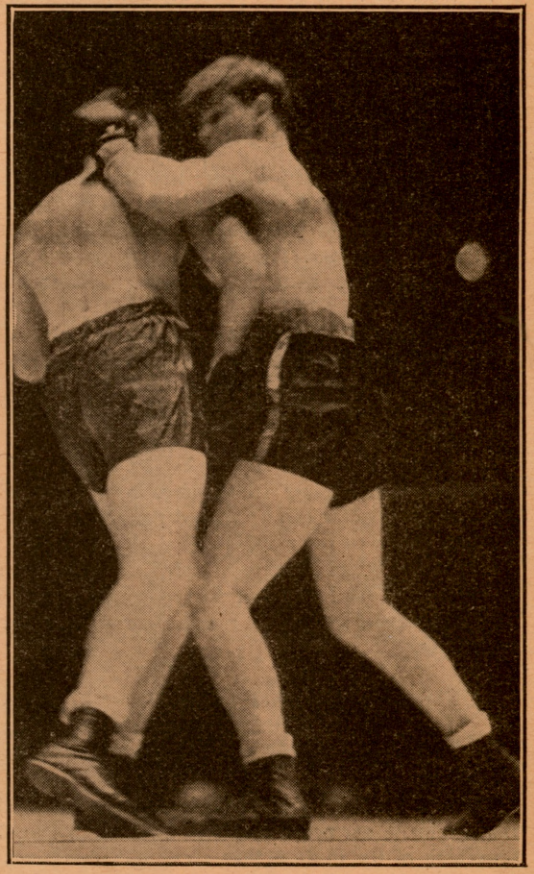
Max Marek (right) and Bob Pastor, former N.Y.U star had it out in hammer-and-tongs fashion in the Garden with Pastor nosing out the Chicago Golden Gloves champion. Was by far the best battle in Jimmy Johnston's heavyweight tourney. Pastor has been making rapid strides and is one of the most promising of the new lads seen around New York.



Fat Tony Galento received a shellacking from Eddie Mader who won as he pleased in what was expected to be the best card of the Garden heavyweight show. Tony was a target for Mader's sharp shots and received a neat trimming.

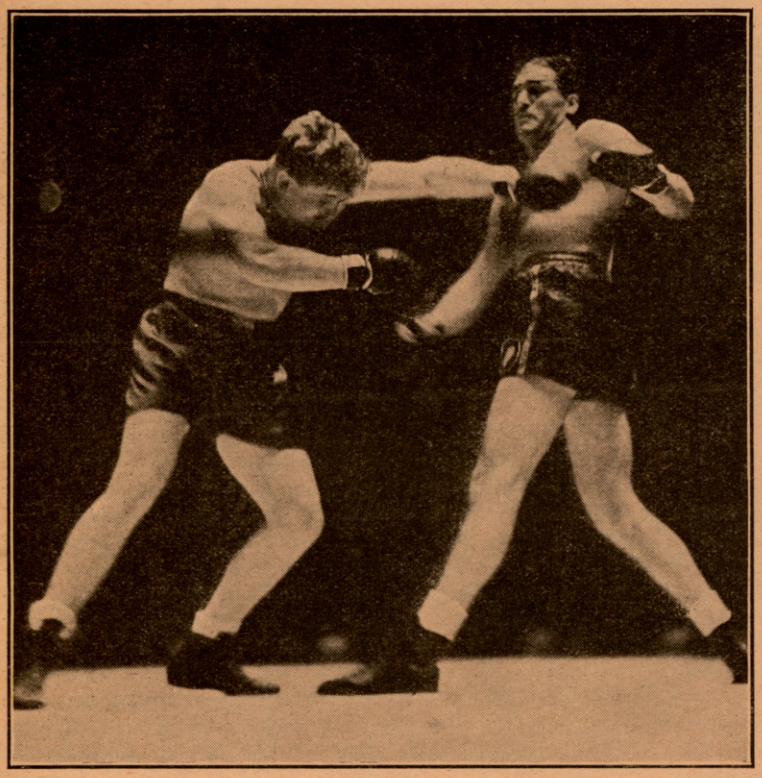


Scene in the fight between Joe Lipps, Jack Dempsey's latest "white hope," (left) and Jack Corrigan of Kingston, Pa., in the Garden. They sparred, and then came a smash to Corrigan's jaw and the fight was over in 2.23 of the first round. Lipps has the making of a good heavyweight.

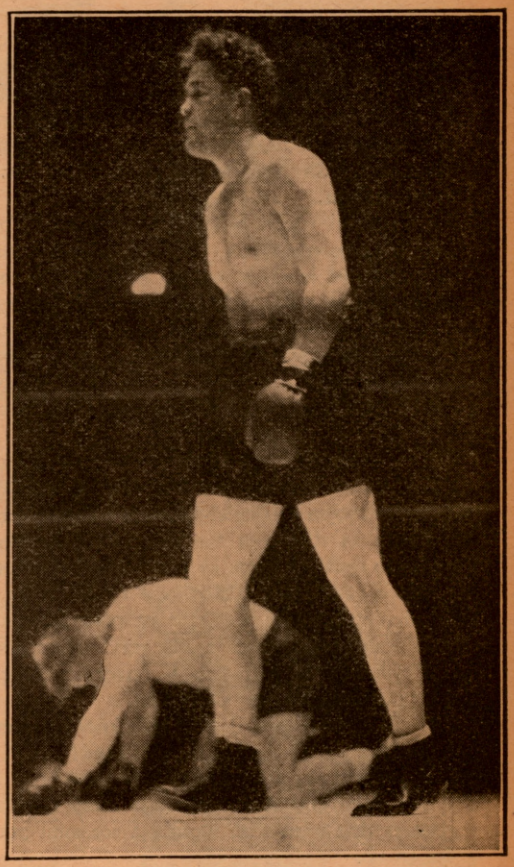


James J. Merriott (left) and George Turner engaged in a thrilling match with Turner adding to his prestige by winning. George spotted 22 pounds to his rival but came through with colors flying. Watch this Turner lad.

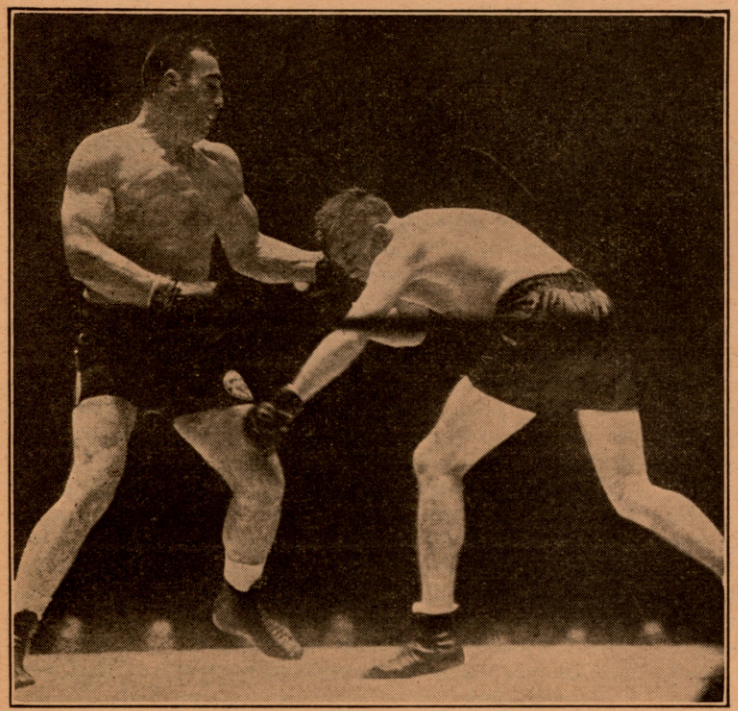
in Madison Square Garden



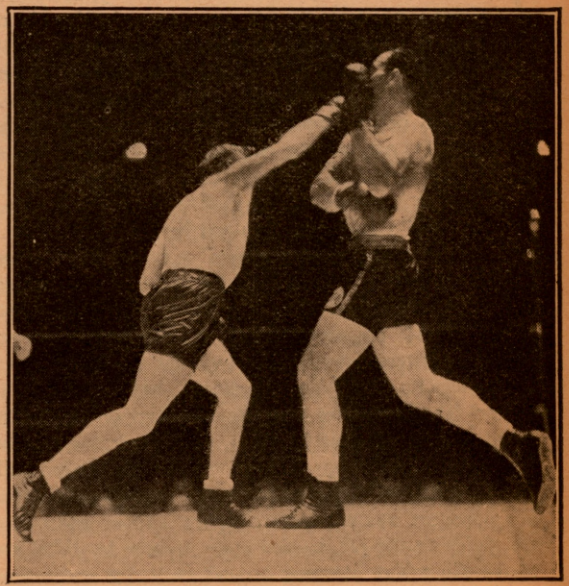
For six rounds Jorga Brescia, heavyweight champion of South America, and Heinz Kohlkass fought a vicious battle in the Garden and at the end Brescia was awarded the verdict. He dropped Heinz in the third. Brescia is a hard hitter, and with proper development, he looks like an exceptionally bright prospect. Brescia is of the same stable with Primo Carnera, but at this stage of his development he is a far better fighter than was Primo when he first came here.



Frank Connolly of Boston walking to his corner after knocking out Jerry Pavalak of Long Island in 1.39 of the third round. Jerry was floored four times. Although Connolly did not show anything extraordinary, he acts and looks the part of a good fighter. He is managed by Jack Sharkey and Johnny Buckley.



This photo shows the helplessness of Neusel. Carnera hit almost as he pleased. Scene just before the German called it a night and quit in their Garden bout.



Neusel tries to reach Carnera's jaw but the punch is blocked. Note the difference in size and weight. Primo towers over the German.

OVER *the* ROPES

WHEN a fighter takes a punch on the chin that sails him over the ropes and down on top of the ringside reporters, it may be just a sign of luck. Charley White of Chicago landed a punch on Benny Leonard that put Benny down among the spectators. Benny climbed back with anger in his eye and laid Mr. White to rest with a knockout.

Joe Choynski fought a terrific battle with Tom Sharkey, in which he twice connected so solidly with the sailor's chin that Tom landed on his head on the floor outside the roped arena. On both occasions, Sharkey clambered back into fighting territory and chased Joe all over the ring. The fight went to Sharkey.

And then there's the famous case of Jack Dempsey, who was catapulted through the ropes by the large, hairy arm of Luis Firpo. What Dempsey did to Firpo after that was a shame.

* * *

SUCH luck extends back into history. In 1754, Jack Slack, the champion of England, fought a French challenger named Pettit. In that bout the ring had a wooden railing. The Frenchman grabbed Slack by the throat and threw him over the rail. Slack hung on to Pettit, and while falling to the ground knocked him out with what the sporting writers of those days called "a desperate blow in the ribs." More likely it was an early form of the "solar plexus" punch, catching Pettit relaxed and knocking the breath out of him.

The afternoon before Luis Firpo knocked Dempsey into the press box, he ate a luncheon that set something of a record for a fighter waiting to appear in an important bout. It consisted of a platter of spaghetti, an enormous steak, all the potatoes and vegetables that went with it, half a cocoanut cake, and a quart of ice cream.

A modest lunch like that would be a reducing diet for the Japanese wrestling champion who made a meal of thirty-eight bowls of rice, sixteen pounds of meat and fish, two gallons of soup, and twenty-eight bottles of beer. At any rate, the public prints recorded that he ate such a meal. The writer did not actually *see* him eat it, although he did see the man in question, who weighed between three and four hundred pounds, and is ready to state that if anyone ever ate such a meal, this fellow was undoubtedly the one who could do it!

* * *

THIS repast is not the largest in history, however. Milo of Croton, an early Greek wrestler and Olympic champion, according to Greek legend, ate twenty pounds of meat, twenty pounds of bread, and drank fifteen pints of wine at one sitting.

In case the reader believes that Milo was the victim of an illusion, and never actually ate such a meal, we hasten to add that wrestlers are not the only ones who have illusions. Boxers get 'em, too; particularly after being hit on the chin.

On one such occasion, King Tut was fighting Bruce Flowers. Bruce packed a mighty wallop and he landed it solidly on Tut's jaw. Tut dropped to the canvas and Flowers walked to the farthest neutral corner. When he got there he looked around and was startled to see King Tut standing, waiting in the opposite corner. "Gee!" explained Tut, after the fight, "I thought *I* had knocked Flowers down, and was waiting for *him* to get up!"

Leo Leavitt, King Tut's manager, had a great joke on his fighter. The King was very popular, and on one occasion was asked to referee some bouts in an amateur tournament. In the first fight, a boxer was socked on the chin. He was all but out on his feet. He dropped his hands, and staggered backwards. His opponent was a complete novice, and instead of rushing in and finishing the job, backed away because he didn't know what to do. King Tut, jumping around excitedly, and seeing only a man in front of him with his guard down, for an instant forgot that he was refereeing, let a punch slip, and put over the knockout himself!

NOT all the amateurs are as green as the winner of that bout, by a long shot. When Benny Leonard was lightweight champion, he toured the country in 1917, boxing in the army camps. At San Diego he fought a young soldier who knocked him down for a five count, and Benny had to fight his hardest to get a draw.

"Boy," said Benny afterwards, "you certainly can fight! You ought to turn professional. You'd make a fortune."

"Aw, I guess I'll stay amateur," was the surprising reply. "I don't think Pop would like it."

Benny thought he would look up "Pop" and have a talk with him about his son's future. "Pop" turned out to be $30,000,000 lumberman in the Northwest!

* * *

THE ring has different ways of treating fighters. Some get all banged up, and others, who fight just as hard, go through their whole careers without a mark. One of the most aggressive fighters who ever lived was Terry McGovern. "Terrible Terry" was a charging whirlwind in the ring. The fans are few indeed who ever saw him take a backward step. Yet he fought seventy-nine desperate battles, knocked out six different world's champions, bantamweight to lightweight, and retired without a scar on him.

Young Stribling fought more than two hundred and eighty professional fights, fifty-five of them in one year—that was more than one a week—but the injury which resulted in his death came when he was riding a motorcycle, and the only other time he was seriously hurt was when he fell off a bicycle. He had also raced motorboats and high-speed autos, and flown one hundred thousand miles as an airplane pilot without being hurt, which is something of an accomplishment in itself.

* * *

PROBABLY the toughest fighter of his size ever to enter the ring was Joe Grim. Nothing seemed to hurt him. He only weighed one hundred and fifty-five pounds—that is to say, he was only a light middleweight—yet he fought heavyweights and the hardest punching fighters of his time, and none of them hurt him, although they hit him with everything they had.

Late in his career Joe went to the hospital with a fractured skull acquired when he was hit on the head with a blackjack while electioneering, and afterwards he wasn't able to take a punch on the chin. Up to that time, no one could knock him out.

Joe Walcott tried as hard as he could, but Grim only laughed and held his arms out wide, inviting Joe to hit him again. Walcott couldn't knock him out. Peter Maher, Kid Carter, Jack O'Brien, Joe Gans and others tried it, but they all failed. Finally the proposition was put up to the Old Master, Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons. Probably no one in the world hit any harder than old Fitz.

While training for this important bout, Joe was so confident of his toughness that he let a fellow knock him down with a pick-ax handle just to prove that it didn't hurt. During the fight, Fitzsimmons knocked Grim down seventeen times. Punches to the chin, the solar plexus, the kidneys, the temple, and high on the cheek all failed to put Joe away.

Fitzsimmons knocked him down as fast as Joe could get up for the last five sessions of the six-round bout. It was a no-decision affair. As soon as the bell rang ending the sixth round, Joe turned a gleeful handspring, and doctors who examined him later could find nothing out of the ordinary except a few bumps.

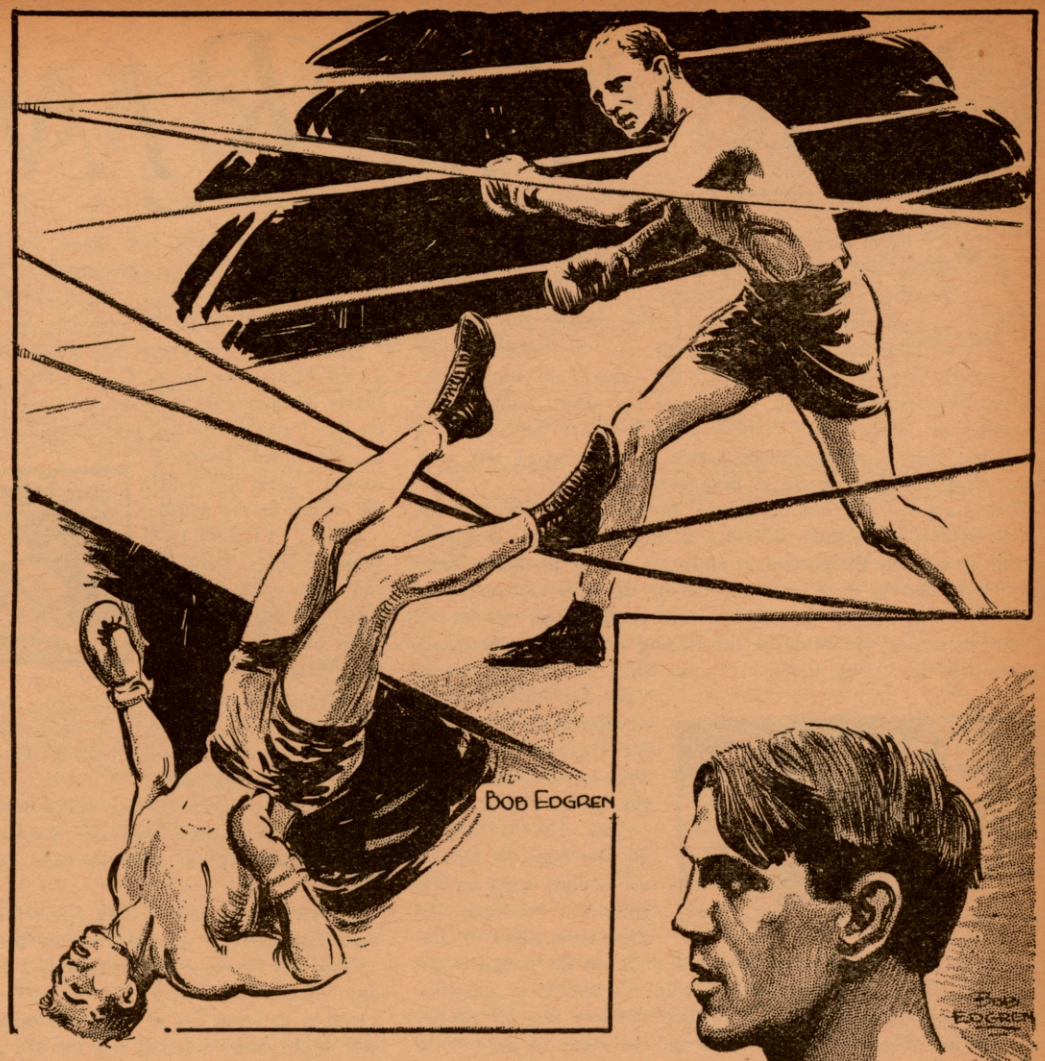
Battling Nelson was another tough one. He participated in a fight once in which there were twenty-two knockdowns, with both men on their feet battling furiously at the finish. It was a bout with Joe Hedmark in the old Star Theater, Chicago. The fight went six rounds, Joe getting the decision and knocking Bat down seventeen times. Nelson meanwhile knocked Joe down

By
ROBERT
EDGREN

five times. Incidentally, Bat got fifteen dollars for this fight, which is something for young men to think about who are anxious to become professional boxers.

All fighters get low purses at some time during their careers. Jack Dempsey got sixteen dollars for his first fight in New York. Even a championship may change hands with little or no profit to the winner.

Young Jack Thompson won the welterweight title from Jackie Fields, and his profit on the fight was $14.85. Jess Willard got a worse deal than that in winning the world's heavyweight title; in fact, his purse probably set an all-time low. He fought his title-winning battle for *less than nothing,* and a good deal less, too. According to his own statement, after the Johnson fight in Havana, his managers told him that he owed them ten thousand dollars as his share of the loss, and took it out of his circus earnings later.



Above—Joe Choynski knocked Tom Sharkey out of the ring head first twice; but Tom climbed back to win.

Right—Terry McGovern, one of the ring's most aggressive fighters, who retired without a scar.

* * *

WE have mentioned Joe Grim, who was as tough as a man could be, and Battling Nelson, whom it was impossible to stop with a single punch; but not all the tough men belonged to days that are past. One of the present-day heavyweights ranks with the hardiest of all time: Paulino Uzcudun. Paulino, who never fought in a preliminary fight, battled in nine countries, fighting such men as Baer, Schmeling, Schaaf, Godfrey, Wills, Carnera, Delaney, Risko, Griffith, and Levinsky; but he was never knocked out. He was thirty-six this year, but Schmeling could come nowhere near putting him away.

Yep, fighters are still tough. But they've gotten a little more careful, I think you'll agree, than they were in the days of Matty Matthews. Matty, a corking good welterweight champion, was fighting Jack Bennett, and getting the worst of it because his eyes were swelled shut from Bennett's jabs. Matty turned to his second and said:

"Say, make a cut under my eye!"

He knew that a cut, properly made, would let down the swelling. His man took out an old penknife and gingerly made a little scratch.

"Aw!" growled Matty, "I said a *cut!*"

He reached up and gave the knife a shove with his glove. The old blade made a large gash in his cheek; the swelling in his eye went down, and Matty could see again. He promptly knocked Bennett out.

After the fight reporters asked Matty if he hadn't thought he was taking an awful chance of sticking the knife into his eye, hitting it that way.

"Oh, no!" he replied. "I thought the bone would stop it!"

THERE is quite a difference between toughness and aggressiveness. Often you'll find that the aggressive fighter is of a most pugnacious type. With him it is often a case of punch, punch, punch. We had that type in Stanley Ketchel, Terry McGovern, Young Corbett, Knockout Brown, and more recently in Jackie Kid Berg and Young Terry of Trenton, N. J.

Ketchel was a demon of the ring. "Punch, punch, punch" was his creed. For nine rounds and the greater part of the tenth he ripped and tore, and O'Brien, one of the most skilful men ever to draw on a glove, was driven before the storm. But the cagy O'Brien managed to keep his feet. Then, with only four or five seconds to go, Ketchel finally crashed through with a right to the button. Down went O'Brien, in his own corner. He lay there, unconscious, his head in the resin box. Before the referee reached the count of ten the final bell clanged, thus saving the Philadelphian from a certain knockout.

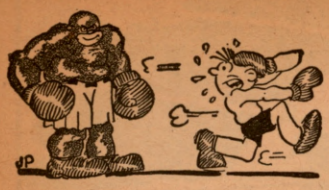
Ketchell took part in many a savage encounter. A killer in the ring—that was Ketchel.

Terry McGovern, Terrible Terry, was another who knew no mercy for a foe once the bell rang. They still talk of McGovern's battle with Oscar Gardner at the old Broadway Club when Terry, really out, climbed up Oscar's legs to save himself from being counted out and came out to win in a burst of fighting that simply could not be stopped.

Then who can forget the famous fights between "Little Terry" and Young Corbett, another bulldog of the ring?

Once he got started, there was no let-up on Corbett's part until he got his man. He was a ring terror and, like McGovern, takes his place among the "demons of the ring."

(Continued on page 43)

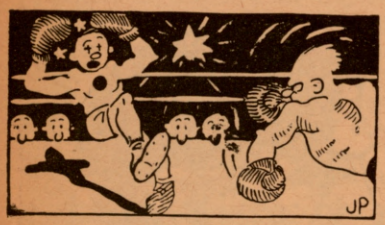


The RING'S

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

LET us sit back and view, once more, the Passing Show of Boxing. Let us take a flash back, let us have a look at the present, and perhaps take the liberty of peering into the future. To be sure, there is only scant material for current handling. The interim between the outdoor season and the indoor campaign is a somewhat painful one for those who like their fisticuffs with regularity. But soon the indoor arenas of the country will ring with acclaim and the noise of lusty combat.

Times are better! The signs are unmistakable! THE RING'S Globe Trotter notes them, North and South, East and West! It would be well for the promoters and managers in boxing to heed these signs and do their part in hastening the fistic recovery. But how? Well, by giving the public a good show, a real run for its dough. By taking the initiative and staging worthwhile attractions rather than the stodgy, shopworn things which so many promoters have been in the habit of offering as substitutes for the real thing ever since depression first hit the United States.



THE RING'S Globe Trotter finds the fans of all sections eager for the roisterous recovery. He finds them eager for the real thing. He discovers that they will shell out the dough if the right type of entertainment is on the tapis. So, with this somewhat editorial introduction, THE RING'S Globe Trotter sets out on his monthly job of giving you the news and the views of the boxing world, done in pictures no artist can paint.

New York, N. Y.:— Jack Dempsey entertaining the Tunneys in the Dempsey Restaurant

A PLEASANT picture, this. On the right is Jack Dempsey, once a great fighter, now a restaurant keeper and a steak impresario. In the center of the scene is Mrs. Gene Tunney, once Polly Lauder. On the left is Gene Tunney, once a great fighter. Two former world's heavyweight champions meet, chummy like, and the place is in something of a flutter. What are they saying? What are they thinking? Under those smiles, what are the real thoughts of these men, who met twice, in furious combat—met twice, with two defeats for Dempsey.

They seem amicable enough as they sit there, with the side-liners gaping avidly, even benevolently, even paternally. It is so pleasant a picture, they say. Isn't she pretty, they add. Why, those two men no longer bear any rancor toward each other. Do they? Don't they? As the Spaniard says, *Quien sabe?* Who can tell?

The Globe Trotter is in a position to take liberties. He knows exactly what they are saying to each other, and to themselves. Suppose the Globe Trotter lets you in on it. Like to listen? Here goes:

TUNNEY—So glad to see you again, Jack. Nice place you have here. Reminds me of a spot in London. Or was it Paris, Polly? No, it seems to me it was London. A jolly spot it was, too. Glad to see you doing so well.

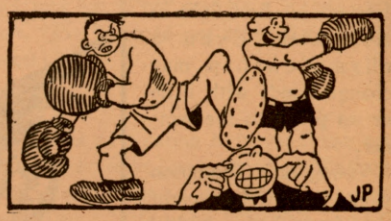
(Well, if a fellow wants to be a restaurant keeper, that's his business. But not for me. He must have needed the dough bad to get into this and hang around all day and night mitting the yokel and signing the menu. Wotta life!)

DEMPSEY—Yes, we are doing pretty well here and I sort of like the life. It was tough for a while, being shut up so much, but the business is good and the public is kind, and there are many compensations.

(The mug comes in here and tries to put on the high hat with me. He saw something like this in London. Well, he never saw it where he was brought up down in Greenwich Village.)

MRS. TUNNEY—How is the baby, Mr. Dempsey? Must be growing up, eh? Aren't kids grand?

DEMPSEY (breaking into a big smile)—Listen, if you want a real kick, meet me in Central Park near the Seventy-Second Street entrance on the West Side any Thursday afternoon. That's the day I give to the kid. It's marvellous how you become attached to the little tikes. I wouldn't miss it for all the money in the world.



MRS. TUNNEY—Well, I may surprise you some time and see what the big champion looks like wheeling the perambulator.

TUNNEY—Quite domesticated, what? Who would have thought that of you, Jack! I always figured you would remain the Nomad, roaming the country from Coast to Coast. It's hard to get over early training.

(I'm trying to tell the lug that before he became champion he rode the brake beams. Imagine this bird settling down to home life and wheeling the baby through the park! Something daffy there.)

DEMPSEY—I hope you're not calling me names, Gene. This Nomad business is a little over my head. I was mad, but I am not mad any longer. I always figured I had you out in that seventh fight, in Chicago, but what's the use of crying over spilt milk? I took it to heart for a while and then I figured it was for the best. Right now, Hannah and the kid are more to me than the title ever was.

(I could stop this lug in three heats right now, and I always could beat him. That long count. Gosh, oh, gosh, if I could only lay my hands on that referee right now! Nomad, eh? I knocked him out and he knows it. You bet he does. The luckiest guy that ever held the title, that's what. Nomad! Nerts!)

MRS. TUNNEY—That's a grand sentiment about the wife and the baby, because we know how much you prized the championship, and all ring associations.

TUNNEY—Yes, the ring somehow gets into your blood, and you are fortunate in having been able to get rid of the influence. I made up my mind, and quit. Comfortable retirement. Have my various business and social interests, fine friends, and a dandy wife, and don't like to think of the days when I was a boxer.

(I don't think you like to think of them either, Jack. Don't like to think of the pasting I gave you in Philly, or the lathering you got from me in Chicago. The great Dempsey licked twice, and yet they don't call me the greatest fighter of all time, but keep writing and talking about Jack. The lugs!)

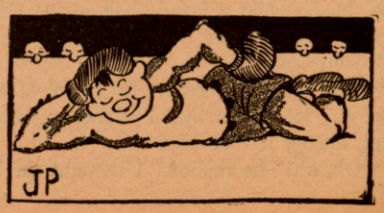
DEMPSEY—Well, I also have fine friends and a lot of fun, and I like to think of the days when I fought. I like to feel my moments of victory over again. I like to think of the big rounds.

(Yes, and I like to think of the night I had you on the floor in Chi, and the night I had you hanging on the ropes in Philly.)

MRS. TUNNEY—Well, Mr. Dempsey, it has been so good to see you again. Good luck!

TUNNEY—Yes, it was fun to drop in and have a chat with my old pal, Jack. Good luck!

DEMPSEY—Drop in any time you are around and make yourselves to home. The place is yours. And Gene, never be afraid of a Mickey Finn around here. I don't feel that way about you any



GLOBE TROTTER

more. And remember, Mrs. Tunney, any Thursday afternoon in Central Park, and I'll show you the champion of the future. He's the spit of the old man.

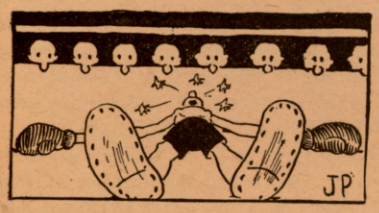
(He must think his kid is as good as mine. The lug.)

TUNNEY—Well, cheerio!

(He must think his kid is as good as mine, the lug.)

He lets you in on the actual conversation between Dempsey and Tunney; he paints a picture of the past and the present in the world of fisticuffs.

And so the great meeting of the former champions is finished, and Dempsey rises with a sigh, as he thinks of that night in Chicago, and what might have been, as the Tunneys wander out into Eighth Avenue. Swell food, Gene is heard to remark.

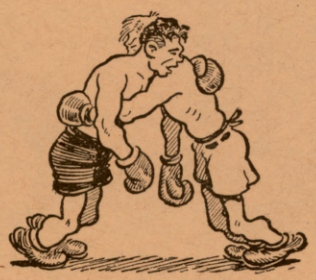


New York, N. Y.:—Carnera belts Herr Neusel, and the dopsters get another pain in the neck

AH, whom have we here? Primo Carnera, the Italian Mastodon. And Herr Neusel, the German oak. Signor Carnera is the very self-same Carnera who, after he had been belted out by Joe Louis, announced that no more would the ring see him measure his manly form on the boards, or soil his massive panties in the resin. Herr Neusel is the Teutonic threat.

The scene of the combat, such as it proves, is Madison Square Garden in New York. The encounter, such as it proves, is the dedicatory circumstance of the indoor season. The boys put the "ded" in dedicatory and do a fine job of it.

The idea, as the experts see it, is for Neusel to win, and Carnera to become convinced that the tremendous lot of room he occupies in the ring is badly needed for certain improvements which the public contemplates.



But that is not how it turns out. Carnera belts the Prussian. The Italian crashes the Teuton. More European complications are developed, and the issue of the night's entertainment leaves the heavyweight situation behind Louis and Braddock more hopeless than ever.

The experts figure that Neusel wins and something new is stirred up. But the result impresses on them the hopelessness of the crew headed by the gigantic Carnera, who has behind him ignominious knockouts by Baer and Louis.

San Francisco, Cal.:—Coast promoter offers Baer $20,000 to enter ring again

HERE is something pathetic—and dangerous! The bird in the picture is a California boxing promoter. The package he holds in his hand is supposed to represent twenty thousand smackers. In reality, it is just so much old newspaper. The Globe Trotter is not going to stand for his clients being fooled.

Let the promoter do his own speaking. "I have here twenty grand. In actual dough. I want Maxie Baer to get back into the ring and fight for me. I will give him this twenty thousand to fight for me. I still believe he can fight and that he is a big draw."

This is, as I said, interesting, but also dangerous. Suppose somebody else comes along and offers thirty grand? Suppose still another promoter gets the fever and offers fifty grand? Why, the next thing you know we will be encumbered with Baer again, and where will we be then?

In the Braddock and Louis battles Baer could not fight for himself. So it isn't easy to see how he is going to fight for a promoter with twenty grand as the bait. Not that Max could not use the twenty grand. The more the Globe Trotter thinks of it, the more is he obsessed with a sense of imminent danger.

Mark my words, this Baer bird will be back in the ring again!

New York, N. Y.:—Jimmy Johnston attempts rehabilitation of the bantamweight class

MR. JAMES J. JOHNSTON, one-time Boy Bandit, will take the stand. Do you solemnly swear, Mr. Johnston? Mr. Johnston solemnly swears. In fact, he has been swearing solemnly and unsolemnly for some time. What is on your chest, Mr. Johnston? Tell the public what your next fistic mission will be.

JOHNSTON—I am sad. I am very sad when I see the condition into which the bantamweight class has fallen. I believe that having done a grand job on Braddock, I now will devote my special and able talents to the rehabilitation—that is, the rebuilding—of the bantamweight division.

I believe Sixto Escobar and Lou Salica to be fighters who measure up to the best of the past.

(May the Lord forgive me for saying this. Imagine those birds fighting Kid Williams and Cheney.)

I think that the small fighters of today have nothing to be ashamed of in comparison with those of the past.

(Can you imagine what George Dixon would do to the kids of today? It would be plain murder.)

I believe that what the bantamweights lack is not ability but encouragement.

(Yes, you got to lug them bums into the ring first. Then you got to give them all the dough in the house.)

I believe that, with proper promotion, the bantams of today can be made the most attractive class in pugilism. I believe that the little fellows give you more action, more for your money, than the heavies.

(I can easily change the record when next I stage a heavyweight fight.)

Yes, my mission now is to make the lighter classes more attractive, and I will start on the bantams. They have nothing to be ashamed of in comparison with the great fighters of their class in the past. Nothing at all.

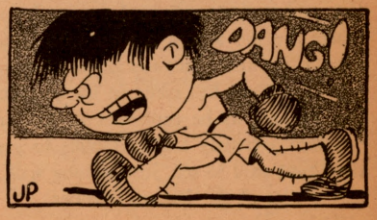
(Yeah, nothing at all!)

Mr. Johnston then drinks a glass of water and leaves the rostrum to Father Time, who looks after the departing speechmaker and hisses, "Ananias!"

Mike Jacobs leases ball parks in New York for four years

HERE we see the genial, smiling face of the king of Forty-ninth Street in New York City, the man who is now rated the logical successor to Tex Rickard. And why not? Didn't he bring back the million-dollar gate to boxing? Didn't he bring boxing out of hock, back into prosperity?

He's the boy who forced the Garden into a partnership with him and, like all good horse traders, it didn't cost Mike a red copper. It's a wise old bird who can trim the big guys.



Nat FLEISCHER says:

"Ring" Editor's Critics Answered With Facts
Louis' Rise Brings Boxers Out of Retirement
Three Ring Celebrities Pass Into Great Beyond

COMEBACKS seem to be in vogue these days. The influence of Joe Louis on things pugilistic, is beginning to show. The old moth balls are being tossed away; new boxing paraphernalia is being purchased; the gymnasiums are seething with activity; the newspapers so far as boxing news is concerned, are beginning to look as they did in the days of prosperity; the scribes who deserted the ranks of the writers who covered the fistic sport, to travel with the baseball, football, hockey and tennis players, are back in the fold.

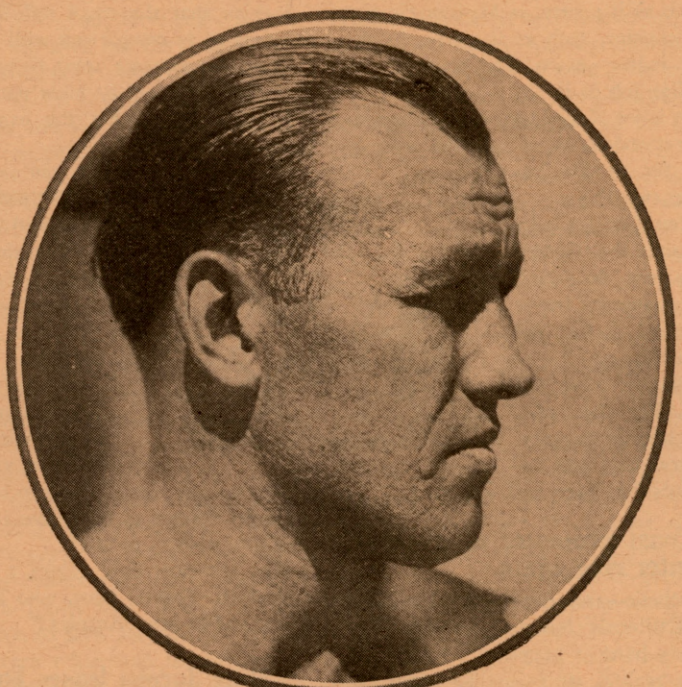
What's happened? Nothing more nor less than that the rise of one fighter has so stirred the interest in pugilism, that fans who had been hibernating since the last Sharkey-Carnera fiasco, are coming out again in droves. They are talking fights again. They are arguing about the comparative merits of the boys of "the good old days" and those of the present time—a fine sign of boxing health. And what is most important, they are willing to pay big admission prices for good shows.

Thus boxers, managers, promoters, manufacturers of shoes, boxing trunks and shirts, gloves, bandages, liniments, leather goods that go to make up the head guards, nose guards and protectors, punching bags and other paraphernalia used in training and in active ring combat and even Uncle Sam and the various states where the bouts are staged, are all benefiting by the new life set into motion by one fighter —Joe Louis.

* * *

WHAT has inspired this little sales talk? Several letters which I have received from various parts of the country asking me when I will lay off Joe Louis and forget him for a while. Forget him? Why should I. Why should any boxing enthusiast forget Joe Louis?

Prejudiced? Not I. Boxing gives me my livelihood. It has enabled me to reach the station in life that I have attained. I have boxed as an amateur and have been writing news, biography, fiction and statistics about the sport for more than thirty years, and when I come across a man who is aiding the sport that is so dear to my heart, there is nothing too good for such a man. That's why Joe Louis has come in for so much praise in THE RING and just so long as he continues to live an exemplary life, takes his vocation seriously and continues to give the fans that for which they have paid to see, just so long will I, through THE RING, sing the praises of the Brown Bomber.



Jack Sharkey, who has tossed his hat into the ring for a new start.

I was among the first to call public attention to the Detroit Negro and I shall not be one to desert him. That is my answer to those who have attacked him in their mail to me because of prejudice and who have asked me to lay off and to give some of the white boys a chance.

To those biased readers of THE RING I may add that never has this publication discriminated against any one because of race, creed or color and no publication on sports in the world has done more for the uplift of boxing and wrestling than has THE RING. And, if a secret must be told, let me say that I have dropped a fortune in keeping THE RING alive during the depression, all for the interests of boxing and wrestling. With prosperity in sight, should I desert the man who is helping so much to bring it back? Not I. As for giving the white boys a chance, I defy any reader to show me one magazine that devotes more space or within fifty percent as much on the promising white lads than does THE RING monthly.

* * *

AND as a final answer to my critics, may I call attention to the few paragraphs above in which I itemize the various persons who have benefited through the rise of Joe Louis to fistic fame. Not only has his ring fame brought to the coffers of Uncle Sam and various states where he has fought, thousands of dollars, but it has put to work men engaged in the manufacture of athletic appliances, ushers, ticket takers, ticket sellers, special policemen, vendors employed by concessionaries, printers of programmes, books and tickets; engravers, newsboys and what not. In addition, Louis has enabled newspapers throughout the country to increase their circulation considerably through the increased interest in the sports pages.

I'm sure that the critics of Louis never took the above into consideration for if they had, they would have thought as I do. Joe Louis has helped Uncle Sam to stage his prosperous comeback, just as much as have some of the biggest merchants in this country. If you doubt that, or think it is gross exaggeration, then ask the Hotelmen's Association of Chicago, Detroit and New York. Their answer will hand you a knockout wallop.

And now with that off my chest, let us get back to the original item-comebacks. Not alone has Louis enabled prosperity to make a comeback in sports, but he has caused boxers in various divisions, from flyweight to heavyweight, to come out of retire-

Al Singer, New York lightweight, whose prospects for a successful comeback look bright.

ment and to attempt to resume where they had left off several years ago.

The latest to make such an announcement is Jack Sharkey, former world heavyweight champion. After Jack had seen Louis in action against Carnera, he threatened to make his reappearance in the ring, and when he saw Joe manhandle Max Baer, then he definitely decided that a "white hope" was needed to save the Caucasian race.

Why Sharkey thinks that he is the man who can turn the trick of halting the Brown Bomber, or why the former gob feels that the public that lost so heavily on him when he was put out of the picture and the heavyweight title so easily by Carnera, is something I cannot gauge. Surely Sharkey doesn't think he stands a ghost of chance against Louis after what he saw Joe do to poor Carnera who in turn is credited with having knocked out Sharkey.

The only possible reason the Bostonian can have for attempting a "comeback" is the big money at stake for any man who faces Louis in the ring, especially if the opponent is one who carries any weight with the public as a drawing card. If Paulino can earn $30,000 for taking a shellacking, reasons Sharkey, then why not I? Not that Sharkey needs the money so badly, for he is well off financially, but undoubtedly he reckons that it is an easy pick up even though he has to take a drubbing to earn the coin, and that alone, I'm satisfied, is what has drawn Jack back into the ring.

Louis, if ever he gets Sharkey into the ring, will win by the proverbial mile and will hand Sharkey a worse beating than Joe gave to either Carnera or Baer. That is my prediction. A movement is now on foot to get Joe and Jack into the Boston Garden ring, as Sharkey is still extremely popular in the Hub and such a card even in Boston, would draw $100,000.

* * *

BOY, page Frank Moran, Fat Willie Meehan, Jess Willard, old Tom Sharkey, Jim Jeffries and Chubby Tommy Burns. There's money awaiting them if they care to be murdered.

In New York, we find Al Singer making a return to the ring, and in upper New York State, there is Jimmy Goodrich, former lightweight king, in harness. Sammy Mandell, another one-time lightweight titleholder who boxed until about a year ago, and then undertook to manage fighters, recently attempted a return to ring activity but the former Rockford Sheik's doctor advised him to disassociate himself entirely from boxing, because of high blood pressure and wisely he has quit.

Joeb Sekyra, the Dayton Bohemian, has come back and looks as good as he did in his prime. Billy Wallace, the boy from Nome, who rated as a topnotcher for years, is in training in New York, eagerly seeking a shot after the leading lightweights. And Ben Jeby, who retired after he was defeated by Swede Berglund on the Coast, is talking about making a trip to Europe, with a Marcel Thil match as his goal.

But the outstanding fighter of the comeback group is Sharkey. The former world champion had been in secret training for some time and only a few weeks ago he definitely announced that he had satisfied himself that he was in perfect physical condition, took his fighting togs out of the attic and will attempt to regain the crown by fighting his way to the front. There is no doubt in my mind but that the Bostonian can whip many of the so-called "hopes" who are now parading before the public, but it is my candid opinion that if Jack's campaign calls for bouts with the leading lights, he'll soon find that he should have remained retired.

I like Sharkey and always have been one of his staunchest supporters, even in defeat, and that is why I would rather see him remain retired and let the new blood continue to show the way. The prosperity of boxing rests in the hands of the new talent and not in those of the veterans who are merely seeking to add to their bankroll at the expense of the sport.

* * *

AS for Singer, since he has been bitten by the comeback bug, I hope he'll make good because he still has plenty of "it" and plenty of skill, in addition to which, he is a huge drawing card among his own people. Al quit when he thought he no longer could carry on with success and as he had wisely saved his money, he went into business, investing all he had made in the fight game.

Dame Fortune did not treat him kindly and Singer lost his fortune. But as he remarked to me, "I've still got my health and a happy family, and I have decided to regain my fortune, if possible, by the only means I know how—fight my way back into the limelight."

McLarnin, Bat Battalino and Tony Canzoneri proved when Singer was at the helm, that he either wouldn't or couldn't take it, but there are no tough Battalinos nor McLarnins to contend with in the lightweight class now, but Canzoneri is still around, taking on all comers and proving that he is the wonder of the age. Of course Singer doesn't have to meet him now, and so long as he remains away from Tony while Canzoneri remains the kingpin, Singer may replenish his losses through lucrative bouts with the contenders, if Al can win his way back into the select circle.

New York's army of Jewish fans welcome Singer back into the fistic fold. Loyalty to their own fighting men is their watchword and with them behind him, Al should find his task considerably easier. The lightweight class is short of talent and as boxing is booming, Singer's return is welcomed.

We hope he makes good. Perhaps the financial stress in which he finds himself will make him forget the fear he displayed against Battalino, McLarnin and Canzoneri, and with courage returned, he should still rank among the leaders in his division.

* * *

DURING the past month, the Grim Reaper removed from our midst three former Greats in the field of pugilism—Denny Kelliher, "Firecracker" Jim Griffin and Mickey Dooley. To the present generation of fight fans, these names mean little, but to the old-timers, they bring back memories of stirring fights and recall the "good old days."

Kelliher died in Boston in the mansion which he and his brother John owned. The Kelliher brothers were famed New England fighters of the days of Corbett, Sullivan and other fistic celebrities of the early nineties. They were part and parcel of

Boston fight history. They were Jim Corbett's best friends and when Gentleman Jim fought his 61-round draw with Peter Jackson out in California, little Denny, a tough, hard hitting and popular middleweight, was in Jim's corner, just as he was during the long illness of Corbett out in Bayside Long Island, where brothers Denny and John remained until Jim's eyes were closed to this world.

Corbett, in speaking of past masters of hitting, once told me that he regarded Mike Cleary, Joe Choynski and Denny Kelliher as three of the toughest babies in modern pugilism. My friend Hype Igoe tells this of Denny:

"Denny went out to California some years ago to fight the undefeated Negro middleweight, Charley Turner. When Denny got into the ring he filed objections against the referee. He insisted that he would not face Turner unless another official acted as third man. The promoters obliged and Denny broke San Francisco sports by knocking out the hitherto invincible Turner in seven rounds."

Denny also knocked out the famed George La Blanche, the Marine who had stopped Nonpareil Jack Dempsey with the pivot blow, and Denny gained victories either by the k.o. route or through decisions over many other stars.

The Kelliher boys originally were tailors who won distinction by making all of John L. Sullivan's smart clothes. Later they opened a luxurious cafe and called it "The Store." It catered to Boston's elite and enjoyed the same reputation in Boston that Wakeley's did in the Herald Square section of old New York. When prohibition came along, the Kelliher boys retired and enjoyed a splendid income from their rich real estate holdings.

* * *

MICHAEL "MICK" DOOLEY, who was living in the old men's home of Claremont, Western Australia, died after an illness of only three days at the age of seventy four. He was a pensioner for many years and was in very poor circumstances. For many years he had resided in Fremantle, where he was a well-known figure, and from time to time, he had been an inmate of the home in which he passed away. He lived there twelve times since first entering it in 1919.

Dooley was one of a famous band of fighters who made boxing history in Australia. These men included Peter Jackson, the American Negro, Frank Slavin, Joe Goddard, Peter Felix, Pat Ryan, Jim Fogarty, Bob Fitzsimmons and Bill Doherty. Dooley, the son of a New South Wales farmer, began fighting as a lad of 16. His first fight of any note was against the bare knuckle fighter, Webby Booth, whom he beat in a contest on a Sydney racecourse.

Dooley took part in many bare-knuckled contests and was never beaten in any of them. With the gloves he had a long string of successes at Larry Foley's Club, Sydney. He also fought in Melbourne and on the West Australian goldfields.

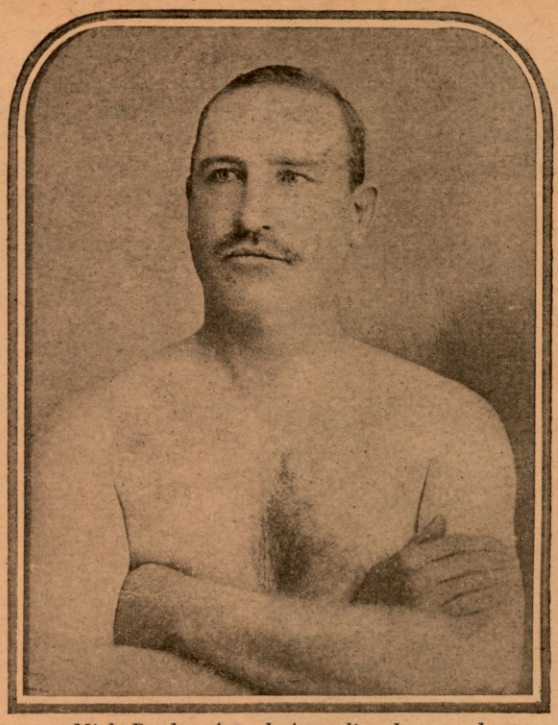
He won the Australian heavyweight championship from Pat Ryan in Melbourne about 1895 and lost it to Bill Doherty, now a patrolman employed by the Fremantle Harbour Trust, who held the championship from 1899 to 1903.

In two contests with Peter Jackson, considered by some to be the greatest heavyweight of all time, Dooley was successful on the first occasion but was beaten on the second. Frank Slavin defeated him twice. He fought Bob Fitzsimmons three times, two of the bouts resulting in a draw, and the other in a knock-out win for Dooley.

He also had two contests in Australia with Joe Goddard, losing one in Sydney and winning the second in 14 rounds in Melbourne. He also met Goddard in South Africa. Against Peter Felix, Dooley was successful in one bout and beaten in another. In two contests with Ryan, Dooley won the first in Melbourne and was later defeated in Kalgoorlie.

He had five fights with Doherty—two in Fremantle which he won, two on the goldfields which he lost, and one in Sydney in which he was also beaten. He knocked out Jim Fogarty at Coolgardie in about three rounds.

Dooley was a scientific fighter and was particularly skilful in the use of his left hand. He was noted for his short right cross and his left hand counter. Full of tricks he provided a difficult proposition for his opponents by the way he allowed them to exhaust their energies while he conserved his own.



Mick Dooley, famed Australian boxer, who recently died.

* * *

"FIRECRACKER" Jim Griffin, a rare character in California boxing, passed away a few weeks ago, and with him, passed one of the last of a coterie of celebrated managers, promoters and referees whos names are synonymous with pugilistic history on the Coast. Tex Rickard, Eddie Graney, Harry Corbett, Jim Coffroth, Spider Kelly, Tim McGrath, Willus Britt, Bill Naughton and Jack Welsh among others, are members of this coterie.

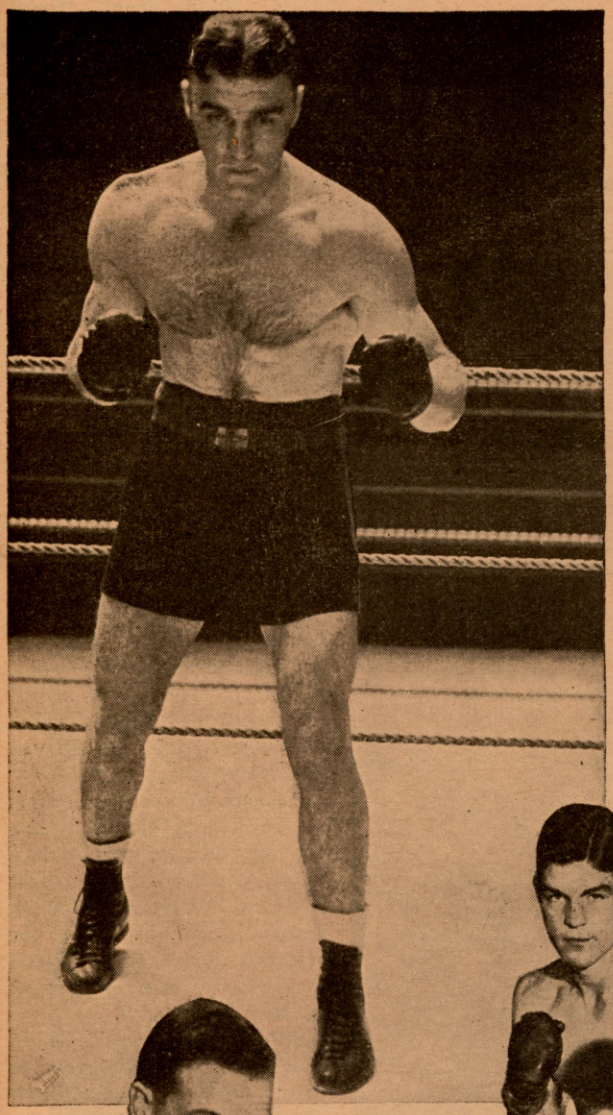
Griffin was contemporaneous with Jim Corbett, Peter Jackson, Joe Walcott, Joe Gans, Sam Langford and all the other great battlers of the past forty years. His greatest fame in the fistic world came to him as a referee in which capacity he rated one of the world's best. He rates in the class with George Siler, Tom Hurst, Jack Welsh, Malachy Hogan, Eddie Graney, George Blake, Charley White and others of that ability.

For many years he, Welsh, and Graney were the leading officials in California. It was Griffin who gave the world title to Willie Ritchie when he beat Ad Wolgast. He also refereed the famous Abe Attell-Harlem Tommy Murph battle in San Francisco and was third man in the ring when Gunboat Smith and Arthur Pelky fought and when Luther McCarty faced Al Kaufman, Frankie Burns fought One Round Hogan and Fighting Billy Murray engaged Jimmy Clabby. These were only a few of the many fights which he refereed.

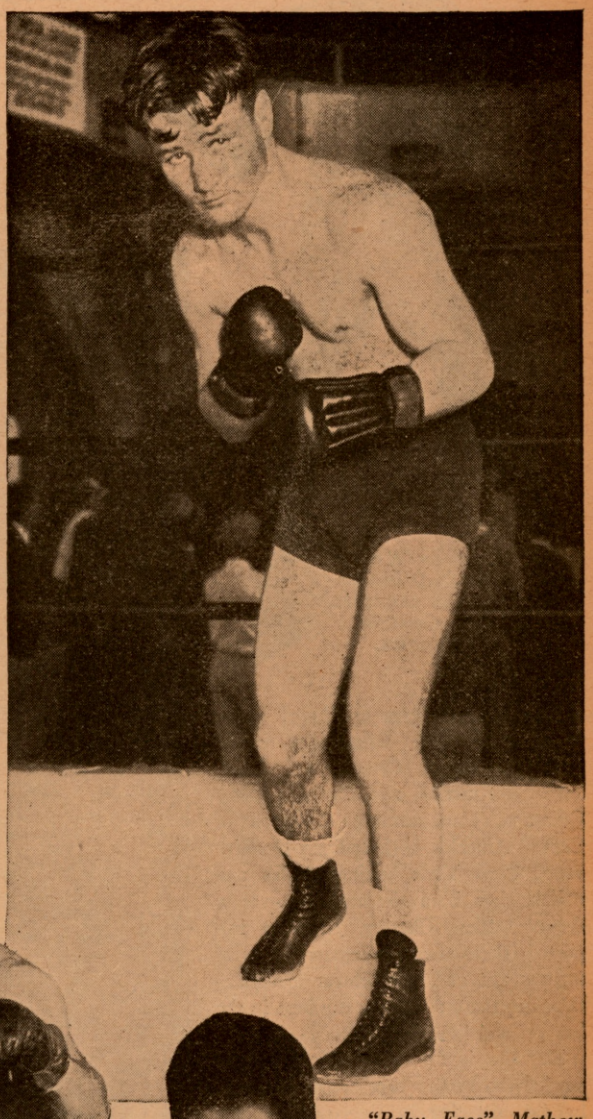
With the arrival in America of Jock McAvoy, British and European middleweight king, things should hum in that division, for besides Jock, the field consists of the classiest boys we have had since Harry Greb held the crown. There is Freddie Steele, the Tacoma, Wash., phenom; Lou Brouillard, Al McCoy, Paul Pirrone, Babe Risko, the American title holder; Eric Seelig, the German champion; Oscar Rankins and Teddy Yarosz—all good fighters who are in this country. Although McAvoy came here with the one intention of getting a fight with Risko, he did wisely when he accepted McCoy for his American debut. Jock must have had considerable faith in his ability, for it isn't often that we find a foreigner willing to accept as his tune-up contest a bout with the outstanding American contender, for that's what McCoy is.

Speaking of foreigners, a word of praise is in store for Pedro Montanez who scored his third successive victory as we go to press. Pedro, who claims the lightweight title of Europe, is a flashy fighter of the pleasing type and should make good in this country. In fact, he is working himself up to a battle for the world title with Tony Canzoneri. Pedro beat Steve Haliako and Phil Rafferty in his first two starts and then scored a two round K.O. over Joey Greb—a fine record, especially on foreign soil.

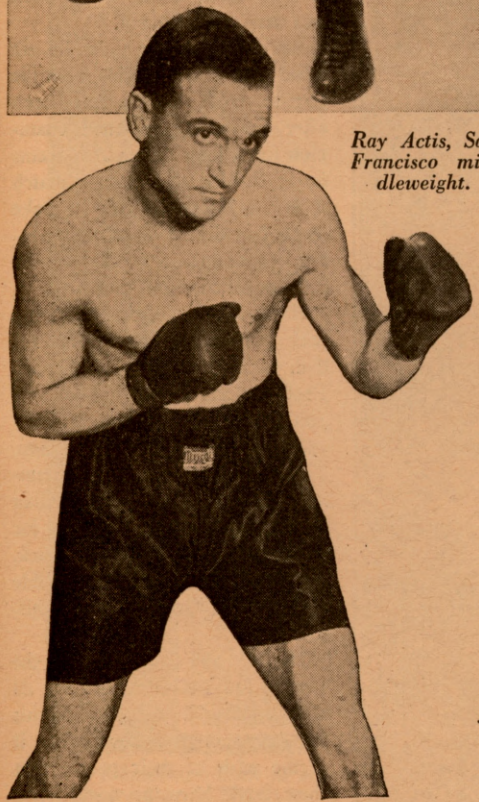
Quintet *of* Good Club Fighters



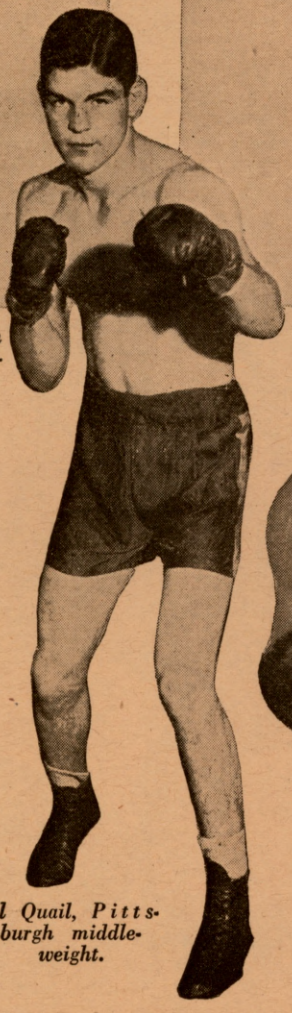
Ray Actis, San Francisco middleweight.



"Baby Face" Mathewson, Buffalo bantam, now in California.



Tony Marino, the San Francisco flash, a contender for bantam honors.



Al Quail, Pittsburgh middleweight.

Lou Thomas, light-heavyweight from Indianapolis.

INDIANS INVADE NEW YORK

By VIC SCUTARI

Carlos "Baby" Quintana, bantamweight champion of Central America.

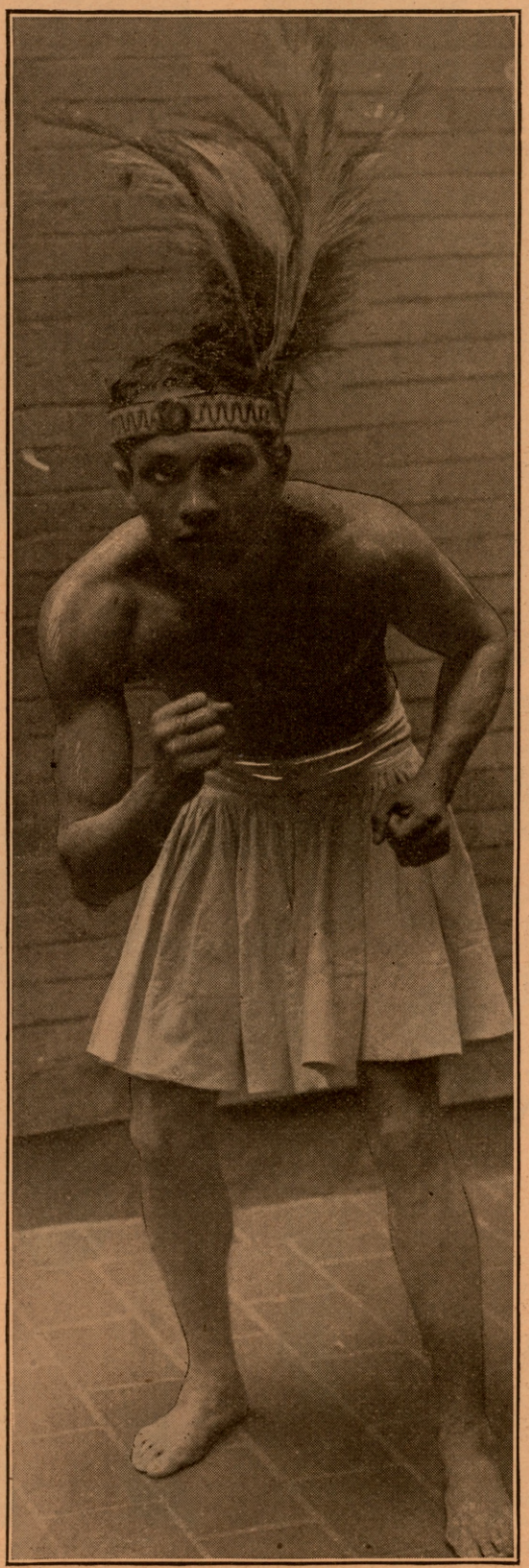
THE Indians are here! Ralph Hurtado, lightweight champion of Central and South America, and Carlos (Baby) Quintana, bantamweight champion of Central America, both Indians, have invaded New York boxing circles and neither has been defeated in over a dozen battles. Charley Johnston imported these two youngsters several months ago and, with clever manipulation, has them ready for the best in the bantam and lightweight divisions.

Hurtado is the only fighter in the world who battles barefooted. At least, he did just that in sixty-odd combats before coming here, but the New York Boxing Commission put its foot down on his unique style of fighting and he wore a pair of ring shoes for the first time in his life when he made his debut against Pete De Ruzzi at Dexter Park last summer. Ralph just couldn't get used to the leather footwear, but has finally settled down and hits just as hard with his shoes on. He has scored forty knockouts in sixty-odd battles.

* * *

HURTADO is a direct descendant of Chief Lawrence Lorenzo, "Mosqueto Indian," and lives among that tribe in the hills about seventy-five miles from Panama City. Ralph engaged in his first fight when he was sixteen years old in Panama City, and it was the first time that many of his tribe left the hills to visit a fight club. As a rule, the Mosqueto Indians never leave their mountain homes.

Archie Pritchard, English boxing instructor, taught Hurtado his first lessons in the art of self-defense. Pritchard was a boxing instructor on an English boat which sank. He was rescued by Hurtado's father. Ralph, a lad of fifteen at the time, was an adept pupil who has made good.



Ralph Hurtado, lightweight champion of Central and South America.

* * *

QUINTANA, appropriately dubbed "Baby" because of his small stature, is of the Cholo tribe of Indians, now almost extinct. There are about three hundred left in the entire world. He is a mighty good puncher for a little fellow who has just turned twenty-one years. Carlos has been fighting a little bit longer than Ralph, which means he started when he was about fourteen years old.

Quintana has engaged in about one hundred and fifty fights and lost one decision, that to Lou Salica, present bantamweight champion. Carlos met Lou in Canada last winter. It was his first visit to such a cold climate and he could do no road work and very little boxing.

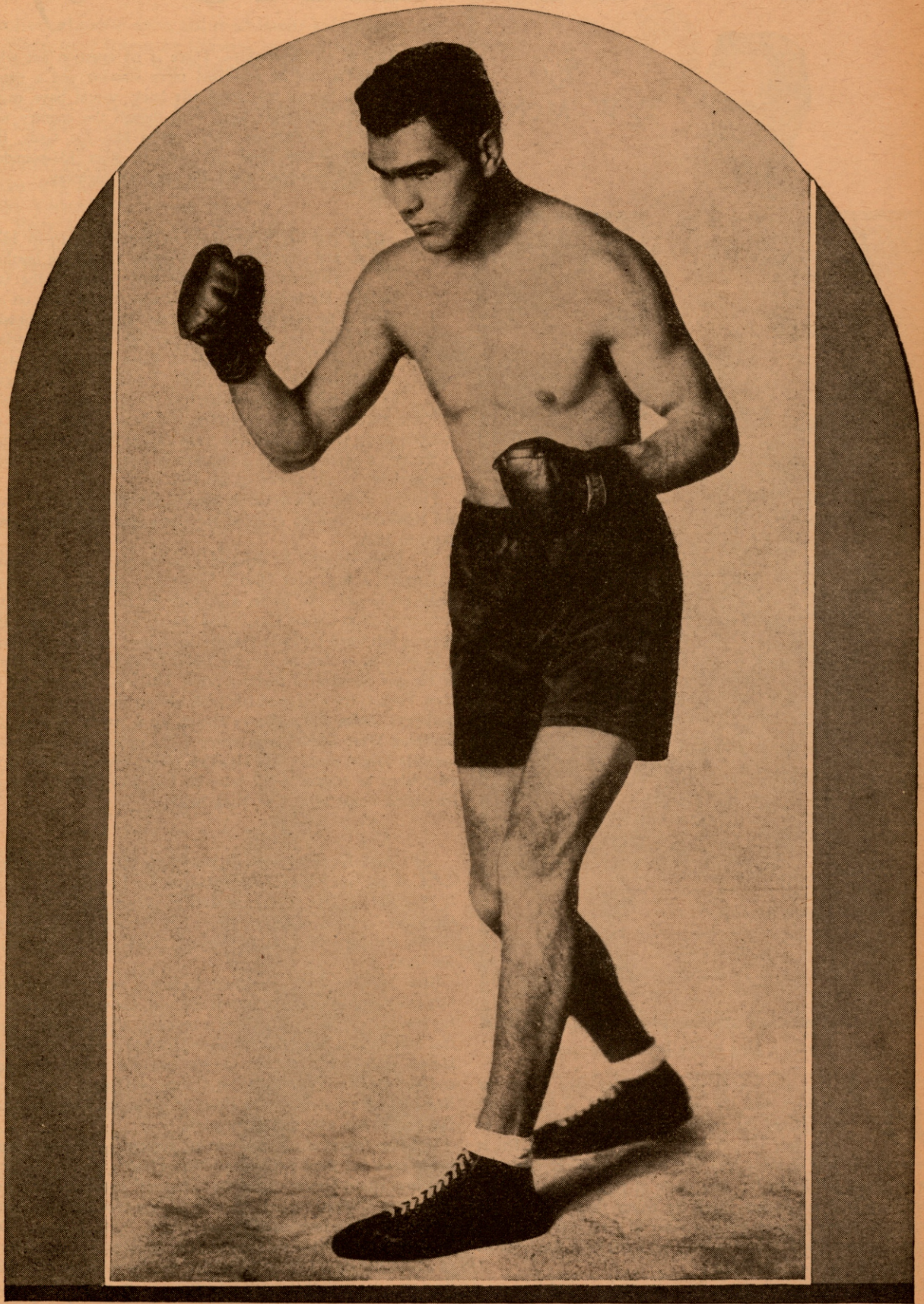
Besides losing the fight, he got a bad case of chill blains from the terrific cold. Carlos has been after the newly crowned champion for a long time and it seems he is entitled to a return match with the 118-pound title at stake as he has been a consistent winner since then and has become fully acclimated by this time.

Hurtado and Quintana bring back memories of other great Indian warriors in the field of sport. Probably the most famous was Jim Thorpe, football hero of many great college games years ago. Tom Longboat was a crack runner, and out in Pittsburgh, Indian Russell made plenty of trouble for the flyweights of a few years back, meeting Champions Jimmy Wilde and Frankie Genaro, among others.

Hurtado and Quintana enter the ring in full Indian regalia for all their battles. They insist upon this little ceremony as they believe it is the wish of their people that they should have the world know they are real Indians and fighting for their race as well as for the love of the boxing game.

The RING's Album of Famous Fighters

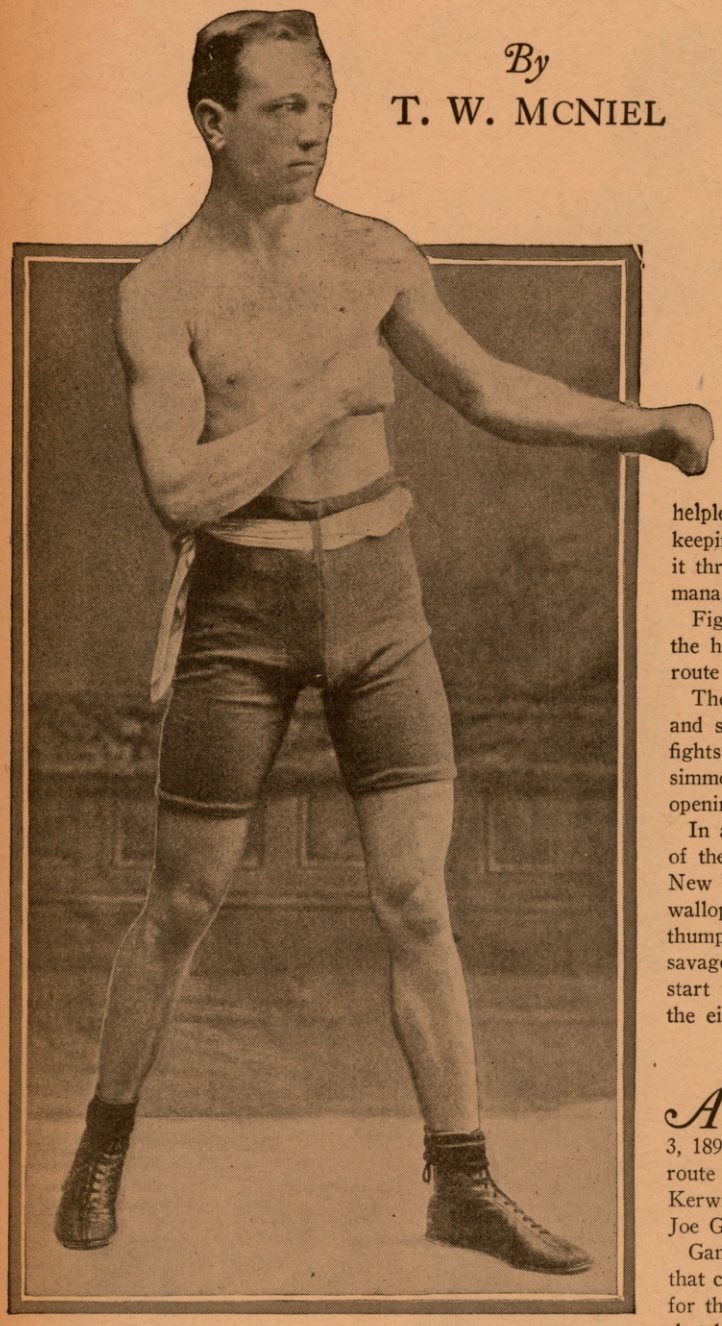
No. 13



Max Schmeling—Born at Klein-Lucknow, September 28, 1905. Christened Maximilian Adolf Anton Otto. Son of a fisherman. Started career in 1924. Scored eight knockouts, lost on a foul to Lyggett in two rounds and won from Rocky Knight that year. Won light heavyweight championship of Germany in 1927 from Hein Dongorgen in seven rounds. In 1928, won the heavyweight title of the Fatherland in 15 rounds from Franz Diener. Then came to America. Beat Joe Sekyra in 10 rounds; Paulino Uzcudun in 15; Pietro Corri in one; Joe Monte in 8 and stopped Johnny Risko in nine before winning the crown on a foul in four rounds from Jack Sharkey. Successfully defended it against Young Stribling, then lost the title back to Sharkey in 15 rounds, decision, in 1932. Is now in line for bout with Joe Louis and Jimmy Braddock.

MASTERS of

By
T. W. McNIEL



Dal Hawkins, king of the left hook artists.

WHILE the annals of the padded mitt game are sprinkled with the names of scores of hardy lads who gained the public eye through their ability to drop their foemen with a single punch, the list is comparatively free of those lads who depended almost solely on one punch—a left hook—for their quota of ring successes. True, there have been left-hookers since the palmy days of Figg and Broughton, plenty of them, but how many of them ever clambered into a ring armed with almost nothing but a left hook and battered their way far up the fistic ladder?

Let's take a stroll back down the years and see just who was king of the left hook exponents—by that I mean those who carried T.N.T. in their hooks shot from the portside.

Old-timers are practically agreed that Dal Hawkins, the old California lightweight who blossomed in the heyday of the lightweight division's brightest era, the 1890 to 1910 period, was the king of all left-hookers. There is no question but what Hawkins, had he possessed more stamina and a punch or two besides his famed left hook, would have easily become lightweight king, even though the country was filled to overflowing with lighties like Joe Gans, Bat Nelson, Jimmy Britt and hosts of other 133-pounders who are mile-posts along the pugilistic highway.

* * *

HAWKINS was born in San Francisco in 1871, and launched his fistic career around the bustling California and Nevada gold camps in the late eighties. He became a sensation almost overnight on account of the ease with which he could knock a man out with a left hook that seldom ever traveled over a few inches.

One of Dal's first efforts in those early days was a seventy-five-round draw with Freddie Bogan. Bogan, fortified with the knowledge that Hawkins was practically helpless except for that murderous left hook, concentrated on keeping away from it. Hawkins wasn't as proficient at shooting it through a needle's eye as he became in later years and Bogan managed to eke out a draw in the end.

Fighting along with moderate success, Hawkins finally crashed the headlines when he defeated Joe Gans over the fifteen-round route in 1896.

The following year he defeated Charley McKeever on points and scored a kayo over Martin Flaherty in one of the shortest fights on record. The battle, a preliminary to the Corbett-Fitzsimmons bout at Carson City, ended exactly four seconds after the opening bell when Hawkins snapped a left hook to Flaherty's jaw.

In addition to this, he stopped Eddie Connelly, an "iron man" of the gay nineties, in fourteen heats. Dal was then brought to New York to try his famed left hook against the elite of Eastern wallopers. Spike Sullivan was chosen as a starter against the thumping West Coaster, and emerged the winner in twenty-two savagely fought rounds. But Hawkins gained revenge in his next start when he planted a left hook on Kid McPartland's jaw in the eighth round of a New York battle.

* * *

AGAIN Hawkins' more or less fragile jaw became manifest when Frank Erne flattened him in San Francisco on March 3, 1899. But he kept ringing the bell for kayos by the left hook route and finally, after stopping boys like Patsy Sweeney, George Kerwin and Jerry Sullivan, he earned a match with the sparkling Joe Gans.

Gans, knowing that he had little to fear from Hawkins except that celebrated left, stepped into action with his weather eye open for that one punch. They sparred a moment, when Hawkins shot that left. Even the super-clever Gans failed to evade it and found himself wallowing on the canvas. Joe managed to beat the count and eventually knocked the West Coaster out in the next round. But Baltimore Joe was never closer to defeat than he was when Dal hooked him with that darting left.

Hawkins fought along with varying success, scoring one-punch kayos here and there until about 1902. Finally, his jaw, never a cast iron affair, became one of the "glassiest" in the business, and when Jack Clifford tagged him with a sleep-producer in a battle waged in the rip-snorting old copper camp, Butte, Montana, Dal wisely called it quits. Hawkins will never go down in ring archives as one of the game's "immortals," but had his other qualifications been on a par with that sparkling left hook, the name of Hawkins would be inscribed in indelible letters on boxing's pillar of fame.

Another who rode to fame and fortune on the strength of a left hook, and little else, was Charlie White, the old Chicago lightweight, who stood within the shadow of the lightweight championship one afternoon in Benton Harbor, Mich., when he had the

the "LEFT HOOK"

great Benny Leonard down, and to all intents and purposes, out. But White, never famous for following up an advantage, allowed Leonard to escape and was eventually knocked out himself in the ninth round.

Be his other weaknesses what they were, White carried a left hook that was little short of marvelous. One has only to glance at some of the boys who forgot to duck White's left arm shots, to know that Chicago Charles was a knock-'em-kicking mauler. Stanley Yoakum, Joe Azevedo, Gilbert Gallant, Matty Baldwin, Milburn Saylor and Ritchie Mitchell are only a few of the boys who tasted defeat by the kayo route at the hands of left hook Charlie White.

* * *

WHITE had Freddie Welsh beaten for the title in the shadow of Pike's Peak at Colorado Springs, Colo., in 1916, only to let Freddie kid him out of it. On more than one occasion, White had the brilliant Englishman close to the ragged edge of defeat, but failure to follow up his advantages cost him the decision when Welsh outlasted him in the twenty-round battle.

Charlie fought along until about 1924 before he hung them up, more than sixteen years of warfare. And even a few years ago he essayed a "comeback" but, like most all attempts to climb back up the rocky trail, it ended in a dismal failure. A kayo at the hands of Henry Perlick was the final convincer.

Perhaps White's left hook wasn't so potent as that of Dal Hawkins, but he more than made up for it in more stamina and all-around fighting ability. In fact, White has only himself to blame for his failure to become champion. He had it in his grasp on two different occasions only to let caution beat him out of it. And though he figured in the "also ran" division, he still ranks topmost in the bracket of left hook exponents. His certainly was a gem.

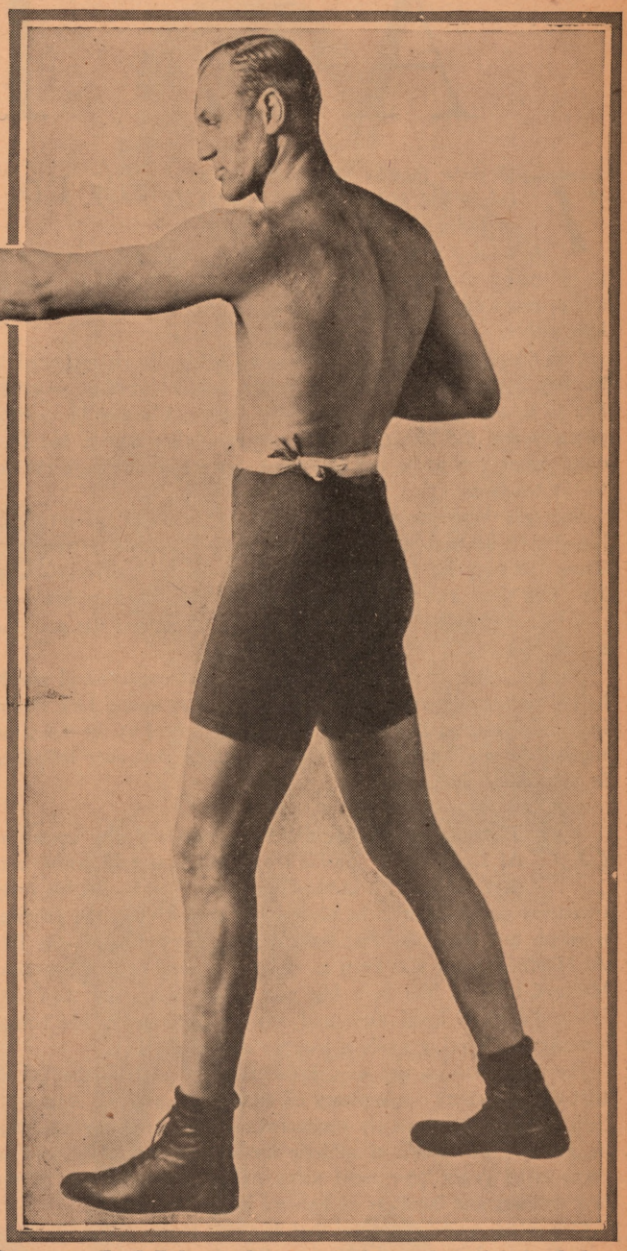
* * *

THE other truly great left hook artist was none other than Fred Fulton, the gangling Minnesota plasterer. You will have to search long and far to find a more destructive weapon than big Fred's left. Other weaknesses he had galore. He couldn't take them, and there are plenty of folks who will tell you he didn't try. But we'll throw that out. The fact remains that Fred Fulton was a factor of no small proportions in heavyweight circles during the days when Jess Willard was ruling the roost.

It remained for Jack Dempsey to reveal Fulton's fatal weakness—a glass jaw. Fulton had a magnificent physique, he possessed plenty of ring "savvy," he was fast enough and clever enough, and he had the "killer" instinct down to a nicety—if the opposition was not too formidable. But his jaw and tummy were not up to the standard required for a boxing champion.

But best of all was that snakelike left hook which, aided by a tremendous reach, was a terrific weapon. Fulton often cut and slashed an opponent to ribbons with that left when he could just as easily have slammed over the sleep producer.

Charley White, one of the best left-hook artists of modern pugilism.



Fred Fulton, who possessed a corking left hook but had a glass jaw.

The power of Fulton's left hook is amply demonstrated by the fact that it was responsible for knockout victories over such sturdy warriors as Arthur Pelkey, Jim Flynn, Sam Langford, Tom McMahon, Gunboat Smith, Charley Weinert, Tom Cowler and dozens of other aspiring heavyweights who blossomed and faded during the "white hope" days and immediately thereafter.

Fulton went down and down after the defeat at the hands of the "Manassa Mauler" and finally passed from the picture unsung and unnoticed. In light of some of his battles on the fag end of his career, perhaps it is justly so, but say what you can and will, the big plasterer must be given credit for one thing—he had the sweetest left hook that ever graced the heavyweight division, and easily approached the best left-hand shots that Dal Hawkins and Charlie White ever put on display.

The STORY of AL LANG

By ED. W. SMITH

TO show that he was naturally a bright kid and born to take care of himself at all times, he developed a news route on the docks and adjacent thereto in his native Baltimore. A mere kid he was, too, and going to school every day, and they never had to send a truant officer after him, either.

One afternoon a steward of one of the big liners, attracted to the boy because of his bright manners, asked him if he wouldn't like to take a trip of a week or so, earning his way by peeling potatoes and the like. The kid's parents didn't object, but they didn't want him to be out of school. So the matter was put up to the teacher.

She said the boy could take the trip if he would agree to give his class a lecture on what he had seen as soon as he returned. That was easy for him but he got only as far as Jacksonville, Fla., and there awaited the return of the liner. He kept his word and told the class all about the alligator farms and the growing cotton.

But the thing that stuck out in his mind strongest—and which, by the way, he did not relate to the class—was seeing Jack Dillon in training there for a fight. Jack was a bit aged at the time, but the lad thought him about the greatest thing that ever happened in the athletic line.

* * *

IT wasn't long before our hero, then and now known as Al Lang, but of course that wasn't his real name, was deeply interested in the fight game. And he got his early education under the man he always has thought was the greatest manager and promoter that the country ever produced—the late Al Herford. Lang was keen as razor steel even at that time and Herford took to him in a big way. Billy McCarthy then was Herford's right hand man and Billy took him to his breast heartily and quickly made a handler out of the boy.

Joe Gans was on the way down the other side of the hill at that day but there were plenty of other stars around. And with these, Lang was intimately connected even at his tender age. But he got a groundwork of athletic knowledge that stood him in great stead years later until today he is admittedly one of the best trainers and handlers of fighters in the business.

One of the leading stars of that day was Benny Schwartz, who with Pancho Villa in a fifteen-round battle drew the then biggest house recorded in Baltimore—fourteen thousand dollars—remarkable for little fellows. It took place in what then was known as the Fifth Regiment Armory, and Harry Ertle, referee, gave the verdict to Villa.

Another great boy of the day when Al Lang was making a name for himself, as a handler, was Buster Dundee, who in 1925, while under the management of Max Waxman, had his name changed to Buster Brown because there were too many Dundees in the market and the name was confusing. Buster came up from a bantam to be a leading lightweight.

Max Waxman, it may be mentioned, knew Al Lang's family well. Max's father worked for years as buttonhole maker for Lang's father, who was one of the biggest pants makers in the East. And another notable of the neighborhood was Sam Warner, father of Albert and Jack Warner, movie magnates. The elder Warner and Al Lang's father came over on the same boat from Russia and had a shoe store a few doors from his friend's tailoring establishment.

One of the best fighters with whom Al Lang was associated in his native town was Joey Goodman, who beat all of them at around 147 pounds. But one of the greatest kids with whom Lang had commerce in the East was Tommy Herman. Tommy lived but a few blocks from the boxing club where Al hung forth and when Al first saw him he was a kid in short pants. But he loved to fight, and in his first engagement scored a quick knockout of another tough kid. Immediately he was acclaimed a great prospect and surely he proved all of that.

But Lang tired of the fighting game, principally because several pals had told him that if he would get out Hollywood way they would see to it that he got into the picture business in a substantial way. This was attractive to Lang and he packed up and got away.

That was in 1925, and the first day he landed in Los Angeles he took a stroll down Spring Street just to look the town over. He hadn't gone three blocks before he ran plumb into Walter "Whitey" Eckwert, a life-long friend.

"Just the man I want to see!" roared the happy-faced "Whitey" after the first greetings were over.

"That's fine but don't tell me anything about the fighting game," Al retorted with a decided negative shake of the head. "I'm through and want everybody to know it. I've got another racket!"

"Well, I'll bet it's nothing as good as this," was "Whitey's" retort. And that famous trainer started to tell Al what a fine opening he had for him at just that moment.

Eckwert had the entire Frank Churchill string of fighters on his hands at the time and the task of caring for all of them was too much for one man, even as capable a chap as Eckwert always was. That's why he wanted to cut Al in on the job.

"Give me a night to think it over," Al finally said, knowing well that he couldn't resist. And he didn't, for the next afternoon he joined out with "Whitey," and Al has been at it ever since.

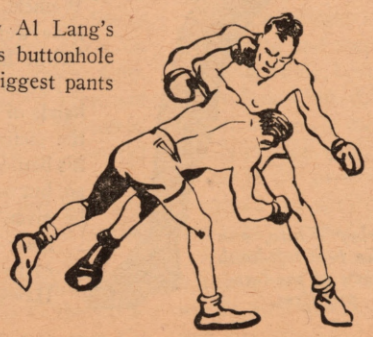
* * *

THAT was a tremendous stable the late Churchill had at that time, including as it did Tod Morgan, a great money earner as junior lightweight title-holder; Pancho Villa, said always to be the greatest Filipino that ever was brought to this country; Pete Sarmiento, Clever Sencio, Harry Wallack, Solly Montgomery, Mike Ballerino, Johnny Hill, another Filipino of high merit; Sammy Shack and Billy Miller.

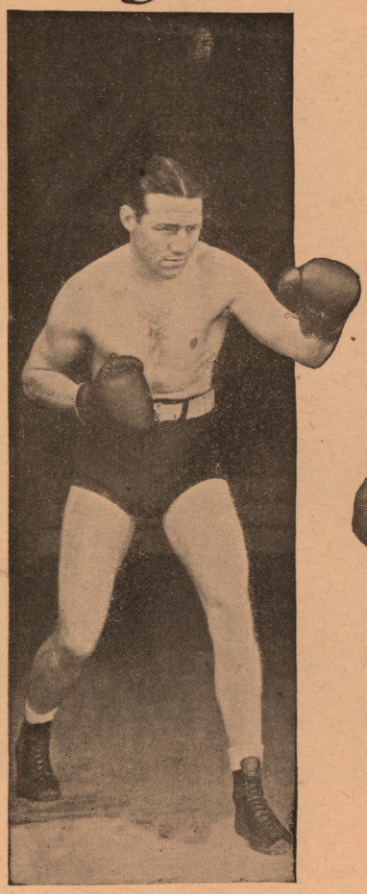
And from that minute, the combination was Churchill, Eckwert and Lang. And it was a strong confederacy right up to the time of Churchill's passing several years ago.

Lang quickly became known on the Pacific Coast as one of the best trainers of any of them and his services were in tremendous demand by all of the leading fighters who went out there for action.

During that period the list of men he prepared for ring work contains the names of some tremendous material. He always had charge of the Phil Glassman and Max "Boo Boo" Hoff fighters while they were on the Coast, the latter bunch including Harry Kid Brown, Eddie Kid Wagner, Harry Parodi, Harry Blitman, Tony Morgano, Danny Kramer and such useful performers. Others that Al handled include Barney Ross, Doc Snell when he beat Jimmy McLarnin, Ace Hudkins, Joey Sangor, Earl Mastro, Ernie Peters, showing that dozens of managers had the highest confidence in *(Continued on page 42)*

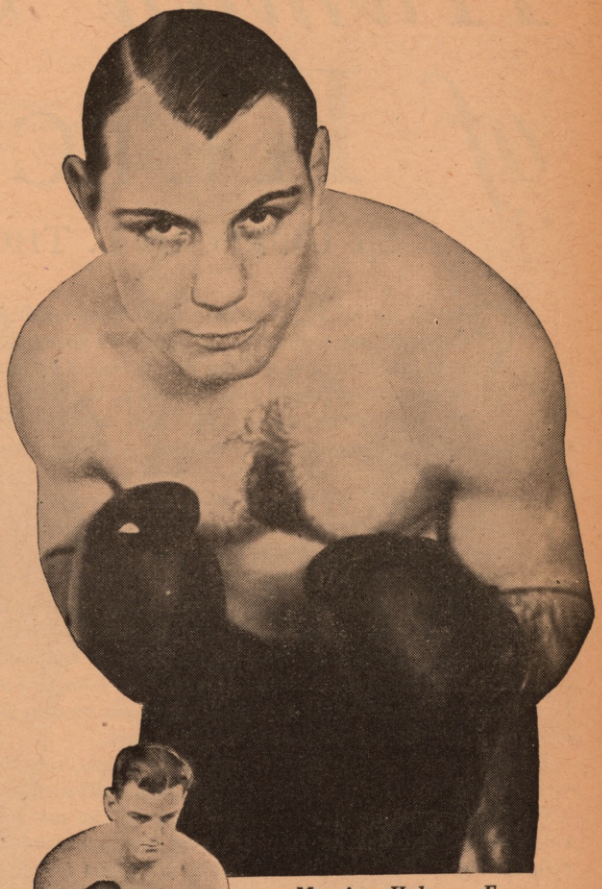


Foreign Fistic Stars

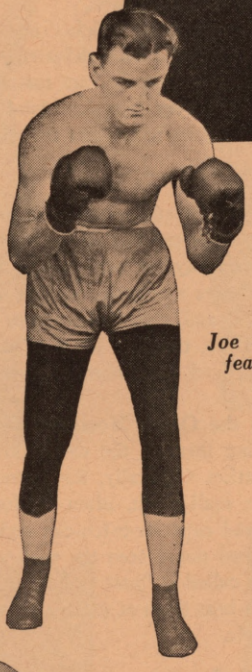


Herb Bishop, lightweight champion of Australia.

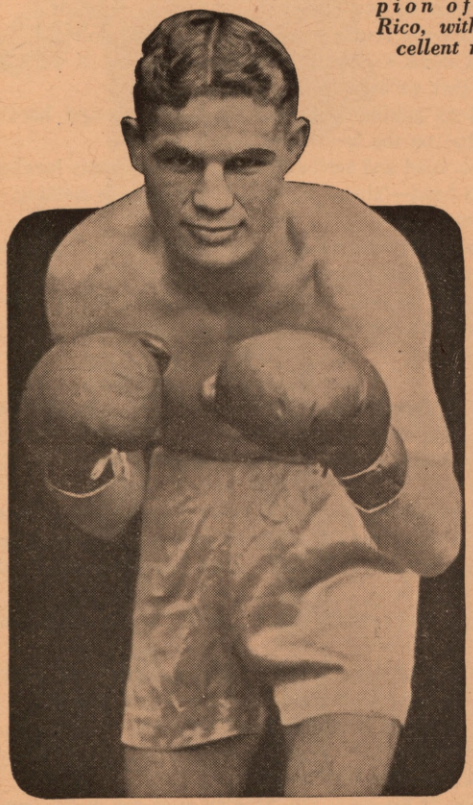
Pedro Montanez, lightweight champion of Porto Rico, with an excellent record.



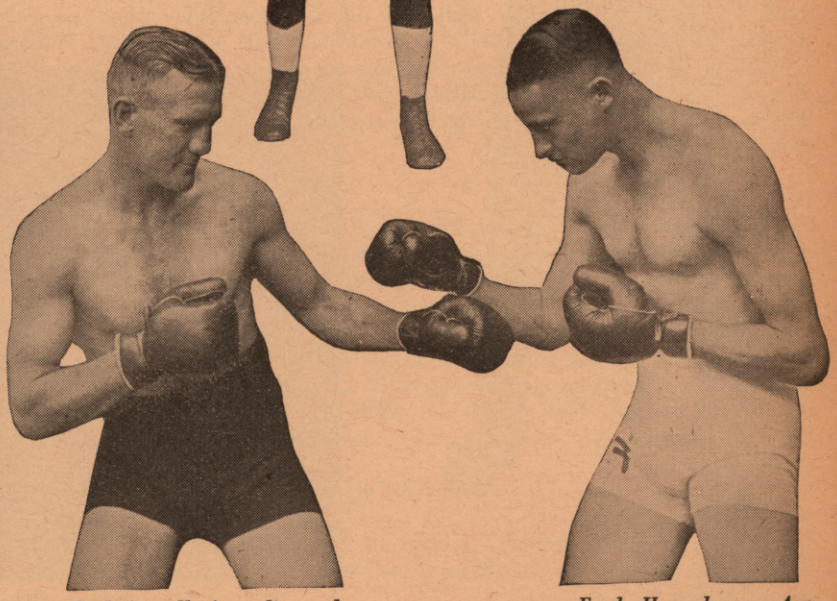
Maurice Holtzer, European featherweight champion.



Joe Hall, former feather king of Australia.



Merv Blandon, bantam champion of Australia.

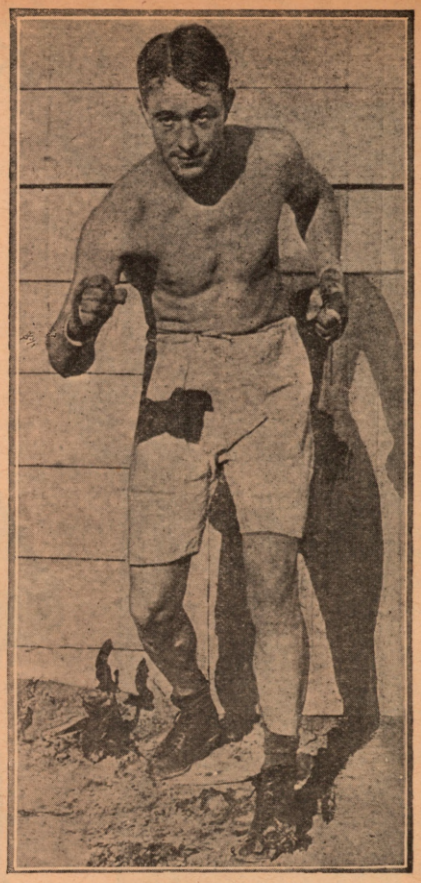


Jack Carroll, Australian welterweight champion.

Fred Henneberry, Australia's leading light-heavyweight and best drawing card.

Human Side of KETCHEL

By CLIFFORD L. THORNE



Stanley Ketchel

STANLEY KETCHEL, the famous blond middleweight champion, was patterned much like Jack Dempsey. That is in action both in and out of the ring. Like Battling Nelson, Ad Wolgast and Dempsey, he believed that the best defense was a whirlwind attack. Likewise, through all their hammering mitts, millions of dollars were won and vanished. When in the heights of their glory, fair weather friends flocked around. Money and title gone, those friends sought the "companionship" of others. Dempsey, alone, has by his wonderful personality, held friends and his money.

Ketchel, like Dempsey, was a hobo, a bouncer, a worker around railroads and mining camps. Stanley developed his wide shoulders and tremendous hitting powers by heaving iron ore and shovelling. Successful as a rough-and-tumble fighter, he was endowed with stamina, confidence and a flaming courage. Like John L. Sullivan, he did not know the meaning of quit. Many of our modern fighters can pronounce that word forward and backward.

Stanley fought middleweights, light-heavyweights and heavyweights. All looked alike to him. Jack Johnson defeated him but Billy Papke gave him his hardest battles. In one match, Billy completely closed both of Ketchel's eyes but the blond fighter refused to quit. He later defeated Papke in another furious battle for the championship.

* * *

TO Ketchel, life was wine, women and song—with an occasional fight thrown in. Buying a car one week, he was apt to give it away the next. He gave away far more money than he loaned, and repaid loans were always a surprise to him. Stanley burned the "candle at both ends" and also had a flame in the center. He figured, like Harry Greb, that life for him would be short. So, like many others, he lived each minute of it, day—and night.

I had been wrestling through the Ozark Mountain district in Missouri and Arkansas. Traveling through the mountain towns, I met the champion of each location. Generally, the journey was on horseback, sometimes on the mail-coach, often on foot. We wrestled back-holds, side-holds and catch-as-catch-can style.

Many of the hill-billy towns had never seen the modern style of wrestling. The mountain men called it "just wollering around like two houn' dogs." If I always beat them at catch-as-catch-can, they always beat me in their style.

* * *

COMING down to Springfield, Missouri, I tried to secure a match in town. Things were quiet just then. Wrestling fans were mostly interested in a famous athlete, George Hackenschmidt. This great wrestler was then touring the country, getting ready for his championship match with Frank Gotch.

Joe Cox, then a rising young boxer, one of the hopes for the title, obtained a match for me with a wrestler. Like many others, the opponent claimed kinship with the mighty Hackenschmidt. His real name was Leo Rath, though he called himself Young Hackenschmidt.

"You won't get much of a crowd," said Cox, "but you'll clear up a few bucks."

"Better a little than nothing," I observed. "And now, Cox, what about a referee?" Joe thought for a moment, then smiled and slapped me on the back.

"Just the man, Thorne, and he'll help draw the crowd."

"Who is he?" I inquired, rather mystified.

Cox did not reply, but strode away. Soon he was back with a powerful looking young fellow. The man's carriage, shoulder width and easy stride told me he was a trained athlete.

* * *

AND so I met Stanley Ketchel. His hands, big and strong as a heavyweight, gripped mine like a vise. His clear eyes seemed to look at and through you as if judging and placing. He had a quick and ready smile. Though he looked in perfect health, Ketchel, I learned after, was not. His money gone, his fight peak on the wane, he was on a fast-slipping path. Even then he was living much on the charity of a friend.

"Cox tells me you want a referee," Stanley smiled.

"Yes," I said, delighted if I could get him as the third man. "But, Ketchel, what do you charge?"

His answer took my breath away. "One thousand dollars."

I laughed and shook my head. "Sorry, Stanley, but if we take in a quarter of that we'll be lucky."

Ketchel, used to getting and giving thousands, could hardly believe it. "Is that on the level?" he asked.

Cox nodded his head and verified the statement. Stanley laughed and held out his hand—"then," he said, "my charge is nothing. I won't take a cent."

Cox, Hackenschmidt and myself tried to get him to agree to take a small sum but he refused.

"One thousand or nothing," smiled Ketchel. "As you boys can't pay, then it's nothing. And I'll be glad to help you out."

* * *

PLANS went forward for the match. Upon hearing that Stanley Ketchel was to be referee, we were assured of a good house. The magic of the name Hackenschmidt also was a help.

It was three days before the match when the sad news broke. The weather was warm and I was sitting rather at a table drawing up ring seat plans. Cox, his face grim and lips compressed, strode up.

"Well, Thorne," he rasped, "guess you'll have to call your match off."

"Why, you're crazy," I exclaimed. "Things are looking better than ever. With Ketchel in there, we'll draw a good house."

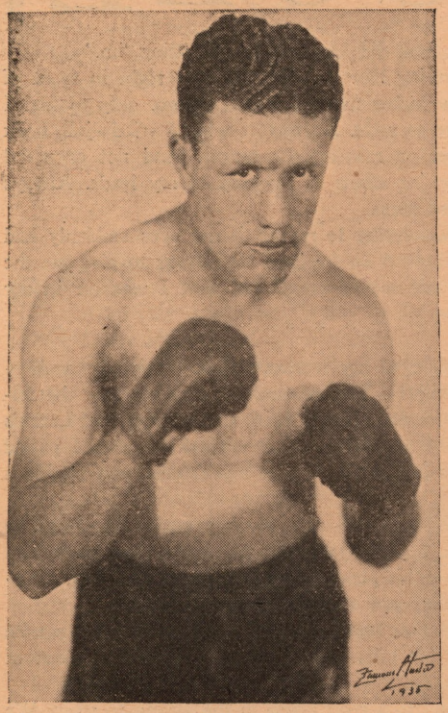
"But Ketchel won't be there," half sobbed Cox.

"He won't! Why?"

"Because he's just been killed."

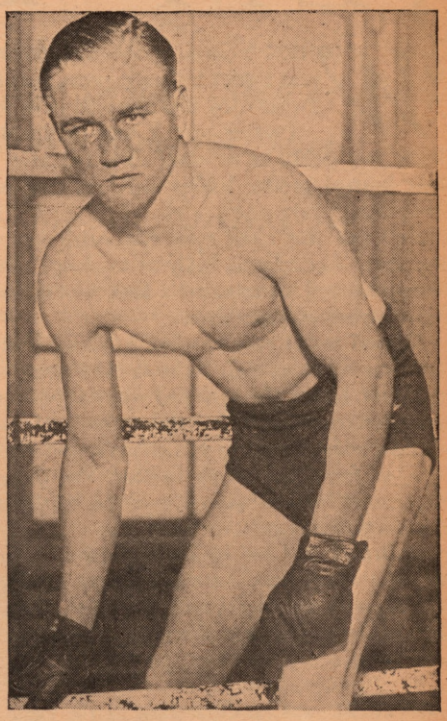
And so, flaming as his short life, Stanley went out in the flame of a gun. It was over the woman, not the wine or song that made the ending of a real fighter of the old school.

Not Champions but Good Fighters



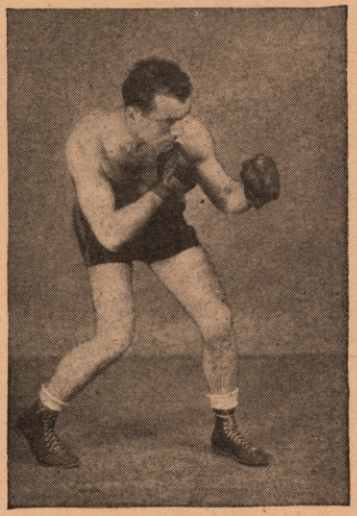
Frankie Martin, claimant to bantamweight championship of Canada.

Paulie Watkins, hard hitting middleweight from Los Angeles.



Wally Hally, Coast's colorful featherweight.

Emilio Magana, another Mexican 126 pounder, touted as a potential champion.



Phil Baker, a Connecticut 135 pounder who is doing well in pro ranks.

Toby Vigil, classy, undefeated Mexican youngster in the featherweight class.

JEM DRISCOLL,

WHEN it comes to downright boxing skill and cleverness I don't believe the man ever lived to whom Jem Driscoll, of Wales, would have to yield the palm.

I never saw Young Griffo in his prime, but I know that Griffo or no other man that ever stood on two feet ever boasted greater boxing skill and ring wizardry than Jem Driscoll.

Any man that could coax Abe Attell into a right hand lead and make Abe miss so badly as to plunge through the ropes, as Driscoll did in his memorable bout here in New York, certainly must have been some boxer.

Driscoll would have knocked Attell out that night if Jem had been his real ring self. Driscoll came down with a heavy cold the week before the fight and was laid up for three days. Two days before the bout he started training again. The afternoon of the contest I went up to Cannon's road house to see how Jem was and found him out on the road. Yes, that's just what he was doing—running his head off over the Westchester hills, with the fight with Attell only six hours off!

If Driscoll had had his full strength that night he would have knocked Attell out. Instead of simply making Abe's knees sag and his eyes roll in the round he tilted Abe's head back with a left and crossed flush to the point of the jaw.

* * *

THERE was no department of the game in which Driscoll was not a master. What he shone out above all the rest in, however, was his uncanny ducking and slipping. He had a wonderful eye and by the mere turn or tilt of the head or bend or twist of the body would evade an opponent's lead or counter or slip his rushes.

Driscoll's wonderful ducking and slipping helped him out in his hitting. He never had to put his arms up to guard or block. His hands always were in "cocked" position. His timing and distance were wonderful, and he sent in his punches with the speed and accuracy of a sharpshooter's bullet.

Driscoll was such a wonderfully clever boxer that many people lost sight of the fact he was a knocker-out as well. Forty per cent of his victories were achieved by knockouts. And Jem didn't build up his string of knockouts with "setups."

Among the men whom Driscoll wafted into the arms of Morpheus were Spike Robeson, Seaman Hayes, Harry Mansfield, Joe Bowker, Charlie Griffin, Jean Poesy, Eddie Thomas, Billy Hughes and Mike Carey. There weren't many setups in that flock, were there?

I remember the first exhibition I had of Driscoll's wonderful ducking ability. The day after the European featherweight champion arrived here I took him up to Jack Cooper's gymnasium for a workout.

* * *

MY heart fell as I watched him strip. He was skinny and scrawny, long necked, with those depressions about the upper chest and neck that hint of weak lungs. An occasional slight cough and clearing of the throat made me sure Driscoll was afflicted with lung trouble.

"So this is the guy who thinks he can whip Abe Attell!" I exclaimed to myself. "If this fellow is a fighter then I never saw one!"

You know, in those days I used to nurse the opinion I was some boxer myself. I frequently used to don the gloves and work with my own stable or try out new boxers.

When Driscoll asked me who was going to work out with him I replied, "I am," and then, because of the impression I had gained of Driscoll I added satirically, "but you want to be careful not to hurt me."

Fortunately for me, Jem took the remark seriously and replied:—

"Hi won't 'urt you, Joimes. Oi'll just put up me dukes and keep you from 'itting me."

And, believe me, Jem did keep me from "'itting 'im."

I never saw anything like it. With his phiz right in front of me and only a few inches away I would let go, only to find I was half an inch or so wide. No matter what I tried—jab, hook or uppercut—I kept on missing the target. And not once did Driscoll shove glove or elbow in the way of my leads. Always he ducked or slipped them.

At first I kept wondering to myself if my eyes suddenly had gone bad. Driscoll moved his head so slightly as to give me the impression he had not moved at all and that I was off in my punching.

* * *

IN the middle of my workout Jack Doyle, the welterweight, came in. You remember Jack. He was the fellow that knocked out Leach Cross early in Leach's career. To make sure regarding my own marksmanship I pulled off the gloves and asked Doyle to give my English importation a workout.

Driscoll made just as much of a monkey out of Doyle as he did out of me. The madder Jack got the worse Jem made him look. Jem cut loose in his punching against Doyle and Jack afterward told me he never saw so many gloves in his life.

About a fortnight after that I received a sample of the dynamite Driscoll packed in his mits and the snap he could get out of those long skinny arms.

I had taken him up to a road house in the Bronx to train. We strolled into the gym one day and found several toughs scattered about the place. Driscoll asked me if they were friends of mine, and when I replied I didn't know who they were Jem declared that he wanted them to clear out.

You know most of the European boxers like to do their work in private. Few of them work out publicly as our fighters are accustomed to.

Driscoll asked them politely to get out of the room and explained to them how he had hired the place and wanted a little privacy. The toughs laughed at his cockney accent and one of them bellicosely declared:—

"Go ahead and put us out, cull! Try and put us out!"

Before you could say "Jack Robinson" Driscoll stepped in and knocked the fellow cold. And before I could pitch in to help him he laid five others of them out!

It was just "Biff! Flop! Biff! Flop! Biff! Flop!" I never saw a fellow work so quickly and so "positively charmingly" in all my life.

In three shakes of a lamb's tail, that gymnasium was as free from toughs as a Fifth avenue drawing room.

* * *

I HAD trouble finding sparring partners for Jem at the start and I had to call for volunteers. One afternoon at the Fairmont A. C. I ran into Amby, the Bronx lightweight. Amby said that he had heard I was looking for fellows to work out with my Englishman and would be glad to come up and put on the gloves with Driscoll.

They had scarcely squared off when McGarry swung one from his hip. It was a beauty! There was no mistake about Amby's intent to knock Jem cold. You must remember that Driscoll was only a little fellow and always hovered between 121 and 123 pounds. He never weighed more than 124.

As Driscoll cleverly slid his head around McGarry's intended haymaker I saw a menacing glint come into Jem's eyes.

"Look out Mr. McGarry!" I murmured to myself. "Look out Mister McGarry. You are about to get yours!"

I was right. The next instant Driscoll feinted Amby out, stepped in close and came up with a right hand smash that knocked Amby clear through the ropes and on to the floor with a bang. When McGarry hit the floor he went out.

I doused a pail of water on him and brought him to. When he went back to Billy Gibson's he told all hands there that I had

Ring Wizard

Rated One of the Cleverest in Cleverness and in Boxing Skill by Man Who Managed Him

By JAMES J. JOHNSTON

played an awful trick on him, that I had got him up to the gym and had hit him on the head with a blackjack while he was boxing with Driscoll!

Incidentally Driscoll's hitting ability got me in Dutch with two famous sporting writers, Bob Edgren, then sporting editor of the *Evening World*, and Tad Dorgan, the celebrated cartoonist of the *Evening Journal*.

* * *

IT happened this way. I had made an appointment with Tad to take him up to Cannon's road house to see Driscoll work out. I was to bring Tad up at three o'clock in the afternoon.

In the morning of the same day I ran into Bob Edgren and asked Bob to come up and see my English marvel in action. Bob had something else on for the afternoon but said he would be glad to come right up that morning if Driscoll would work out then.

Well, I brought Edgren up to Cannon's and had Jem don the gloves. Driscoll first worked with my brother Eddie and then went on with Harry Cutch. They had a fast workout and in the middle of it Jem uppercut Harry so hard that when Cutch fell he almost turned a back somersault.

I took Edgren back to Park Row, had lunch and then motored back uptown to Harlem where Tad then was living. I picked up Tad and brought him to Cannon's.

When Driscoll was stripping for his second workout of the day I told him to be sure and make it just as peppery for Tad as he had for Bob in the morning.

Driscoll fulfilled my instructions to the letter. In fact, too much so.

Darned if he didn't pull the same knockdown trick on Cutch as he did that morning! And when Cutch went down Harry's legs went over his head in the same semi-backsomersault way in which Edgren had seen him go a few hours before that.

Well, the next day, both Edgren and Tad had cartoons of Driscoll's workout. And both Bob and Tad depicted Cutch in identically the same position on the floor. There accompanying stories were much the same, too.

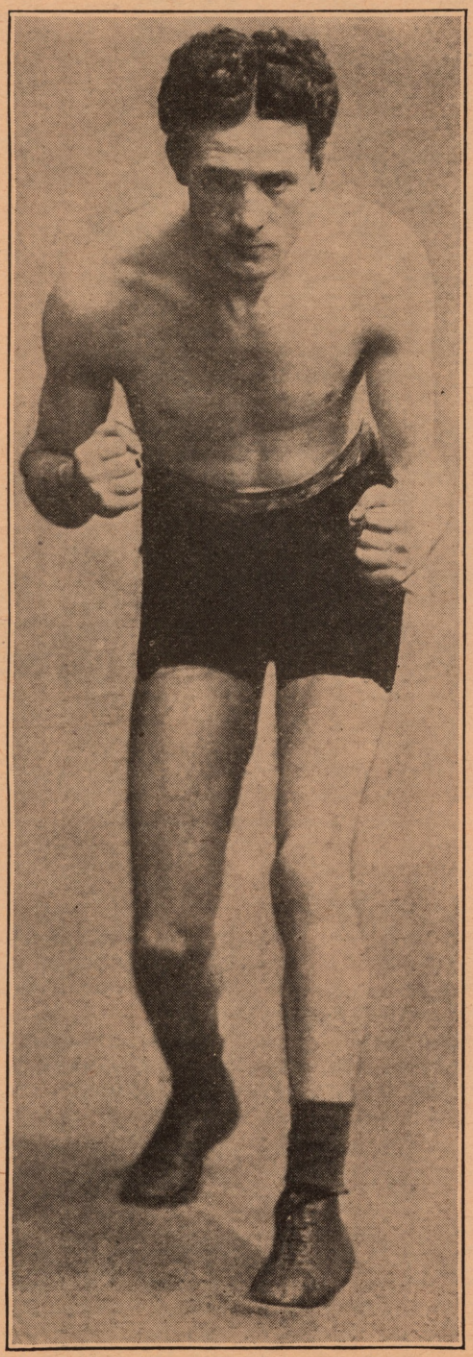
That night a buzz came on my telephone and when I answered it I found Edgren on the wire.

"What do you mean by having me come all the way up to Cannon's and see your darned Englishman work out and then go and give the whole blamed story to Tad, who could sit right in his own room and get the stuff without stirring?" was the gist of Edgren's complaint.

* * *

AT a fight the same night, I ran into Tad. I tried to duck him, but he collared me and declared:—"You—" well, I can't tell you exactly what Tad called me, for it wouldn't look very well in print. But he certainly did bawl me out for having him come all the way up to the Bronx to see Driscoll work out and then for me to give the whole blamed story away to Edgren, who never had to leave Park Row at all.

It was a long, long time before either Edgren or Dorgan forgave me for that "mean trick." I don't think to this day they believe the truth of the matter. They think that as far as the knockdown of Cutch it was a put up job and a carefully rehearsed act.



Jem Driscoll, the Welsh boxing phenom.

I will give my word of honor, however, that there was no rehearsing and that I was the most surprised man in the world to see Driscoll floor Cutch with exactly the same blow and in exactly the same way, twice running.

I have often had boxers and trainers ask me how Driscoll became such a master ducker. They all wanted to know what it was that enabled him to master such uncanny skill in evading an opponent's leads, counters and rushes.

I'll tell you what helped give Jem that wonderful ducking ability.

* * *

JEM, you know, was a product of the boxing booths. The boxing booths, you know, are one of the most popular features of the country fairs in England and Wales. A booth owner will secure a concession at a fair, pitch a tent and then hire three or four professionals to meet all comers in straight or handicap matches.

Spectators will be offered a certain sum to go one round or two rounds or three rounds with the booth boxer. Sometimes a boxer will offer a shilling prize to any one who can hit him in the face three times in a round or something like that.

Part of Driscoll's stunt when working for a boxing booth was to tie both arms to his sides and then bet any spectator he couldn't hit him in the face.

The constant practice Jem had in his early years as a boxer was what gave him his uncanny skill in ducking and slipping. He became so accustomed to avoiding a blow without guarding or blocking that it virtually became second nature to him.

Americans who saw Driscoll beat Matty Baldwin, Leach Cross, Abe Attell, Grover Hayes, Johnny Marto and Tommy Langdon here will recall what little attention Driscoll gave to guarding or blocking. His defensive work almost solely was done with his head and feet. His *(Continued on page 42)*

Is there a Barber

Man Mountain Dean, former New York soldier, who started the whiskers craze in wrestling.

THREE of wrestling's biggest attractions at the present writing are bewhiskered matmen. They are Man Mountain Dean, who for nearly two years steady packed them in at shows held in Los Angeles and other California cities; Sergei Kalmikoff, the Siberian Gorilla, and the latest of the trio—Leo Daniel Boone Savage, so-called Kentucky hill-billy, who is regarded the biggest card in the history of Texas.

What is this fascination that corpulent mattress-adorned grapplers have for Miss and Mister Fan of Matdom? Nobody has even been able to give a good answer. Maybe it is because of the fact that men who sport whiskers nowadays are such an oddity—even in the medical profession, whose badge at one time seemed to be the "sideboards" they wore. As a matter of fact, many people would think a doctor a phony unless he had whiskers.

Man Mountain Dean claims that he is the grappler who originated the idea of wearing whiskers. He has been heard remark that he regrets the fact that he didn't go to Washington to have them copyrighted or patented or whatever one has to do in matters of this kind.

It seems that Dean, who is really Soldier Leavitt of other days, figured he was all washed up. He found it hard to get matches. So what did he do? He and his wife, Doris, boarded a boat in Boston, and sailed for Europe. Over there, he patiently waited until a facial shrubbery grew that completely hid his identity and then he returned to this country and claimed himself to be "Man Mountain Dean." He said he was from Jawga—and that he was born there—though in reality he was born on the West Side of New York City. At any rate, it is a well-known fact that he is a friend of Governor Talmadge of the Cracker State for the writer has seen a letter that his excellency wrote to Dean—and it indicated that their acquaintanceship was of long standing.

* * *

TWO years ago Dean was a tremendous hit around New York and New Jersey. Suddenly he decided to head for the Coast in the brand-new car some of his mat earnings enabled him to get, and since then he has made a fortune not only from the countless star bouts he has had, but from movie engagements. He has been the subject of endless movie news pictures.

Kalmikoff, the Russian, who first came to this country about four years ago, says he has worn a beard since he started wrestling. At any rate, he wore one when he first came here and still wears one—and he has challenged Dean to meet him, the loser to agree to have his whiskers shorn by a barber right in the ring at the conclusion of their bout. Dean has ignored the challenge.

With Savage now in the picture, some enterprising promoter may some day conduct a "whiskers championship" and the winner could then rightfully say that he won the title by a "whisker." Savage has a thick mass of jet-black hair on his face and his head covering is just as thick. He looks as though it never had scissors, comb or brush on it.

Savage talks about wrestling as "scuffling" and he has been seen parading streets in Texas cities in overalls, flannel shirt and hatless, whittling a piece of wood and clamoring for someone to "scuffle" with him. It is even said that he has gone around at night with a lantern in his hand, explaining his action by saying he was afraid the "lights would go out."

* * *

THE bewhiskered trio have tremendous strength and a certain amount of ability, but it is because they are a sort of circus or freak attraction that they draw droves of men and women to see them wrestle. That is the big attraction. The fans get plenty of laughs out of all three. Maybe this is the sort of medicine they need to cure jaded nerves. They get a real kick out of seeing

in the House?

By ALEX SULLIVAN

Dean, Savage and Kalmikoff, Three of Wrestling's Biggest Attractions are Bewhiskered

these mattress-wearers, with their great poundage, floundering all over the ring and taking flops to the canvas that shake the ring supports.

At no time before in the history of the ring, so far as the writer knows, have there been three or even one bewhiskered grappler—and promoters all over the country are bidding high for their services. They make more money than the average five or six clean-built, handsome ex-collegians who have come to the wrestling world to earn a living.

Dean weighs over three hundred pounds and is over six feet tall, as is Kalmikoff, who weighs around two hundred and sixty, while Savage is six feet four and tips the beam around two hundred and forty-five. He is the best built of the three, and has hardly any superfluous flesh.

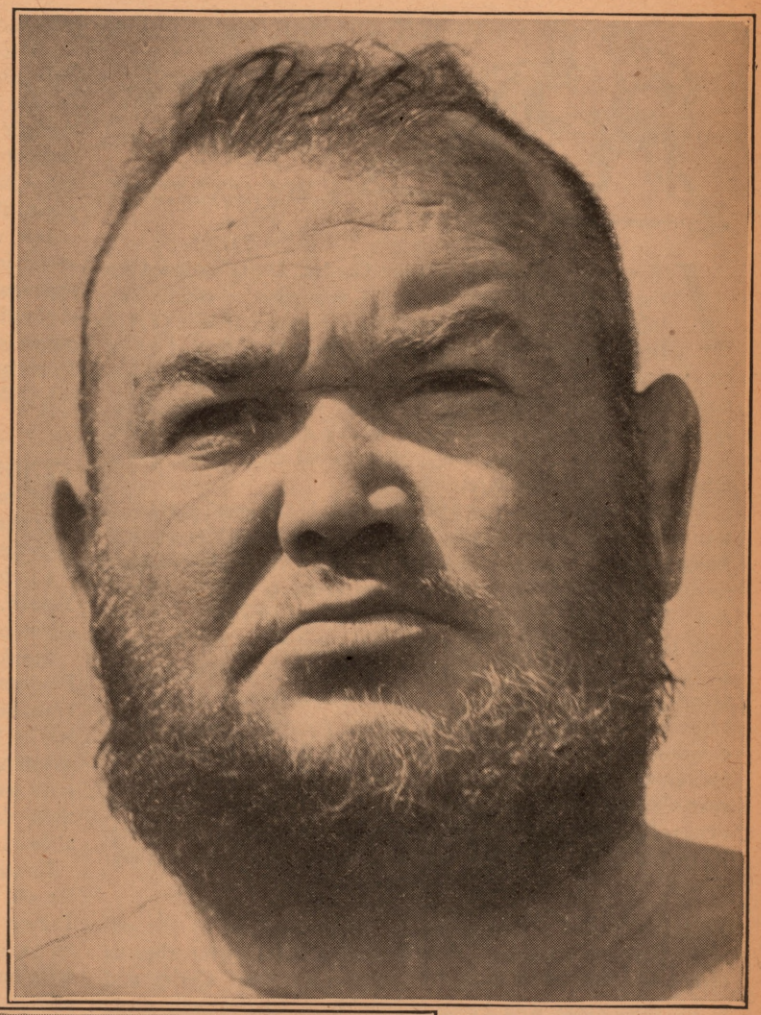
Maybe this trio of pachyderms are like the king's jesters used to be—they furnish plenty of laughs in spite of their lack of wrestling ability.

* * *

HIS present visit is the second that Kalmikoff has paid this country. After meeting with fair success the first time he returned to Russia as he declared that Jim Londos, then champion, refused to give him a crack at the title.

"Kal" came back early last summer for the International Wrestling Tournament which Lou Daro staged with such success in Los Angeles. Although he was eliminated he made a good impression and after Vince Lopez had been crowned champion so far as California is concerned, Kalmikoff got plenty of work.

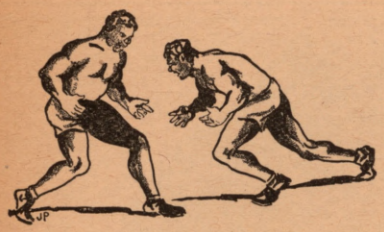
It is said that Man Mountain Dean was intensely jealous over the arrival of Kalmikoff, claiming that he was the only grappler entitled to wear whiskers, as he had originated the idea, but if memory serves the writer right it was "Kal" who displayed the first foliage to the unsuspecting public when he arrived over four years ago whereas Man Mountain, the alleged former Soldier Leavitt, went to Europe and came back with the facial adornment several months after the advent of Sergei. *(Cont. on page 42)*



Leo Daniel Boone Savage, the most hairy wrestler in captivity.

Sergei Kalmikoff, the Siberian Gorilla, who has just returned to this country and is eager to meet Savage and Dean to settle the whiskers championship.

HALF A CENTURY



By GEORGE E. BOTHNER

(Physical culture instructor and New York State referee)

IT was wrestling night in the Garden. I was assigned by the New York State Boxing Commission to officiate as third man in the ring in the bout between Danno O'Mahoney, world champion, and Ed Don George, and as is customary on such occasions, I dropped into Nat Fleischer's museum, for such I call his Garden store where he has his Ring Book Shop, All-America Sports Magazine and his famous RING Magazine. In that, I was simply doing what many other sports fans do every fight and wrestling night.

There I went just to say hello to a pal, but I found myself in the midst of a gathering that included such celebrities as Bill Brown, State Commissioner; Jack Curley, America's foremost sports promoter; Wilbur Wood, sports editor of the New York *Sun;* Mike Jacobs, the man who brought back the million-dollar gate to boxing; Jimmy Johnston, matchmaker of the Garden; Billy Roche, famous in his prime as America's leading boxing referee and promoter; Ray Fabiani, Philadelphia's sports impresario; Paul Bowser, Boston's leading promoter; Sam Austin, one-time editor of the *Police Gazette* when that sheet was America's most-talked-of sports journal; A. D. Phillips, the grand old sports writer, who has passed his eighty-fourth birthday, and numerous other celebrities, and naturally, with such a gathering, it didn't take long for reminiscences to be the order of the evening.

* * *

BILL BROWN told some stories of his days at the old Brown's Gymnasium in West Twenty-third Street when he owned the place and I worked for him as a trainer; Curley told of his experiences with Fireman Jim Flynn, who recently died; Billy Roche discussed the great Stanley Ketchel and told some interesting stories of his father's experiences with John L. Sullivan and Jack McAuliffe with whom his dad was very friendly, and who frequently were backed by Dad Roche; Sam Austin told of some big stakes he held and some of the famous bouts in which he acted as referee, and when it came my turn, I looked like a piker alongside that mob of story-tellers, but I got along O. K. until Nat Fleischer cornered me and said:

"George, we've had enough free speech here tonight. You know I have a good magazine and it isn't everyone that I'll allow to write for me. How about saving some of those stories for THE RING. Will you agree to let me have your experiences, some of which you related here tonight and others which you were about to tell when I stopped you? You write 'em, and I'll print 'em under your name. How about it?"

I'm no writer, I informed Nat, but I'll tell you my story in my own words and if you don't like anything or want to improve, just go to it. That's fair enough, isn't it, Nat, I asked.

"You bet," he replied, "and what's more, I think you still have your gymnasium at 250 West 42nd Street, George, and I don't think a story by you will hurt your place any, so we'll just mention it for you," he said, and of course I didn't object. So here goes my story. If I ramble, don't blame me, for as I told Nat, I'm no writer, I'm a physical culture instructor who handles men and boys in New York's most spacious gymnasium, and that's just a wee bit different from writing, you'll admit.

Where should I start? Of course, most novices begin with their birth, but that would be too stereotyped, so by way of introducing my early life to those who are not so thoroughly acquainted with me as is Nat, I'll say that I was born in New York City, saw my first wrestling match in 1881 when my brother Charles, who later became national fencing champion, in which I also excel, took me to the old Pastime A. C. to see the match between Lew Channeworth and Johnny O'Brien, and then and there I decided that I would become a wrestler. I joined the Pastime Athletic Club as a youth of eighteen, and though my father, who thought I was a frail lad, frowned upon the idea, I trained in secret and I've been training ever since, though I have long since passed the fiftieth milestone.

Just when I began to master the sport, I ruptured a blood vessel in my throat as a result of a friendly bout in which my opponent secured a headlock, and during the six weeks that I was confined to bed, my parents were more determined than ever to put an end to my wrestling aspirations. But when I was well again, I took up the sport in earnest and after winning over dad, I became one of New York's headliners in the lightweight division.

* * *

DURING my hectic career, I engaged in over four hundred matches, every one of which was a thriller to me. I scaled only one hundred and thirty-five and at most I was scarcely ever over the weight which Jimmy McLarnin scaled for Barney Ross, yet I clashed with some of the world's most renowned matmen—Youssif, the Terrible Turk; Pierre Coloses, Ivan Linow, and others of equal skill in the heavyweight ranks.

Speaking of Linow, I shall digress for a moment to relate how I happened to clash with him. About the time of the World War, Ivan, billed as the Russian Cossack, was a pretty good grappler, but he liked to have people think he was tough. In those days wrestling was not an acrobatic sport—it was real wrestling and fouls were called as such and not permitted to go unnoticed as in these days of entertainment and exhibitions in which we are allowed considerable leeway.

Linow and Dr. Roller were booked as the main attraction at the old Manhattan Opera House and I was selected to referee. During the bout, I warned Linow several times for fouling and he resented it. Finally he became so riled that he struck me in the face, much to my embarrassment, but knowing my place as an official, I took the blow good-naturedly and bided my time.

When the match was over, I went to the dressing room of Ivan and told him that I considered him a phony and a coward, and though I was then fifty years old and had been retired for many years, I offered to break all of his supposedly vicious holds. We were matched and I trained as I never did before and on the night of the bout, the Manhattan Opera House was jammed to the rafters to see the old man against the Russian Cossack, and I made good my boast.

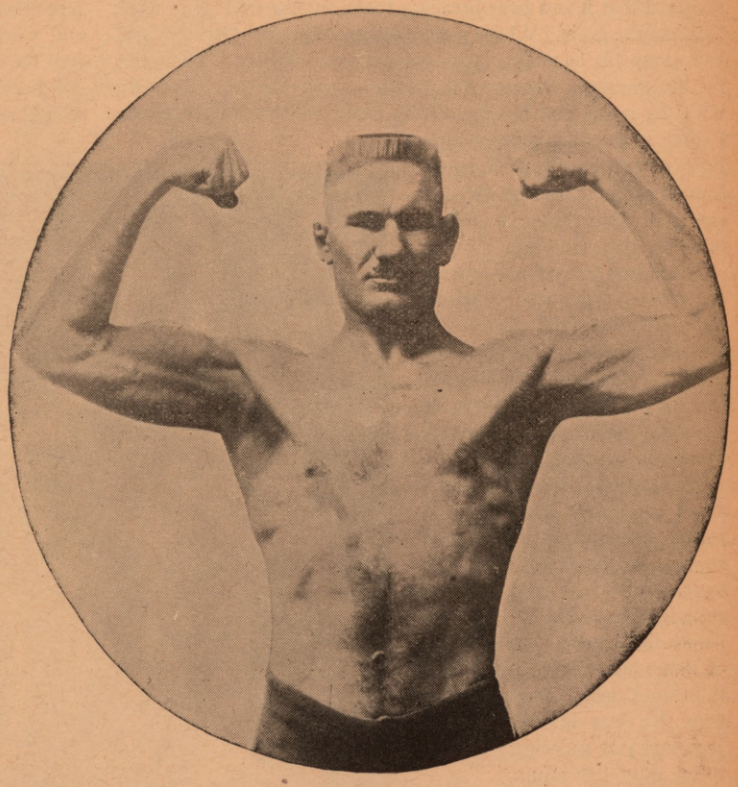
For fifty-two minutes I broke every hold the Russian had on me, until the Russian, peeved beyond words, began to resort to foul tactics and then Youssif Hussane, the Turk, standing in the wings awaiting his call for a bout, seeing what was taking place, rushed into the mill and from then on it was a riot. But I showed the Russian that I could make good my boast and that, to me, was enough glory. I then decided that never again would I issue a challenge and that I would remain retired, and to this date I stuck to that promise.

* * *

I NOTICE in the announcement that Japan will enter the Olympic Games at Berlin, the Nipponese have decided to send on a wrestling team, whereas in the Los Angeles games they did not do so, owing to a lack of candidates. I am glad to hear of the revival of interest in wrestling in Japan, because that country introduced and developed jiu-jitsu, another form of wrestling, and turned loose on the world more experts in that style of the game than can be counted. Speaking of jiu-jitsu reminds me that in my gymnasium in New York City, on West 42nd Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, I have as an instructor, one of the world's greatest jiu-jitsu experts, Will Bingham. It was Will who helped to foster the sport in America some years ago, and today he still remains America's

WITH WRESTLERS

George Bothner, Gray-Haired Marvel of the Mat Sport, Relates His Ring Experiences and Discusses Grapplers, Past and Present



foremost teacher of the Japanese art of wrestling.

Japanese wrestling differs from the catch-as-catch-can and Graeco-Roman styles. The Japanese, more so than any other people, have a good knowledge of anatomy to guide them in their jiu-jitsu and they rely on their acquaintance with certain nerves, which, being pressed, or even touched, induce unconsciousness.

One of the best Japanese experts seen in this country was a fellow named Higashi, yet I beat him in a gruelling three-hour match in New York. When jiu-jitsu first made its appearance in the United States, Higashi was engaged by the New York Police Department to train the men on the force and he promptly broke a few bones in his playful way and sent several bluecoats to the hospital for repairs.

I ridiculed a system that permitted that and openly criticized the Jap and announced that, if given the chance, I would demonstrate that he could be licked by any good wrestler, and of course he accepted my challenge. Before he did so, however, he made me enter into an agreement that if I were injured or killed, I would not hold him responsible, and this I agreed to.

* * *

EARLY in the bout it became evident that the Jap was out to maim me, but I was fast in those days and I protected myself against his trickery. He applied every trick of torture known to the trade and for a time it seemed that I would be killed if I didn't quit, but quit I wouldn't and eventually I gained the match in three straight bouts, our agreement being three out of five bouts.

It was in 1899 that Tom Riley, who had won the Lord Lonsdale Belt in England, emblematic of the British lightweight wrestling championship, accepted my challenge for a titular bout, and Richard K. Fox, owner of the *Police Gazette* and donor of many championship belts, came forth and offered the *Police Gazette* Belt to the winner for a bout in New York. I won the belt in three straight falls and after I had gained the world laurels, I defended it successfully against the champions of France, Norway, Belgium, England and Japan, hence if anyone ever was entitled to be called the world title-holder—I'm not bragging about it here—I certainly was.

In my many years of affiliation with the wrestling sport, and other athletic competition, I have broken ribs so often that I couldn't keep count. I have had both my legs broken and had an arm and my collarbone fractured, yet at this writing, I am hale and hearty and as nimble on my feet today as I was when in my prime—and that is not bragging, it is a fact. How do I keep that way? Regular training periods at my gymnasium. I never fail to take at least one good workout a day. Needless to say that, although I won the match with Higashi, I suffered more injuries that day than in any other contest in which I had ever engaged. The interest in that bout was great and therefore I have decided to give it more space than I ordinarily would do. Higashi was somewhat of a psychologist and he tried to put the fear into me, but he didn't succeed.

The match took place at the old Grand Central Palace on Lexington Avenue and Forty-third Street. It was in November, 1904. Tim Hurst refereed. The conditions were that I should pin him down for ten seconds, three falls out of five. He was to make me quit. Everything went, strangle holds and all. There was great excitement. A seven-thousand-dollar house, with the place packed.

We both donned Japanese kimonos, provided by Higashi himself. Then we went to it. I got a surprise in the first minute. While closing in cautiously and searching for a good hold, Higashi quickly grabbed me by the collar of the kimono. Then he suddenly tumbled over on his back, placing his feet in the pit of my stomach as he went. Hurled six feet in the air, I landed on my head. I jumped up, and Higashi, without delay, repeated the stunt. "This can't go on," I figured, on regaining my feet before he could get at me. So I avoided him a bit, to dope the thing out. It wasn't hard.

I closed to let him grab the collar again. His foot went up for my stomach once more, as I expected. Pushing it down, I quickly scissored him with my legs across his chest and back. Then I applied the leg pressure and nearly crushed the life out of him. He cried out and rolled over on his back. I got the fall in fourteen minutes.

They say Higashi didn't want to come out for more, but he did. He was a good catch-as-catch-can wrestler, too. It took me two hours and thirty-five minutes to down him the next time. But I brought his tongue out with another scissors.

He was easier the next time. I pinned him with the same hold in forty minutes. The whole thing took about three hours.

I came out of the bout with a puffing of the eyes and a badly scratched neck. On examining my kimono later, I discovered what a sly fellow he was. One of his tricks consisted of vigorously jamming his thumb into my neck. In order to help this operation, he had cut a slit in the garment to insert his fingers, thereby making a leverage for his thumb attack.

* * *

THE following summer I came across Higashi again. Wandering around Coney Island with my wife, I was attracted by a great crowd around a Japanese booth. It was a demonstration of jiu-jitsu. The Jap hawker was telling the crowd all about the wonders of jiu-jitsu.

"This is the same method used by Higashi when he beat George Bothner. He will show you how it is done inside."

I elbowed in, and asked him when Higashi ever beat Bothner.

"Oh, last year some time," he shot back.

"Well, that's a lie, and I can prove it!" I thundered. "I'm George Bothner!"

Higashi, hearing the disturbance, came out. He recognized me.

"Just say jiu-jitsu is a good thing to know," he corrected his man.

Many wrestlers scorn the Oriental art of self-protection, but not I. It is a most dangerous weapon in the hands of a trained man and that it is a bone-breaking trade, for the trick is to work "against the grain." Where a wrestler executing the "flying mare" will grasp his opponent's arm, palm downward over his shoulder for the necessary leverage, the Japanese twists the palm upwards, with the result that he can readily break the arm at the elbow. I often to this day enjoy a little jiu-jitsu tussle with Will Bingham in my gym because there is no sport that keeps a fellow more fit than jiu-jitsu.

There are holds that paralyze the nerves and cause exquisite torture. I was fully aware that the game was a killing one though I did, and still believe, that the trained wrestler, fully on his guard, can prevent many of the jiu-jitsu holds.

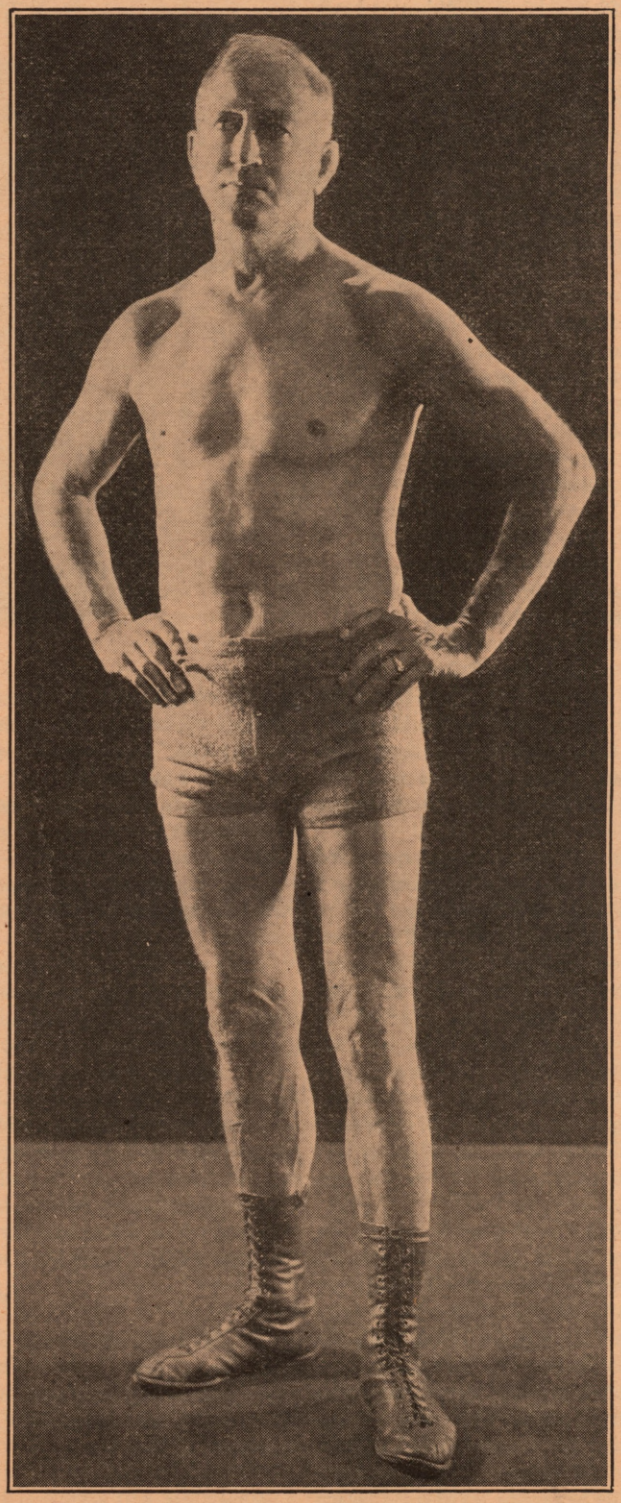
Higashi was not a big man; about my height and weight, I judge, and with big hands and strong wrists. His skin was saffron, his slant eyes cold and expressionless, but it was his mouth that caught your attention at first glance. It was wide and thin-lipped, and as cruel as a steel trap. He was inscrutable as a joss, and just about as heartless, to my way of thinking.

You could imagine him applying the devilish leverage of jiu-jitsu on a man's arm until the bone cracked like a bit of breaking ice. Yes, and with that dead smile on his lips, too. A dangerous man.

* * *

I WAS a lightweight—seldom scaling over one hundred and thirty pounds—but during my career on the mat I met many men who were far heavier than I. Miyake, the Japanese heavyweight, was one of these. He scaled more than one hundred and seventy-five pounds. The Terrible Turk, a giant of a fellow, was another, and there are a dozen or more scattered through my record. But it had always been my conviction that skill is a mightier asset than sheer strength, and for that reason I seldom refused to meet bigger men.

I defended my championship in many places, and against many men, but against no more queer antagonist than Higashi, the little yellow man from Tokio, and never with a higher prize at stake—for the prize was my life.



I had grappled with death and had won.

In the closing minutes, the Jap threw the last remnant of his vitality into a supreme effort, realizing that his reputation, his very livelihood, was at stake. He caught my arm, and twisted until I could feel the bones cracking, and an agony of pain shot through my heart. My eyes blurred. My stomach fairly crawled with pain. Higashi grinned, sensing victory.

There was only one thing for me to do. I gave with the pressure, easing into my foe. If I failed, my arm would be broken like a pipe-stem, and it was hard to think clearly, what with the pain and weariness. But I threw the last remaining bit of strength into the attack.

I heeled the Jap sharply under the chin, going up in the air as I threw both legs around him. For an instant Higashi stood swaying against the shock, his hold broken, while I gripped him like a terrier—then he went down. I was on top of him with my full weight knocking the wind completely out of the "Yellow Kid." And, when I got to my feet, white and shaky, and with a small bone in my arm broken, Higashi lay on the mat unconscious.

* * *

THAT is my story of one of the greatest matches of my long career. I have often been asked which bout of the four hundred or more that I had was the most gruelling. Most experts figured that it was my marathon match with Eugene Tremblay, staged at Montreal in 1904, but I think the one with Higashi and that with Selva held the prize. That Montreal bout with Tremblay lasted eight hours and seventeen minutes, I think the longest on record.

My second match with Emil Selva in Helvecia Hall, Paterson, N. J., in 1906, was a corker. I had met Selva, a giant Italian, a few weeks before the show at Helvecia Hall, and the bout resulted in a draw. It was to have been a split match, that is, one fall Graeco-Roman and the second catch-as-catch-can, and the third, if necessary, Graeco-Roman. But I demanded that we meet in catch-as-catch-can style, in which I was more expert, and in view of the huge difference in weights, I felt that my claim was justified. Selva was enraged, but he finally gave in and we wrestled from 10.30 in the evening until 2.30 the next morning without either gaining a fall.

And what a tough bout that was! Candidly, except for the Higashi bout, I was never so punished in all my career as in the contest with Selva. When police interceded and stopped the affair, I was all in. I could hardly move. It took me several hours to get to normal condition.

(To be continued)

The Wrestling Sheik

By BERNICE SANDBOE

THE wrestling industry focuses the spotlight of public acclaim upon many and varied personalities. It brings to your attention such masses of muscle as Dean, the Man Mountain, cagey comedians like Chief Chewchki and such students of ring psychology and science as Jimmy Londos. It introduces you to Indian, cowboys, life-guards, ex-football stars, strong men, Gypsies, Hindus, Turks, butchers, bakers and candle-stick makers.

Here's another personality whom, I feel sure, will not only bask in that coveted spotlight because of his colorful background, but will go far up the ladder of success. He's likable George Mansur, a dark and dashing Syrain who although he has been wrestling only 3 years has proven himself one of the most capable of the younger mat stars.

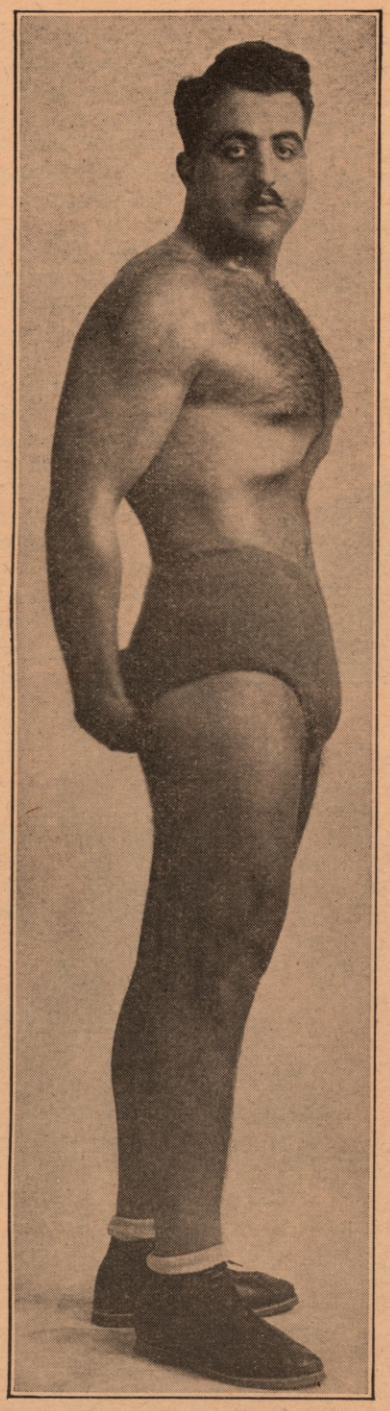
Perhaps you remember George as the National Weight Lifting Champion of '32 and as the weight lifter who won third place at the World's Fair in Chicago. It was his fame in this line of physical endeavor that brought him his start in wrestling. Tom Packs, erstwhile Saint Louis mat impresario, had seen George perform and was so tremendously impressed with his fine physique and great strength that he sent for him and offered to give him a start in the grappling game.

* * *

WITH Packs' encouragement and his own love for physical development of any sort, George soon improved his wrestling, which until his arrival in Saint Louis, had been strictly amateurish. He worked out daily at the gym and had many of the great mat stars as his helpers. And then just when he was beginning to foresee a bright future for himself, Packs discovered that his protege was just a young fellow. Too young, reasoned Mr. Packs, to start on a wrestling career and so he advised him to return home.

And if George had been the kind to accept his fate without a demur, he wouldn't be in the wrestling world today. Or at any rate, he wouldn't be as rapidly climbing to the top as he is now. For instead of returning home, George changed his name and commenced barnstorming the north and middle west.

To completely hide his identity from the Saint Louis promoter, George grew a long black beard, decked himself out in Arabic clothes and became known in wrestling circles as the famous Sheik Ben Abaad. This disguise wasn't hard to achieve for George and he not only made a hit as the wrestling sheik, but gained valuable experience as well.



George Mansur as he looks without his Sheik disguise.

* * *

AFTER almost three years of being the bearded Sheik, he returned to St. Louis, shaved the beard and reported his actions to Promoter Packs.

This time, however, he wasn't sent home. Instead, Packs, who had been hearing favorable accounts concerning the Sheik's skill, was impressed with George's pluck and determination to get ahead in the game, not to mention his originality, and ever since, George has been one of the boys "most likely to succeed" in the Packs troupe.

Although George prefers to stick strictly to scientific scuffling, he can certainly hold his own with the rough boys. In fact, I'm willing to wager that there are plenty of the ruffians who secretly wished they had not aroused the anger of this young man, for he can dish out as much rough play as the meanest meanie when aroused. However, George's straight wrestling deserves especial note. He has a fine repertoire of holds, is unusually strong, fast and agile on his feet and specializes in the headlock and body slam.

* * *

GEORGE was born and raised in Akron, Ohio. Since boyhood, he had always been called "the little fat boy," and one hardly doubts that, for when he was fifteen, George weighed in at three hundred and twenty-five pounds. However, unlike most heavyweights, George was not too lazy and content to stay fat and worked untiringly with bar bells and scientific exercises until he had reduced his weight. Today he weighs in around two hundred and thirty-five pounds and has a superb physique.

George says his ambition is to get enough out of the mat sport to enable him to settle down in some business. He is what is known in the wrestling game as a "crowd pleaser." The fans seem to sense his eagerness to succeed and, too, they admire him for his adherence to the wrestling rules and his smooth wrestling.

Outside the ring, he's a pleasant, likeable fellow, who will tell you that his hobby is painting. He has exceptional skill as an artist, and just as one foresees a brilliant future for him in the wrestling game, so you can see that, as an artist, he would have gone far.

Like the average wrestler, he likes hunting, trapping, fishing, tennis, golf and all outdoor sports. And he has won considerable distinction for his distance swimming.

Abe Kashey, another Syrian wrestler, has helped George a lot along the way. Although Abie is an advocate of another school of wrestling, the roughhouse, he has nevertheless encouraged George to stick to science and has always kept an eye out for his young friend and countryman.

The "Sheik" is not the first wrestler who has decided on a disguise in order to help his drawing power. In the old days, when Jack Curley staged the international tournament in the Manhattan Opera House of New York City, he had several, among them being the Masked Marvel, the first of his ilk to make an appearance in the ring. Many since have followed. Some wrestlers, American born and bred, have disguised themselves as Turks, others as Indians, and still others as Bulgarians, Siberian Gorillas and what not. Take off their disguise and they look like any other human, but in their foreign costumes, they look just like the goods. The practice of disguise is more prevalent in Dixie than it is in the North, primarily because the field is more open.

From MILO to LONDOS

John McMahon, who came from a family of strong men and flourished as a collar - and - elbows wrestler.

WITH the completion of the Milo-to-Londos-to-O'Mahoney history, we shall now review a few of the other high lights of wrestling and give our readers biographical sketches of famed wrestlers of the past, some of whom reached the highest rung of the ladder, and others who missed by an eyelash, yet played a most important part in the history of the sport. From time to time during the past three years, we have carried special articles on present-day stars, hence in the final chapters of our story on wrestling, we shall not repeat but shall confine our review to those who have not thus far figured in the Milo-to-Londos-to-O'Mahoney series.

In the days when William Muldoon was at the helm of the sport, the country was full of great wrestlers. Greek George, Tom McMahon, Tom Cannon, among others, held the public eye, and we will give a sketch of each as we enter the final stages of our review, which will later appear in book form. The men named above were later joined by Evan Lewis, the original Strangler, who was brought to Chicago by Tommy Gill, a well-known railroad man of Milwaukee, and Lewis is the man upon whom we shall now focus our attention.

Lewis for many years held his own when pitted against the best men in the country, and strangers from abroad came over to pit their skill and strength against him, only to be thrown, one after another. Tom Cannon, a noted English wrestler, considered a wonder in his day, came on to try conclusions, and was thrown rather easily. Farmer Burns, who had a great reputation throughout the West, fared no better, and the country grew fairly wild over Lewis and his wrestling ability.

At that time there blew into the United States, Matsada Sorakichi, a Japanese, who had been throwing all comers in his native land, and who was heralded as a world beater. He challenged Lewis for a match, and the bout took place at Battery D Armory, Chicago, which was then the theatre of most of the important events in the wrestling and pugilistic line. Lewis fastened his famous strangle hold on the Jap and soon brought him to the carpet.

* * *

MATSADA believed that, with the strangle hold barred, he could throw Lewis, and made another match, with the strangle hold eliminated. Central Music Hall, Chicago, was secured for the clash, it being the first time in history it had ever been leased for anything in the athletic line, and it proved to be the last. When the night of the match came, the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, many people being turned away.

Harry Palmer, a well-known Chicago sporting writer, was agreed upon as referee, but the men had been wrestling only a few minutes when Lewis clutched the Jap's leg and began to twist it, calling on him to turn over, which the Jap for a time refused to do. People arose from their seats and began hailing Lewis as a brute and cried out to hang him.

R. L. Carey, a famed sports writer known as Hyder Ali, had been watching the match closely from the wings. Whether Palmer lost his head, or whether he was afraid, shall never be known, but the fact remains that he stood there, white in the face, while the whole house was in a turmoil, and it looked as though there might be trouble ahead.

At this juncture, "Parson" Davies stepped over to Carey and asked him to decide the match, saying that he was afraid there would be a riot unless something was done. Carey told him that Palmer was the referee, but that if he could not decide it, and would ask Carey to, he would do it. Palmer at once came over to Carey and made the request.

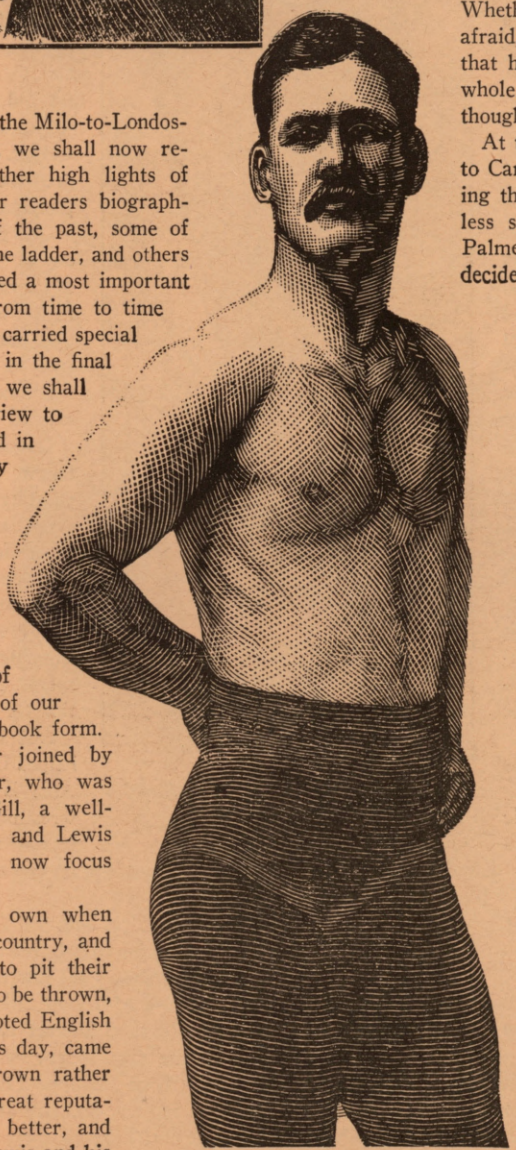
Stepping forward to the edge of the stage, Carey held up his hand to the crowd for quiet, and then informed them that catch-as-catch-can was just what the name implied, only in this case, the strangle hold had been barred, and that when the articles were being signed, Lewis had informed the Jap that this time he was going to twist his leg, to which Matsada had replied, "You twisty my leggee, me twisty your leggee, too," and that he would doubtless have done so had he gotten the chance.

That being the case, said Carey, he should award the first fall to Lewis in 18:20, and if the Jap was not on the stage at the end of twenty minutes, he should give Lewis the second fall and the match.

At the end of twenty minutes, the Jap failed to show up and Carey decided the match in Lewis' favor, amid hisses and cat calls from all parts of the hall. Carey was escorted out of the hall through the stage entrance by the police, and this action on their part doubtless saved him from bodily harm.

* * *

THE next morning Carey was condemned by his own paper, the *Inter-Ocean,* for the decision he had rendered, and found himself walking the street, jobless, because of it. But he was soon sent for and installed in his old position, as his employer was assured that that was the



Evan "Strangler" Lewis, the original "Strangler," one of the best American wrestlers of all time.

to O'MAHONEY

By A. D. PHILLIPS
(World's oldest active sports writer)

CHAPTER XXXIX

only decision that Carey could have rendered under the conditions of the match. That night Carey had something of a strenuous time on the streets, however, and in one State Street resort, he would have been mobbed had not Bill Bradburn and Pat Killen come to his rescue in the nick of time.

The papers the next morning came out with sensational statements about the Jap's leg being broken by Lewis, but those statements were made without investigation and were far from the truth. In company with the "Parson," Carey visited the Jap at his hotel the next morning. He limped a little, but had his leg been broken, he could not have put his foot on the ground, but in less than two weeks he was wrestling again, proving that his injuries were not as serious as had been stated.

It was shortly after this that "Parson" Davies issued an offer to back Lewis in a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match against any man in the world, and one night there appeared in the office an Englishman who, in cockney dialect, announced his willingness to accept the defi in behalf of Jack Wannop, who, it appeared, had acquired a reputation on the other side of the pond. The "Parson" was sent for and a match was arranged for a stake of one thousand dollars a side, to be wrestled in Chicago.

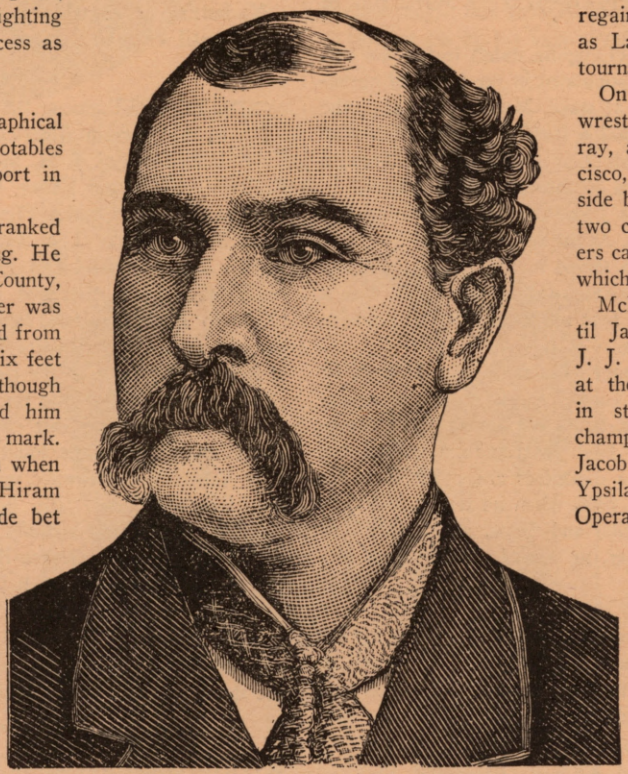
It proved to be the biggest picnic that Lewis ever struck, as Wannop was but a toy in his hands and there were at least a dozen men in Chicago at that time that could have thrown him. The result was a great disappointment both to Wannop and his backer, and the latter soon returned to England, while Wannop drifted into the fighting game with just as mediocre success as in wrestling.

* * *

AND now for the biographical sketch of several other notables of the early days of the mat sport in America.

Colonel J. H. McLaughlin ranked among the big shots in wrestling. He was born at Oriskany, Oneida County, N. Y., on June 8, 1844. His father was a Scotchman and his mother hailed from King's County, Ireland. He was six feet one inch and scaled 265 pounds, though most of his best matches found him weighing around the 230-pound mark.

He started his career at fifteen when he tackled a brawny Scot, Hiram McKee, twice his age, for a side bet of one hundred dollars, and won. Even at that age he scaled 185 pounds. Stung by defeat, McKee taunted his rival beyond endurance and finally drew McLaughlin into a tussle on the village green. After a brief engagement, McLaughlin threw his man with such violence that he broke McKee's leg and sent him to the hospital for many weeks.



Col. John H. McLaughlin, who ranked among the big shots in the mat sport before and after the Civil War.

In the fall of 1860, McLaughlin beat Luke Loucks at Oneida Castle, N. Y., for a side bet of one hundred dollars and then won seven more matches before he enlisted in the War of the Rebellion. He joined the 26th New York Infantry and was decorated several times for bravery and meritorious conduct and was promoted to a captaincy. Subsequently he was transferred to the 24th New York Cavalry and rose to the rank of major and later retired as a colonel.

During his enlistment, he gave exhibitions of wrestling and tests of strength and he was largely responsible for developing the sport in the service. In addition, his exhibitions and the competition which he organized among his men helped the morale of the soldiers. While in the army, he beat Duval Wilcox at Fort Lyon, Va., in 1861, the struggle lasting three hours, and then he threw Corporal Corrigan of the Twenty-seventh New York, whom he vanquished at Fort Ellsworth.

* * *

McLAUGHLIN'S first match after the war was with Louis Ainsworth at Newark, N. J., Driving Park for one thousand dollars a side and the championship of America, and McLaughlin won easily. In March, 1867, he beat Homer Lane of New York at Mechanics' Hall, Utica, N. Y., in a bout for the title with one thousand dollars side bet, and again won.

On September 1 of the same year, he again met Lane at Devereaux Hall, Oneida, under the same conditions and suffered his first defeat and the loss of the crown. But he didn't remain an ex-champion very long, for in 1870, a tourney was arranged in Detroit, Mich., in which, for the first time, a championship belt was offered, and all the stars, eager to win the trophy, the first ever put up in America, entered. It was open to all collar-and-elbow wrestlers.

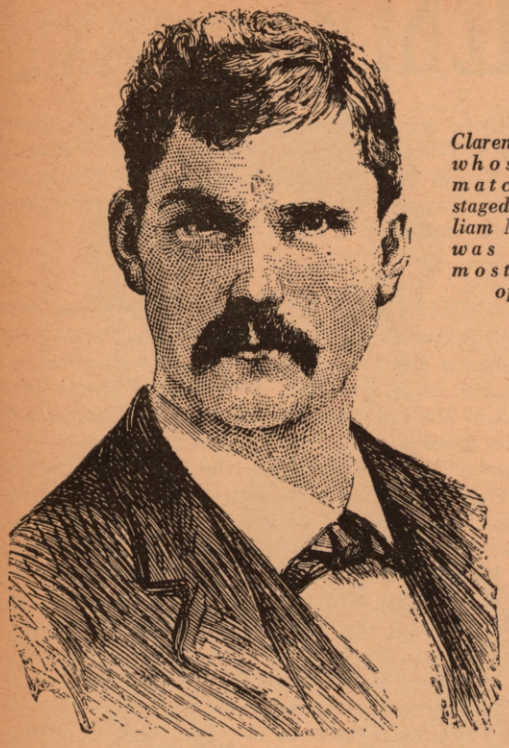
The tourney opened at the Young Men's Hall with eighteen contestants taking part, but only two, E. P. Herrongton of Detroit and Barney Smith, an engineer on the Great Western Railway of Canada, faced McLaughlin and both were easy victims. McLaughlin won the belt and with it he regained the American wrestling laurels, as Lane was eliminated earlier in the tournament.

On February 14, 1875, McLaughlin wrestled Michael Whalen, alias Corduray, a big policeman from San Francisco, at Platt's Hall in that city for a side bet of $2500 and McLaughlin won two consecutive falls. He and his backers carried back East more than $15,000 which they had won on the match.

McLaughlin did not wrestle again until January 4, 1876, when he defeated J. J. Benjamin of Washington, D. C., at the Detroit Opera House, winning in straight falls. During 1876, the champion engaged in three contests with Jacob H. Martin, the Butcher Boy of Ypsilanti, Mich. The first, at the Detroit Opera House for five hundred dollars a side and the title, broke up in a row and was decided a draw. The second, at Whitney's Opera House, June 29, terminated similarly after the men had wrestled until sunrise without either gaining a fall. That bout lasted almost six hours. The third and last took place at the Central Park Garden, New York City, on October 16, and in that McLaughlin broke the ice by winning the first and third fall and retaining his championship.

* * *

AFTER this, McLaughlin remained around New York for several weeks during which he appeared on the stage and in the music halls. On December 7, 1876, he gave an exhibition with Charles Murphy at Harry Hill's theatre and he won in straight falls before a packed house. In that contest, McLaughlin severely injured his ankle and it was that injury that caused his loss of the title when he clashed with James Owens of Fairfield, Vt., in a match announced as for the championship. The bout



Clarence Whistler, whose greatest matches were staged with William Muldoon. He was Muldoon's most formidable opponent.

took place on December 28 and McLaughlin, limping, couldn't keep his balance and fell a victim to Owens at the Music Hall of Boston.

Although he lost the crown, McLaughlin didn't forfeit the belt he had won at Detroit, as it was stipulated in the terms of agreement that the belt would not be at stake. McLaughlin, after the defeat, left for home, when he paid a forfeit to John McMahon with whom he had a match pending at San Francisco because McLaughlin found it impossible to go through with the bout.

On February 21, 1877, he beat John Cavanaugh, gaining two falls at the Opera House of Utica. At the same place on March 5, he wrestled Thiebaud Bauer, in a mixed match, collar-and-elbow style, Graeco-Roman and catch-as-catch-can, which resulted in a wrangle. This was McLaughlin's first match at any style outside of his speciality, collar-and-elbow.

On April 1, 1877, at the Whitney's Opera House, Detroit, he defeated Bauer under the same conditions, winning the collar-and-elbow and catch-as-catch-can bouts but losing the Graeco-Roman match. Following that bout, McLaughlin joined the Canadian Southern Railways as a conductor and attended to his railway business until the fall of 1878, when he was defeated by McMahon at Bakerfield, Vt., collar-and-elbow, at McCormick's Hall, Chicago. A few months later, he turned the tables on McMahon at the same place.

* * *

ON January 18, 1879, he wrestled Graeco-Roman style against Lucien Marc who had fraudulently represented himself as Andre Christol, and threw him in three minutes with such violence that he broke the Frenchman's right collar-bone. McLaughlin then defeated William Miller at the Music Hall of Boston, Graeco-Roman, tripping allowed. Following that, he wrestled a draw with John McMahon in Boston, collar-and-elbow, alternate bouts in jacket and harness, each man securing a fall.

At the Academy of Music in Baltimore, March 26, 1879, McLaughlin lost to Miller, Graeco-Roman style, and three weeks later, in the same hall, they engaged in a draw. On August 27 of that same year, McLaughlin defeated Christol at Detroit, losing the Graeco-Roman bout but winning the catch-as-catch-can and collar-and-elbow bouts.

His last public appearance was made at Whitney's Opera House, Detroit, September 23, 1879, when he wrestled in mixed fashion, Bauer throwing him only at Graeco-Roman. Having afforded ample opportunity to all wrestlers to compete with him, and having failed in persistent efforts to secure a return match with Owens who beat him for the title, Col. McLaughlin decided to retire to private life after more than twenty years of wrestling activity in which he proved himself the master at the famed collar-and-elbow style of grappling.

For those of our readers who may not know how this style differs from that catch-as-catch-can and Graeco-Roman, we will elaborate. The square hold or collar-and-elbow style of wrestling was the most popular kind in this country between 1860 and 1875 and none in this country ever equalled in skill, Col. McLaughlin, at this style.

The wrestlers competing were not allowed to wear heavy shoes, only slippers or rubbers, being permitted. When the men faced each other, the left hand of A grasped the right collar of B, and the right hand of A grasped firmly the right arm of B. B in turn, grasped A by the right hand collar with the left hand and his right hand also grasped A by the left arm by the elbow.

The contestants wore knit shirts and short coat or jacket not extending below the hips, with strong collar and sleeve for the grasp of the opponent.

Before the men got into action, they were required to take the position outlined above, with the grasp firmly held, after which the signal to get under way was given.

Neither contestant was allowed to loose or break the hold until a fall was decided. If either did so, the referee decided the bout against the wrestler who lost the hold.

No kicking was allowed.

The fall was decided when one of the contestants was on his back with either two hips and one shoulder or two shoulders and one hip striking the ground at the same time.

No butting or scratching was allowed and no resting was permitted until a fall was gained.

* * *

FOREMOST among the great wrestlers of the early period of the sport in America, were William Muldoon, Clarence Whistler, Col. J. H. McLaughlin, John McMahon, Walter E. Brown, Thiebaud Bauer, George W. Flagg, James C. Daly, Duncan C. Ross, Charles Flynn, Nat E. Hutchins, Gus Lambert, Viro Small, Lester Lee Burton, Tom Fox, Charley Murphy, Lucien Marc Christol and James Quigley. Several of these already have been discussed in the first few chapters of our "Milo to Londos" series, hence in this our concluding chapter, we will give a short biographical sketch of the more important of those who figured in the rise of wrestling in this country.

Whistler ranked among the leaders at the time when Muldoon was at the zenith of his career and Whistler's greatest fame lies in the fact that he fought a draw with the great Muldoon after Whistler had cleaned up the field with victories over Quigley, Graece-Roman, title holder of the Police Department; Dupher, the collar-and-elbow wrestling champion American style; Bauer, the Graeco-Roman champion of France, and Christol, the former French title holder.

Whistler was a fairly good wrestler and a good actor. From a scientific point of view he did not rate with the great men of his day but he was one of the most powerful men of all time among the strong athletes of this country.

* * *

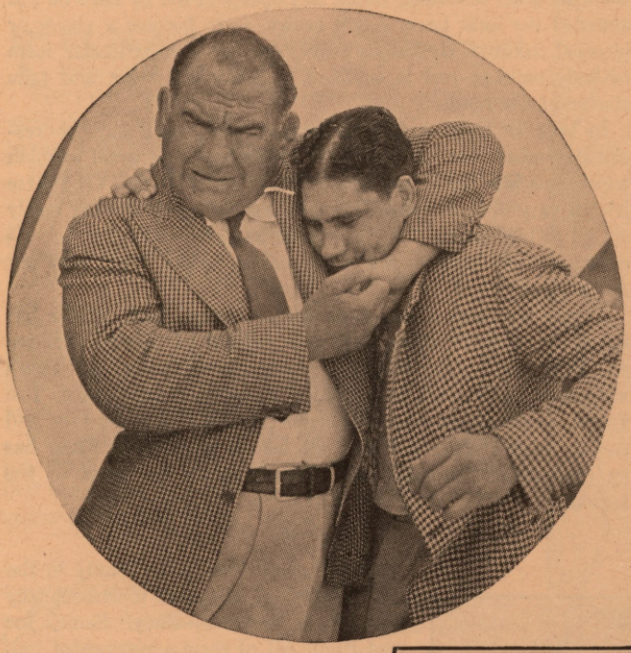
WHISTLER was the most formidable opponent in Muldoon's career, and the bouts between them were thrilling and close. Dwelling on these contests Muldoon a year before he died, commenting on an article I had written for THE RING Magazine, dictated the following for me:

"I am convinced Whistler could not have thrown me and I do not think I could have beaten him. He was a wonderful man, and very difficult to handle. In our bout in New York City we wrestled nine hours and 35 minutes without getting a fall. Whistler fought like a demon, and very early in the contest I felt confident he could not defeat me, and relinquished all hope of throwing him.

"In getting out of a neck lock I had fastened on him, Whistler partially tore off his left ear and *(Continued on page 43)*

Strangler Lewis Sings Lopez's Praise

By "MATMAN"



Strangler Lewis illustrating the headlock on Lopez, whom the former champion is handling.

MOST heavyweight wrestling and boxing champions have a menace, no matter how invincible the general public considers them. John L. Sullivan had his Peter Jackson; Jack Dempsey, his Harry Wills; Jimmy Braddock his Joe Louis, and so on down the line. Of course, in the mat world, the Senegambians in the wood pile are not colored men, as there are few if any colored wrestlers in the world worth while, but Danno O'Mahoney, the new undisputed world's champion, has his Vince Lopez, the Mexican who is regarded the king of matmen west of the Rockies.

When Jim Londos was champion, he refused to meet Chief Little Wolf in California and was suspended in that state and his title vacated. The commission ordered an international tournament in which sixty-four stars of the mat domain entered. Among them were O'Mahoney, Strangler Lewis, Jim Browning, Ernie Dusek, Sandor Szabo, Man Mountain Dean and scores of others of the best to be found anywhere and it was Lopez who proved the sole survivor and he was crowned world's champion by California.

Out on the Pacific Coast, they can't see O'Mahoney, the Irishman, as champion, despite his victories over Ed Don George and the Greek and other celebrities and the fact that Danno is recognized by most states as the title-holder. They consider Lopez the daddy of them all and should he ever meet Danno, they feel sure that he will prove his supremacy. They saw O'Mahoney in action and they don't consider he is in the same class as the colorful Lopez.

* * *

THE Mexican is being managed by Ed "Strangler" Lewis, four times world's champion. The Strangler was a big factor in guiding Vince to the throne in California. Lewis considers Lopez the best all-around man that has been developed in a quarter of a century and feels as does Lopez, that if he can get Danno to meet him, he'll be the undisputed king.

Although he was a fairly finished grappler when Lewis took hold of him, which was after the tourney got well under way and he himself had been eliminated. Ed took Lopez daily into the gym and taught him some of the important things that he himself had learned during his long wrestling career. Ed says that Lopez is the quickest to learn of any matman he has ever handled.

"Lopez," declared Lewis, "is the first wrestler I ever saw that I considered good enough to manage. After the many times I have held the title and the general esteem the public has for my judgment, I couldn't afford to handle a wrestler in whom I had no faith.

"I think that Lopez will prove even a better man than I have been considered at my best and I don't think there is a man in the sport today who has a look in with him. I have met Danno O'Mahoney, who has made such a good record since he arrived in this country about a year ago, and I feel sure that Vince will conquer him should they ever meet.

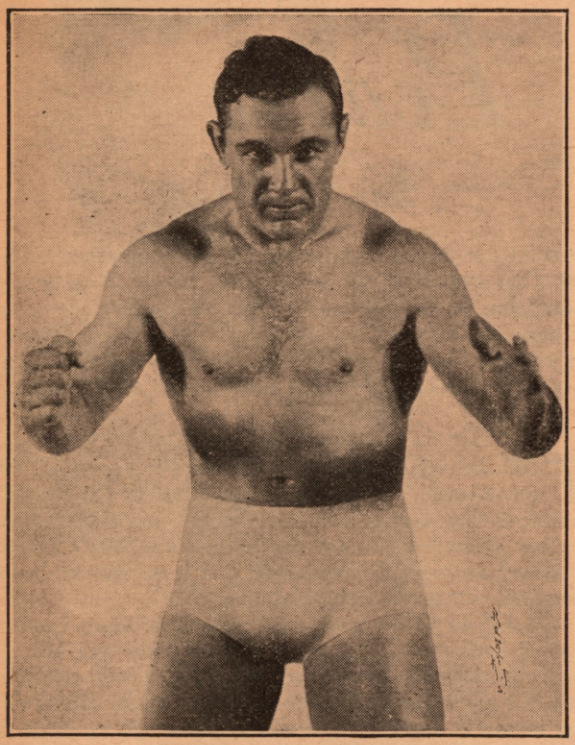
"Lopez is most anxious to get matched with the Irishman. In his and my opinion, Lopez, not O'Mahoney, is the world title-holder because, in the international tourney in California that Lopez won, Danno, among many others, was eliminated. The Irishman wasn't champion then, because it was before he had met either Londos or George, but the tourney was one in which were represented all the world's best matmen and to win over them all was a remarkable achievement for Lopez.

(Continued on page 43)

Vince Lopez, the Mexican Adonis.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDWARD MERRILL

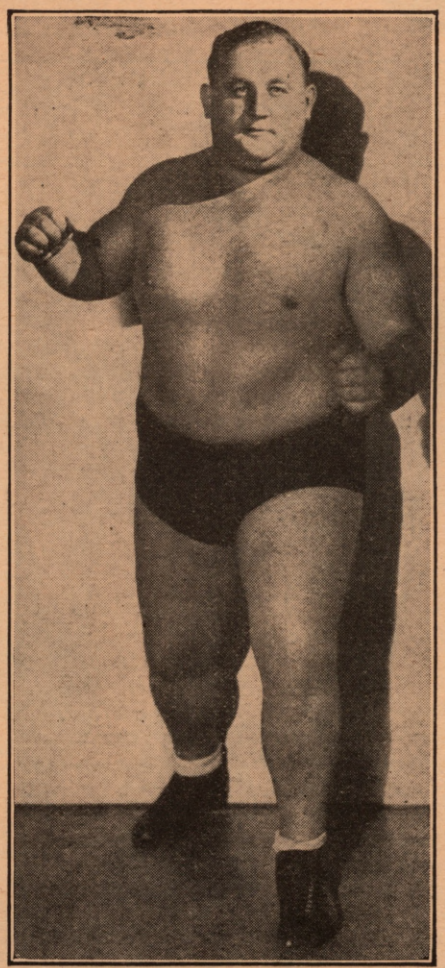


Jack League, versatile southern athlete.

TONY SIANO, the 175-pound Italian, one of Jack Pfefer's prize stars of the mat, is as everyone knows, a former football hero, twice All-America man and for four years captain of Fordham's 'Varsity Team. In 1930 he played on the All Eastern team and later, when he joined with professional gridders, he was captain of the Boston Red Skins when they played Red Grange's Chicago Bears in a football classic which ended in a 7-7 tie. His record is one of the outstanding in recent years.

Tony was raised, one might say, on the football field yet he declares seriously that not only does he not place wrestling in his affections second to football but avers that he enjoys the mat game, which he has now taken up as his career, as much as he ever did football even in his hero days. That the above statement is no idle one, has been proved by the grappling he has shown and the fans who are rooting just as hard for him to annex the light heavyweight mat crown as they did for him to win when he captained Fordham University to gridiron glory.

Siano is called and with good reason an "all-around athlete." In his college days, he was a star not only at football, but also at basketball, track and baseball, and these sports have stood him in good stead as a wrestler. There is no faster man on the mat than Tony, few can equal him at the flying tackle which he has perfected to such an extent that any opponent who leaves himself open to it is generally through for the evening.



Harry "Baby" Jacobs, California pachyderm.

Tony is a gentleman and a scholar and a credit to the mat game. He graduated at Fordham University and holds a Bachelor of Science degree, but his one great ambition when the day comes when he quits wrestling, which he hopes will not be until he has annexed the light heavyweight crown, is to become a coach or physical culturist. He knows every phase of that particular form of body building and is qualified to teach any sport and take charge of any outfit.

In between times during the season, Tony still plays professional football. He has lost none of his speed or great stamina which won him the nickname of "Everywhere Tony." Of course it's all very different now. The professional game doesn't really appeal to him except for the revenue he derives from it, for his enthusiasm certainly waned when he no longer could play for Alma Mater.

Tony now faces a strenuous winter season. Jack Pfefer has enrolled practically every light heavyweight of note in America and Europe and Tony will have plenty of competition and tough sleding to accomplish his ambition of winning the crown. The Italian however has great confidence, likewise have the fans and so has Jack Pfefer, and they all believe that Tony Siano has an even chance to reach the summit before the close of the season.

* * *

THE most remarkable family in the history of all sport is undoubtedly the Dusek brothers—Rudy, Ernie, Joe and Emil. All of them are regarded top-notch matmen and great drawing-cards everywhere because of their aggressive tactics and their ability to put on a great bout against anybody.

There are any number of wrestlers who look well one night against one man and the next, terrible against another. Every one of the famous quartet from Omaha makes good showings against all opposition.

The Duseks are often called the Riot Squad, as it often is necessary for the gendarmes to sweep into action to save the boys' scalps from the irate fans.

Rudy was the first of the brothers to become a pro wrestler, then followed Ernie, then Emil and last of all Joe—the baby of the flock.

There are eight brothers and one sister in the Dusek family. The other four brothers can wrestle, too, but Rudy doesn't want too many of them in the game, so he has asked the others to stay at home until he gives the call to arms.

Rudy and Ernie have made big fortunes grappling and the other two boys are starting to get together bankrolls.

Twice last season promoters were able to get all four brothers on the same bill —and both times, such big crowds were drawn that hundreds were unable to gain admission.

The reason of the unusual success of this family is that they not only know every point of wrestling, but they always try their best and rough it. They will go to any limit in order to put up a satisfying exhibition. Their actions in the ring are such that any time any one of them is

billed in a star event, the place is sure to be crowded, so it isn't any wonder that when all four of them are put on the same card, turnaway crowds can be expected as the result.

Rudy, the "brains" of the four, has been seriously considering devoting next season to touring the country and having the local promoters select the best four men in each town to meet him and his brothers.

* * *

THE Duseks are of Bohemian extraction and their right name is Hason.

The first two brothers to make good on the mat were the Zbyszkos—Wladek and Stanislaus, the latter having been world's champion twice.

Now that the Duseks have made good other brothers are following them to the mat. There are now in the game Gino and Ralph Garibaldi; the Olsen Twins, Hymie and Hermie from the Pacific Coast; the Zahariases, George and Gus; and the Wrights, Jim and Rube.

There have been many instances on the baseball diamond, the hockey rink and the gridiron in which brothers have made good, but never has any family produced four stars as have the Duseks.

Off the mat they are as amiable as can be, but once the gong sounds they are such demons or villains that even their own dad, who never goes to a show, might be tempted to root against them.

* * *

HARRY "BABY" JACOBS is another product of the Pacific Coast who has taken a flyer in the wrestling field after a successful athletic career in school. Harry graduated from the Gardena High School in San Francisco, where he won 17 letters and three medals for athletic competition. He is a genial fellow, a big kid weighing 312 pounds, is a German-Jew and stands six feet 3 inches. He has been wrestling a little more than two years and has been giving a good account of himself.

Among his victims are Vic Christy, Sun Jennings, Umberto, Willie Davis, Snosky, Ernie Dusek, Dick Shikat and lesser lights. He is now back East where he hopes to get some lucrative bouts.

* * *

SOME athletes prefer to be in the spotlight in active competition, while others prefer to be the third man in the ring, but Jack League, the versatile and likeable Southern athlete, is a chap who likes both and that's exactly what he does. He takes on some of the toughest birds in wrestling matches and when he finds a good spot, he switches to refereeing and takes a pot shot at his former competitors who try to take advantage of his good nature and engage in rough-house work.

League is a wrestler of ability, a very good boxer and an excellent referee.

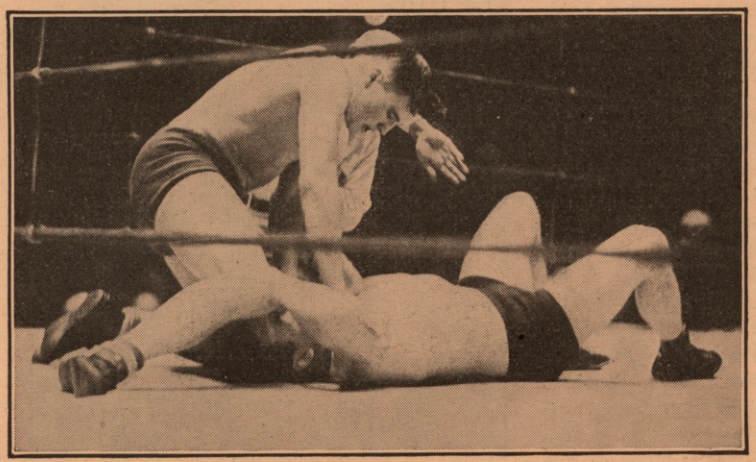
* * *

FROM Walter Miller, Pacific Coast wrestler, manager and promoter, who is now in New Zealand with Earl McCready, comes the following:

Uncle Sam's wrestlers and boxers, as well as those who provide the wherewithal for the pros to make a more or less precarious living, probably harbor the delusion that they know all there is to know about the management of ringmen and the control of their battles. Americans, grown up with a system under which a certain percentage, and no unsubstantial proportion at that, of the box office receipts goes into the pockets of the managers of the contestants and to the man, or body of men, who have arranged the contest, will probably find it difficult to believe that there is a country where both divisions of the squared ring sport are controlled by men who receive and expect no greater reward than the satisfaction of having made possible manly competition.

That country is New Zealand, a piece of John Bull's property away down in the Pacific, small enough to be stowed away in a decent-sized American State and be as good as lost in the process. I have had considerable experience of the promoting side of boxing and wrestling in my time—in the States, in Europe, in South Africa, and in Australia—but it was not until I brought Earl McCready

The famed Dusek family—Ernie, (left); Joey (lower center); Rudy, (right); Emil, (upper center).



A scene in the recent George-O'Mahoney bout in which the Irish boy retained his world title by a quick toss of the former champion in Madison Square Garden of New York.

to the Dominion of New Zealand that I had my eyes opened to the manner in which the slightest suspicion of graft can be completely eliminated from the ring.

Down here, there are a lot of public-minded citizens—it is difficult to find a more suitable description of them—who seem to find it worth their while to give up a considerable amount of time, money and energy to give the rest of the population the opportunity of enjoying two of mankind's oldest and most popular sports. They are mostly successful business men and they take on the job as a spare time hobby.

They bring to it any amount of interest, acumen and, above all, a spirit of enthusiasm, and it is difficult to imagine any other system securing better results. While I have been here I have found it a pleasure to deal with them, no matter in what part of the country I have found them, and I can say right now that it is a real treat to the wrestlers to find that practically the whole of the public's money is for the men who do the work in the ring.

Sammy Nichols, California light heavyweight.

There is a paid secretary stationed at Wellington, the capital city, and from his office, the whole of the wrestling business is controlled. It is there that the matches are arranged and the men are simply instructed where they are to go. Regular meetings are in control of a central executive who settles any little problems that crop up.

Working in complete harmony with this executive, is the Government, represented by the Police Department, which has the right to issue permits and generally acts on the advice of the Wrestling Union. Police Officers are present at every contest and see that there is nothing in or out of the ring to which exception could possibly be taken. The whole thing is on a very high plane and I take my hat off to these New Zealanders.

Earl McCready has now been working in New Zealand for about 2 months under my supervision, but he required only a fraction of this time to convince the local fans that he is the goods. In fact, he is generally regarded as the best wrestler yet seen in the country, not excepting Pesek, Koloff, or Sonnenberg. It is not over-stating the position in the least to say that he has taken the country by storm.

From Auckland in the north to Dunedin in the South, he has met all comers and has gone from victory to victory. Not only has he won all his matches, but also he has prevented any of his opponents taking a fall off him. Whoever the world's champion may be, when we get back to the good old U.S.A. we'll find McCready as tough as hickory. We have a lot of travelling to do yet, as we are going on to Australia and South Africa, but when we get back, you can take it from me that McCready is going right after that title.

* * *

SAMMY NICHOLS, California's favorite son of the mat, disproves the adage "Jack of All Trades and Master Of None." Few wrestlers if any, have tried their luck at more trades than Sammy before he finally settled down to the business of grappling.

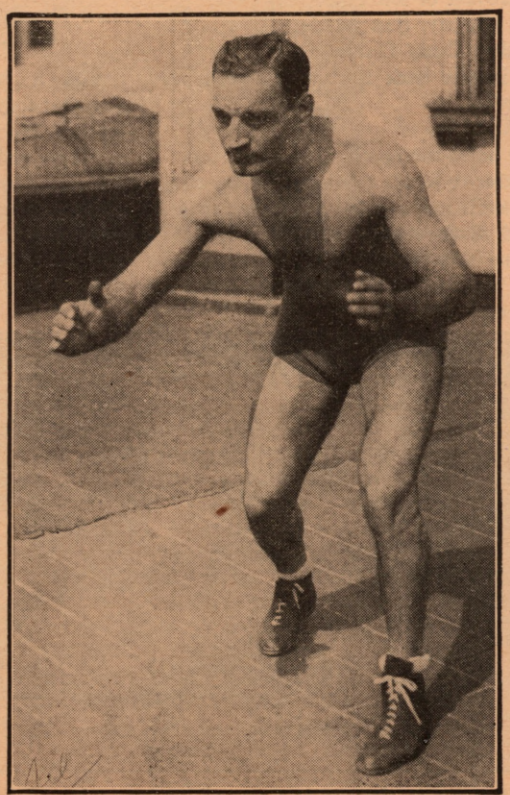
At college, he was a shining light in all sports—football, baseball, basketball, track, boxing and wrestling—Sammy loved the years spent at College but all good things must come to an end and when he graduated, his father, a hard-headed business man, decided that his offspring should go in for a business career. This hardly suited the young Hebrew athlete, but with no money he was forced to obey parental edict.

Nichols disliked a business career and quit to join the U. S. Army. He was sent to the Hawaiian Islands, and there he had plenty of opportunity to indulge in the sports at which few could equal him. He won his superior officer's attention and was transferred to the intelligence department to enable him to devote more time to sports. But he soon tired of the Army and when his time was up, he did not re-enlist much to the disappointment of his Army buddies and his superior, Major Tiffany.

* * *

SAMMY'S next stop was San Francisco, where he took up wrestling in earnest. San Francisco is his home town, but he found the going hard and the pickings small. Despite that, he tenaciously applied himself to the sport of wrestling at which he determined to make good. He went through the school of hard knocks and after a tedious and hard struggle he finally made good.

Coming East under the Banner of Jack Pfefer, who heard of the youngster, his success was assured almost overnight. Everywhere he went his services became more and more in demand. To-day, he looms as one of the best in the light heavyweight class. He has met Charles (Midget) Fischer twice, and the best the champion has been able to do so far was to get a draw. Sammy is confident he will annex the crown this year.



Tony Siano, Fordham football star who is now making a hit as a wrestler.

Sammy Nichols is an enthusiastic aviator. He has made and is making plenty of money and the young Californian has bought his own plane which he uses to make long jumps wherever he happens to be booked. He first learned to fly while in the Army in Hawaii and the tutelage has served him in good stead.

* * *

FROM Doc Almy, our veteran Boston correspondent and the best versed writer on boxing and wrestling in New England, we received the following:

Since our last notes the merry matmen have kept steadily at work—two to three shows in Boston every week, but no one, except perhaps

the landlords, getting very much out of it. The game is not going over so redhot as it was, but, as the promoters are both resourceful and versatile, considerable may break loose at any time to stir the public pulse.

At the Boston Garden, Champion O'Mahoney and Ed Lewis had their third encounter, fists as well as wrestling holds figuring in the melee. Big Ed was quite brisk for a while, but as the contest dragged along his 250 or more pounds of weight began to tell on him. Three times he evaded Danno's "whip" but finally, after 1:04:57, the Irishman tipped him over with the hold for the one and deciding fall. As the situation now stands, the score is 2 to 1 in favor of Danno.

The semi-final was captured by Leo Numa who pinned Billy Bartush in 31 min. 12 sec., with a go-behind toe hold. The win assures Numa of a chance at Danno's crown, the bout to be staged at the Garden the latter part of November.

Ed Don George had a warmup at the Boston Garden for his brief bout with O'Mahoney in the N. Y. Garden the following Monday night when he lost in a jiffy. Karl Pojello was his opponent. George had weight, strength, reach and youth in his favor, and downed the veteran Lithuanian two straight falls in 15:25 and 21:28, the first with a body grapevine and double-wristlock and the second with a lift and slam. The "house" was less than 5000, neither contestant being a heavy card here. In the semi-final Leo Numa collected when he downed Chief Little Moose with the go-behind toe hold in 13:59.

At Mechanics Building, where Promoter Charley Gordon presides every Tuesday night, and the Boston Arena where Promoter Alex MacLean holds forth on Wednesday nights, some very good shows are being staged with weekly regularity. With the dog and horse racing now over at the near-Boston tracks at Revere, all the promoters are optimistic in the matter of better gates.

* * *

DIXIE DOINGS by Bernice Sandboe of Houston, follow: lotsa gossip on grapplers this month. . . Danno o' Cupid seems to be champ round these parts now daze by the looks of things . . . its love in bloom for the rasslin romeos . . . Doc Sarpolis for one has promised to love, honor and obey (and maybe the big doc doesn't obey!) a cute little blonde . . . Pete Schuh married an attractive hometown gal . . . Louie Botchigalupi n his new wife are honeymooning in California and George Cochran married and quit the wrestling game to settle down n teach school . . .

Eddie Newman was an artist for the Mickey Mouse studio . . . Karl van Horn was a dancing teacher . . . Bill Sledge is really going over big, down yonder in Florida . . . not only has he won the support of the fans, but the Florida Championship as well . . . in his spare time, he's line coach for Tampa University . . . Bill's an ex-rice university football player . . . Marshall Blackstock the Georgia Cave-man is also barnstorming Florida . . . as is Charley Allen, handsum New Yawk laddie . . . Tor Johnson's son is Jackie Cooper's double . . . didja see Tor in "Front Page Woman"? . . . Tiny Roebuck knocked out two of Johnson's teeth in a hectic battle here in Houston.

Ralph Hammond is promoting mat shows down in Galveston, Texas now . . . the other night, who should be sitting in a front row ringside down there, but Ted Healey, movie comedian . . . all the razzlers are getting new cars . . . Doc Sarpolis has a classy new Buick . . . Leo Daniel Boone Savage has a new cream-colored Auburn sedan that would knock both yore eyes out . . . Chief Chewchki has a new, big black Packard . . . the Chief dashed out of the ring the other night on account there was a bug on the mat that scared him! . . . the Chief's cute little dog, named skippy, died . . . and so did Tommy Marvin's big English bull . . . Karl Davis' toy Boston bull, named Snippy, has won several blue ribbons . . . Morris Sigel, Houston promoter, bought Leo Daniel Boone Savage some possum hounds . . . nuff sed about dawgs . . .

Deepest sympathy to Jack League who lost his wife a few weeks ago . . . and on the way home to the funeral, Jack had a bad automobile accident, badly bruising himself and wrecking his car . . . all the wrestlers hereabouts are chipping in to help Jack out . . . also our sympathy to George Mansur, who has suffered two bad ring injuries in the past few months and is now out of the game on account of a broken collar bone . . . tuff luck, George.

Tommy Marvin has a goat farm up in Tennessee . . . his wife Ruth, has a restaurant in Columbia . . . Pat Reilly's favorite author is Sinclair Lewis . . . I'll bet you thought wrestlers couldn't read . . . I have a wrestler's scrapbook that weighs in at 20 pounds (the scrapbook, not the wrestler, smarty) and is insured for $5000 . . . it belongs to Bill Middlekauff, Florida matstar and I'm gathering material to write a story on him . . . Tiny Roebuck is the proud papa of twins . . . which makes six little Roebucks in all . . . Ernie Kelley, one of the best young wrestlers round about, had a bad spill from the ring and cut his head . . . but he's okay now . . . the femme fans who think Ernie is a bit conceited, have the wrong impression for he's far from that . . . one of the most under-rated wrestlers I've ever seen in George Mansur . . . in my humble opinion George is top-knotch material . . . Pat O'Shocker is promoting in Helena, Mont.

For many months I have secretly hooted at the idea that Leo Daniel Boone Savage was anything but a big, powerful he-man . . . but after seeing him toss Strangler Lewis with the greatest of ease, I have certainly changed my opinion . . . this bearded biggie who has had such a spectacular rise to the limelight of fame, handled the mighty veteran of the mat just as he has handled all his other opponents, and at no time was there any question as to which man was the superior one . . . with due apologies to mister Lewis and his ex-championships, Leo simply out-scuffled him until it was a bit pathetic . . .

Leo would make a colorful champion . . . he simply reeks with showmanship and off ring is as friendly as a big, shaggy dog . . . (don't hit me for that, Leo!) . . . his opinion of O'Mahoney is summed up in his words "that sickly looking boy."

PACIFIC COAST Wrestling Notes by Charles "Spider" Mascall, follow:

The Reynold's light heavyweight circuit in California has imported a new wrestling sensation. He is Shinuchi "Killer" Shikuma, a Japanese heavyweight. The "Killer" will more than likely be pitted against Everett Marshall, the Champion of Colorado.

Count Hugo de Collelmo, the Italian Sensation, is still adding names to his list of victims. The most recent to fall before Hugo are, Sandor Szabo, John Freberg, "Babe" Zaharias, Ivan Mannagoff, "Wee Willie" Davis.

Among the heavyweights appearing in California are, Bob Kruse, Joe Malcewicz, Stanley Pinto, Lem Macaluso, Gino Garibaldi, Casey Kazanjian, Pat Fraley, and Harry Kent.

The Month's Biggest Upsets . . . The victory of Ted "King Kong" Cox over Joe Malcewicz, the defeat of Bob Kruse by Stanley Pinto, Sandor Szabo's defeat of Gus Sonnenberg; the beating of "Long" Bill Longson at the hands of Bob Kruse and the victory of old John Freberg over the globe trotting Everett Kibbons.

Kimon Kudo, the Seattle Japanese who conquered the hairy Siberian, Sergi Kalmikoff, has written a book on the art of Jui Jitsu. Many coastal matmen are now donning the Jui Jitsu jacket since the art has become so popular on the Coast.

Abie Kaplan who wrestled Wladek Zbyszko for the "Championship of the World," in Buenos Aires some months ago, is well known on the Pacific Coast.

Lou Mueller, the blonde German middleweight from Salt Lake City, comes of a famous family. Lou's father is Otto Mueller who held the heavyweight Championship of Europe from 1903-1906. Otto Mueller met such greats as George Hackenschmidt, Albert Lurich, Stan Zbyszko, and the original Youssoff.

Lord "Ladies' Man" Lansdowne invaded Salt Lake City and threw the home town boy, Hy Sharman, in straight falls. On the same card Red Lyons subdued Les Wolfe.

Sammy Stein, the nearly blind Jewish wrestler, will play a star part in Charlie Chaplin's latest flicker, called "Modern Times." Sammy was recently granted a referee's license by the State of California Athletic Commission.

Paddy Nolan, the Irish welterweight star, doubled for Jimmy Cagney, in the movie star's last four pictures. Paddy has all the femmes ga ga over his waxed mustachios.

Virgil Hamlin, the Portland impresario, is credited with having given Vincent Lopez his professional wrestling start. Lopez lost his first matches to Al Karasick, Harry Demetral, and Scotty Dawkins.

Les Wolfe, the light heavyweight star, is a pupil of the great Farmer Burns and certainly is a credit to the old master.

Clem Savoldi, a middleweight brother of the famous "Jumping Joe," is wrestling in the Northwest as is Sailor Arnold, Sun Jennings, Paul Boesch, "Babe" Zaharias, Brother Jonathan and Jack Londos. Jack Londos claims to be a cousin of the "Greek God."

Nanjo Singh, ex manager of the great Tiger Ali Mahomed Daula, is wrestling around California. Singh is a top ranking light heavyweight.

It was a much changed Paul Boesch

(Continued on page 44)

Jem Driscoll, Ring Wizard

(Continued from page 27)

marvellous ducking and superb footwork enabled him to use his hands almost exclusively for hitting.

Americans who saw Driscoll in action here must remember that they didn't see Jem quite at his best. He was not a well man when he was here. He was afflicted with lung trouble. When he went back to England I was certain he was in consumption and did not expect him to last long.

And yet, after twenty years in the ring, Driscoll a couple of years ago was good enough to give Charlie Ledoux a terrific battle for the European championship. What Driscoll in his prime would have done to Ledoux would be a shame to tell.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Driscoll was not at his best over here, he had to give way weight to every man he fought. And remember he picked out the toughest of the lot and barred no one.

Driscoll was the hardest worker I ever saw. When he was training he was all business. Nothing could swerve him. Yet he had some of the most peculiar training methods you ever heard of. One of his idiosyncrasies was his irregular training hours. He never would work unless he felt like it.

For instance, he would get up in the morning and have his breakfast. Then he would dress to go on the road. But instead of going on the road Jem would go up and throw himself on the bed. Soon he would be asleep. Sometimes he would sleep until two or three o'clock in the afternoon. When he awoke he would come downstairs and go out for his road work.

Sometimes he would put off his boxing until eleven or twelve o'clock at night. He often would pull my brother Eddie, who worked as his sparring partner, out of bed at midnight and make him box from three to six rounds.

When I would expostulate with him he would reply:

"Joimes, Hi've found it best not to work only when you feel bloomin' well loike it. When your bellows or your legs ain't roight they'll bloody well tell you so. When I needs a bit of a rest Oi take it. An' when Hi feels like workin', I work!"

Driscoll's irregular training hours would raise Ned with the ordinary athlete. Yet Jem, when he did work, trained like a Trojan.

* * *

JEM DRISCOLL had a heart ten times as big as himself. He always was giving to some charity. His mail used to be filled with begging and alms asking letters. I never knew him to turn anyone down.

When I would tell him many of the letters were "bunk," pure and simple, he used to say:

"I had rather be stung ten times than let one right fellow down on his uppers get away from me."

Driscoll's word was his bond. To illustrate that I will tell you a couple of incidents concerning the Attell fight.

When we finally did get Attell to agree to meet Driscoll, Al Lippe, Attell's manager, begged for the match to be set forward a week as there was little time for the needed publicity and advertising to work it up rightly. Lippe and the club officials told Driscoll and myself that the gate would be twice as big and we would make twice as much by waiting a week or ten days.

But Driscoll would not hear of it. He declared that he had given his word to box at the big show in Cardiff, Wales, an orphanage annually staged for charity, and that he was going to live up to his promise, come what may.

He said that the only boat which would assure him getting home in time for the charity show was the one which left the day after the scheduled fight with Attell, and that he was going to sail on that boat, Attell match or not.

Insisting on going through with the Attell match as scheduled cost Driscoll a couple of thousand dollars. Money nor anything else could not make him break his promise.

The afternoon of the bout, a friend called up Jem and asked him if he would come that night to a stag to be held in aid of the Catholic Orphanage in the Bronx. Driscoll replied that he would leave for the Bronx just as soon as the bout with Attell was over.

When the last gong rang, Driscoll went to the club offices, was paid off and then was whisked away to the Bronx, where he sparred three rounds at the charity show.

It was after midnight when the show was over. We came back down to Billy Gibson's for a bite to eat. Jem chased my brother Eddie to the hotel to pack his trunks and send them to the pier. Driscoll remained at Gibson's talking and chatting until it came time to leave for the boat.

I've managed and handled quite a flock of fighters. I have been on intimate terms with scores of other ring celebrities. Of all the ring stars I have known, I know of none whom I could respect and admire for so many different traits as Jem Driscoll.

The Story of Al Lang

(Continued from page 22)

Lang's integrity and ability as they have to this day.

Later Lang took Richie King out of the Navy and sent him on to big things, the "Blond Tiger" being one of the toughest of them all to beat.

It was in 1933 that Lang opened the famous Ringside Gymnasium with Mushy Callahan and Bob Perry as his partners. True to his early training, Lang planted this spot on Twelfth and Hill, within a few blocks of three of the great newspapers of Los Angeles. There some of the country's leading fighters did their training.

One day in the locker room Lang's attention was attracted to a forlorn looking Mexican kid, dressing after a workout. Lang knew him merely as a willing amateur around the place but whose work stood out sharply.

"What's your name?" Lang inquired.

"Frankie Castillo, and I haven't got a manager, if that's why you are questioning me," was the reply.

"All right, then, I'm your manager from now on," retorted Lang. And as the boy was only sixteen then, the matter was fixed up with his parents.

And today Frankie bids fair to be one of the real topnotchers of the game in the bantam class. He won the amateur title at Culver City, and Mae West presented him with the emblematic cup. Then Lang turned him a pro and he whipped all of the preliminary boys that could be shooed up. Then Joe Waterman matched him with Joey Dodge at the big downtown Olympic and he made a big hit by beating that hardy young chap.

He was offered bouts with Speedy Dado or Young Tommy, but the former was the only one who would take him on. He beat Speedy at the Olympic and in a return battle at the Hollywood Legion, a terrific draw resulted.

These fights established Frankie as a fine card. He is still going to Jefferson High School, a spot that has turned out some fine amateurs.

Is There a Barber in the House?

(Continued from page 29)

Kalmikoff says he is a Russian Jew. He possesses considerable strength and stands over six feet and weighs 245 pounds or more. His forte is the Graeco-Roman style, as most of his holds are executed above the waist, his pet weapon being the "Bear Hug."

Sergei only speaks a few words of English and most of the time he parades the streets in Russian garb. His appetite is said to be even greater than that of Dean, which is saying something, as most of Man Mountain's time, not spent in bed or in the ring, is with his feet under the table.

Dean listens to nobody's advice but that of his wife Doris, who was an ardent fan before she met him. She appears everywhere with him, answers all his correspondence and is at the ringside every time he wrestles, frequently getting into arguments with the fans who don't know her identity.

The Deans, largely to save money, cover their trips from city to city via their own car. They made the trip to the Coast and back that way.

Savage, it is thought by his manager, Art Mondt, brother of Toots, will prove the best of the bearded wrestlers. In fact, he already has claimed the "Whiskers Championship" for his man. He has sent out a challenge to Dean and Kalmikoff to enter a tourney in which nothing but bearded wrestlers enter, which would include Vanka Zelesniak, Baron Bennie Ginsberg and perhaps several others who have sprouted up since the big three—Dean, Kalmikoff and Savage because so popular—and that Savage would guarantee to toss them all.

With his 245 pounds of solid flesh, minus any stomach and standing six feet four it is the opinion of Manager Mondt that Savage is the one and only contender for the title among the bewhiskered mat gentry.

WANTED
Several copies of Doherty's "Giants of The Ring." Will pay cash or exchange for my books.
Nat Fleischer, THE RING
Madison Square Garden, New York City, N. Y.

Strangler Lewis Sings Lopez's Praise

(Continued from page 37)

Lopez is fortunate to have such a most experienced wrestler as his manager. Ed knows every angle of the sport and he knows just how to train Lopez so that he will be at his best whenever he is in a championship battle with Danno.

Vince is a picturesque character. He comes from people who were important figures in the Mexican government, and rich, but revolutions wiped out their fortune. It is said that Lopez was so strapped when the international tourney opened that he had to hitch-hike his way there. He knows what it is to skip a meal.

The big shots in the wrestling game think that the present season will be the best in many years. Danno O'Mahoney has been proving a big drawing card in the East, particularly in Boston, where fifteen thousand dollars—his opening gate—is the smallest sum he has yet drawn there.

There are so many newcomers in the sport—many of whom look like the best prospects in years—and with O'Mahoney and Lopez at the top of the heap, banner crowds are expected everywhere. Dean Detton, who is called the Salt Lake City Flash and who looked like a sure winner in the Los Angeles tourney up to the time he was hurt; Chief Little Wolf; Kiman Kudo, the Jap; Hank Barber, the new Jewish star; Al Bisignano, young Italian-American; the Olsen Twins, Hymie and Hermie; Rusty Wescoatt, Hawaiian; Leo Daniel Boone Savage, and several others, are among the new talent that is attracting wide attention.

Meanwhile, Ernie Dusek, Everette Marshall, Sandor Szabo, and other contenders, are hurling challenges at Lopez and O'Mahoney and both of them may be depended upon to accommodate all bona-fide defies during the season.

From Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 36)

the left side of his face was swollen to the size of a boxing glove. One of his fingers also was broken. I did not escape injury, for Whistler had used his head as a battering ram against my breast, until it was skinned and bleeding.

"But this was not all. One of Whistler's seconds resorted to a fiendish scheme. He rubbed ammonia on Whistler's head, and when that came into contact with my quivering flesh, the torture I endured can be imagined. Despite our condition, we doggedly stuck to each other until the middle of the tenth hour when both being too weak to continue, the referee called the bout a draw.

* * *

"OUR next meeting was in San Francisco, in 1883, and although I really won the contest, through Whistler being unable to continue due to an injury, the referee declared it was a draw. I have always considered it rare good fortune that I escaped with my life on that occasion, as there was in attendance a desperate gang of toughs, led by a Ned Burns, who had bet their money on Whistler to win.

"I was warned previous to the bout that a scheme had been arranged whereby I would be pushed off the platform among the toughs, who would cripple me. I won the first fall with a half-Nelson in six minutes. When we went on for the second fall I noticed Whistler was trying to crowd me to the spot where the gang was stationed. Finally we came to the ring floor and rolled off the platform right among the toughs. Hardly had we landed, when I received a kick in the eye that closed the optic completely.

"I made no comment, knowing it would be useless, and went on with the bout. I finally got a body clutch on Whistler, lifted him high in the air and dashed him to the ring floor with all the force I could summon.

"He arose and in renewing the attack, fell against me, and I realized he was hurt. He clung to me, saying: 'Bill, I'm hurt.'

* * *

"WHISTLER finally released his hold and gave up the struggle. His left collar bone was broken, and his arm was hanging down to his knee. Whistler was advised to relinquish the match, but declared he would die in the ring first.

"I then stepped forward and said:

" 'Gentlemen, Mr. Whistler has been unfortunate enough to break his collar bone. I will take no advantage of a crippled man, although he is game enough to go on with the match. I admire his pluck and will say he is the best opponent I ever met.'

"I then offered Whistler $1,000 to relinquish the match, but he declined. The referee then spoke as follows:

" 'This has been a square contest. Each man has won a fall, and one of the contestants is unable to continue with safety to himself. Under the circumstances I will declare the match a draw.'

"As a matter of fact, the referee was all wrong, as in boxing or wrestling a contestant who received an injury from a fall or blow and is unable to continue, loses the decision, and I should have been declared the victor," wound up Muldoon.

Muldoon and Whistler met for a third time in the West, and wrestled to a draw.

* * *

BY far one of the best wrestlers ever produced in collar-and-elbow style, was John McMahon, born at Bakersfield, Vt., July 7, 1841. He stood 5 feet 10½ inches, and in condition scaled 185 pounds. He was the son of a hardy farmer who in his younger days enjoyed considerable repute as a wrestler; indeed, the family was noted for its physical qualities, as may be judged from the fact that Owen and Cox, both nationally known as trippers, were cousins of McMahon. The trippers were looked upon as great athletes in the old days.

McMahon never engaged in any but an agricultural pursuit and drifted almost unconsciously into the habit of wrestling, acquiring it as a study and keeping it as he grew to manhood.

His first public match was on June 23, 1861 with Peter English, at Port Henry, New York, for $100 a side which he won in eighteen minutes. Three months later, he vanquished Hugh Fitzpatrick at the same place for $150 a side. Then he conquered among others, A. W. Store, Uzile Crickett, L. Doolin, James Craven, George Stone, E. Fox, E. Titus, W. M. Scoville, John Herrick, Captain John Haley, Homer Lane, Thomas Copeland, Perry Higby, Albert Ellis, J. Dunlap, and George Van Dyke.

On September 16, 1874, he went to San Francisco to wrestle W. M. Farrell, the champion of the Pacific Coast for $1000 a side, winning after a desperate struggle of four hours duration. Next he defeated James Lopell of British Columbia in 1876.

On July 2, 1877 he defeated a gigantic lumber, and for a purse of $250 at Mendocino, Cal. This match was wrestled on the turf in the lumber woods and McMahon won in 31 minutes.

Dakota Bill was his next opponent on January 3, 1878, and McMahon won in 2 hours and 5 minutes. On November 23, 1878, he beat Colonel McLaughlin for $4000 a side and the following year in New York City, he beat Prof. Miller in 12 minutes as did J. E. Owens a few months later. When he beat Owens, on August 16, 1879, he also carried with the victory the championship belt which Owens had won from McLaughlin.

McMahon's last match was on March 16, 1880, when he wrestled H. M. Dufur for $1000 a side and the world title. This bout was decided a draw after the men had wrestled for six hours without either gaining a fall.

Thus it will be seen that McMahon had an active career of twenty years—nothing unusual in those days.

In our concluding chapter next month, we will discuss Duncan Ross and several more mat luminaries of the latter part of the nineteenth century.

Over the Ropes

(Continued from page 11)

Ritchie Mitchell was another. Remember his fracas with Leonard in the old Garden? And his savage brawl with Charley White?

Oh, there have been any number of others. Fighting Dick Hyland, Jack Sharkey, the bantamweight; Vincent Pepper Martin, Mysterious Billy Smith, Battling Hurley, One Round Hogan, Leach Cross—and I could go on naming dozens of others, fellows who saw red at the clang of the bell and never stopped until one of the contestants was battered into submission.

Space permits the mention of only a few of these "human tigers."

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THE GIFT THAT IS APPRECIATED

Come On, You "White Hopes"

(Continued from page 4)

before Jim could get a match with Willard.

* * *

THE fistic world chattered over that bout. Coffey was a red hot favorite. The Irish in New York sunk their bankrolls on Jim and felt sure they would cash in early in the evening. Five or six rounds at the most, they declared, would see the end of Moran.

But it wasn't in the stars. In three rounds Coffey was defeated. This bout was on the night of October 19, 1915, and twelve thousand men and women gathered to witness it. Moran's famous "Mary Ann" suddenly crashed over in the third. It landed on Coffey's jaw. Jim went down face foremost and struck the floor with his chin.

Referee Bill Brown, the same Bill who is now a New York State Boxing Commissioner began counting. The crowd was terribly still. One! two! three! four! five! six! Coffey climbed to his feet, groped for the rope, stood, his knees bent, awaiting Moran's rush.

Jim coundn't lift his arms to defend himself. But he was so game he wouldn't stay down while he was conscious.

Moran rushed. His steely blue eyes were furious. His wicked right shot through the air. The crowd looked on horrified as Coffey tried vainly to put up something of a guard. Coffey still had a faint smile on his lips as he waited those eons of time as he saw Moran come dashing at him.

And then Bill Brown stepped between the men just in time to send Moran's blow glancing harmlessly over Coffey's head. There was no ovation that night. Just black silence; sad silence as the mob marched out and Billy Gibson and his helpers brought Jim back to his senses.

And thus passed Coffey, a great idol, one of the really good "white hopes" of an era when several hundred were in the field.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 41)

that returned to his old stamping grounds in the Northwest. He looks like a veteran grappler rather than the "Brooklyn Adonis" of a year ago.

Known and Unknown Portraits . . . Harry Kent of Cornvallis, Oregon—Harry Kent played football for Oregon State in 1927, 1930, and 1931 . . . He was picked as tackle for the All Coast Eleven of 1930.

All of Mexico must have turned out to see Daniel Vincent Lopez throw Man Mountain Dean. It was estimated that more than 40,000 fans crowded into the bull ring to see their idol.

* * *

IOWA WRESTLING NOTES sent in by Bill Hawkins, follow: Activity in the field of groans and grunts in the Tall Corn state is in full sail . . . . so get a hold of your hat, and be ready for anything to happen . . . . John Eliades, Sioux City promoter opened up the indoor season with a feature called the "Heavyweights on Parade" . . . . It was a whale of a show, filled with every thing in the book, and a few things that are waiting for the next edition . . . . There was nothing left undone, eye gouging, biting, kicking, punching, and yells of deep pain filled the Auditorium . . . . In the feature event, Baron Ben Ginsberg of New York, met defeat at the hands of Pat McClary, of Spokane, a 275 pound Irishman . . . . McClary won two out of three falls . . . .

Farmer Tobin, the long lost uncle of Rasputin and Mule Caddock of Spokane, presented the fans with loads of action . . . . The mighty Tobin won in 11:32 seconds . . . . George Tragos, of St. Louis won from Andy Moen, of Fergus Falls, Minn. Mike Markoff of Russia and George Manuel, of Portland went to a fast draw . . . . Down at Des Moines, Ia. Paul Jones of Houston, Tex. won over Farmer Tobin by a body scissors . . . . In a red-hot number that opened the card, Jack Manuel and Otto Kuss went to a draw . . . .

At Cedar Rapids, Ia. Paul Jones defeated Frank Speer two out of three falls . . . . Otto Kuss and Frankie French banged around to a draw . . . . Flash from St. Paul, Minn. Frank Speer, of Georgia defeated Derna Ostopavitch, of Kansas City . . . .

Down at Omaha, Nebr. Danno O'Mahoney, of Ireland, won over Ernie Dusek two falls out of three . . . . At Des Moines, Ernie Dusek defeated Baron Ginsberg, two of three falls.

* * *

WRESTLING NEWS by Jimmie Amann of Ohio, follows: Gus Sonnenberg, former world's champion, Emil Dusek, veteran Omahan, Jack Donovan, young Los Angeles star and Chief Little Wolf, Indian threat, were the four who secured rankings among the first ten heavyweights of Jimmy Amann, National Wrestling Rater in the recent issue of Wrestling Ratings which can be secured from Amann by enclosing 25 cents in cash and a stamped envelope to 2810 Sidney Avenue . . . . The Ratings include over 1000 of the leading welter, middle, light heavy and heavyweight matsters, active the world over . . . .

Sammy Klein, welter, George Gable and Sailor Parker, middleweights, are Cincinnati representatives in the Ratings . . . . Parker's stock soared high when he wrestled Billy Thom, No. 3 ranking middle, at Indianapolis recently . . . .

Pete Moore of Bristol, Va. bulletins that his organization will branch farther south in the near future . . . .

Jimmie Amann, Ring writer from Ohio, has arranged a National Wrestling Promoters List which he has offered for unattached wrestlers to book from for 25 cents in cash and a stamped envelope . . . . Dan O'Mahoney, world's heavyweight champion still takes the "tops" . . . . Dan in recent matches, turned back Dick Daviscourt at Atlanta; Don George at New York City and also Chief Little Wolf and Emil Dusek, the latter bout's site in Cleveland's Central Armory which saw Walter Taylor, Cleveland promoter hang out the S.R.O. sign to more than six thousand prospective customers, 10,000 of which turned out en-masse to see O'Mahoney in his Ohio debut . . . . while O'Mahoney jumped about the nation, winning from contenders and lesser lights, Everett Marshall, his chief challenger beat John Grandovich three times and also Hans Schnable, the touted German . . . .

Cricket Helson, former Ohio boxer turned wrestling promoter last winter and gave refereeing a fling on some of his early shows at Plainville . . . . recently he quit, making the statement, "the job causes too many aches and pains the next day" . . . . Little Lou Christy, former welterweight wrestler handles all of the big men at Cincinnati while Indianapolis boasts of "Red" Williams, a dynamic 145 pounder who has law and order preserved in all heavyweight bouts he handles . . . . R. L. Smith, Register of Deeds, Stokes County, North Carolina is a dyed-in-wool wrestling fan as is Archie Andrew of Oakland, California . . .

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO

By FRANK MAESTRO

THE great success of Mike Jacobs as a boxing promoter is attributed to many capabilities, not the least of which is his ability to retain his composure and talk business with unfriendly as well as friendly rivals. Jacobs, who holds an option on the services of Joe Louis, refuses to hold any ill-will toward business rivals. He says he once fired an employee for expressing dislike to a certain unfriendly business antagonist. Whether or not this is so, Jacobs has keen business acumen and possesses a knack of obtaining and then holding friends.

This issue of THE RING, world's greatest boxing and wrestling magazine, marks the first to be published in 1936, the fourteenth anniversary of its publication. To the president and editor of THE RING, Nat S. Fleischer, goes the credit for the fine reputation it has earned and the large following the book has attracted. We take this opportunity to congratulate Mr. Fleischer and his co-workers, at the same time wishing them and you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Fighters in all sections of the world are attracted to Chicago Stadium, world's largest indoor arena, and a major reason for this is the fine purses paid to contestants. An example may be gleaned from a show held there in November, topped by a ten-round scrap involving Davey Day of Chicago and Alberto Arizmendi, Los Angeles, Cal. In addition to the Day-Arizmendi battle, there were five other matches, three at eight rounds and two at five. Though the card produced only $6,865 gross, the talent was paid approximately $4,943. The contestants, results, weights, ages, height and purses are included in the following table:

Davey Day, 21 years old, 5 feet 8¾ inches, 134 pounds, Chicago, $1,287, lost to Alberto Arizmendi, 22, 5 feet 3¼ inches, 131½, Los Angeles, $856, ten rounds.

Leonard Del Genio, 20, 5 feet 6½ inches, 135, New York, $600, beat Jimmy Vaughn, 22, 5 feet 8 inches, 138½, Cleveland, $250, eight rounds.

Aldo Spoldi, 23, 5 feet 6¼ inches, 133½, Italy, $400, beat Fred (Red) Cochrane, 20, 5 feet 6 inches, 134, Elizabeth, N. J., $300, eight rounds.

Billy Treest, 21, 5 feet 11 inches, 176½, Batavia, Ill., $350, stopped Fanis Tzanatopoulos, 26, 5 feet 11 inches, 170, Lynn, Mass., $350, four rounds.

Pat Murphy, 20, 5 feet 5½ inches, 146¾, Danville, Ill., $150, beat Bob La Monte, 22, 5 feet 7½ inches, 149, Chicago, $150, five rounds.

Virgil Bemi, 21, 5 feet 8 inches, 138½, Chicago, $125, beat Milt Aron, 19, 5 feet 9½ inches, 142½, Dubuque, Ia., $125, five rounds.

Of course, the Stadium was not a financial winner in this case. Nevertheless, it is obvious that top money is paid fighters who compete at the huge West Side building.

Charley White, lightweight contender when Benny Leonard held the division crown, has returned to Chicago after an absence of more than a year in Milwaukee, Wis. White, for the last twelve years a physical instructor, conducting a school for women only, plans to open a school in the Loop to teach boys and young men how to box. White temporarily is located with his older brother, Robert White, realtor, at 77 West Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Harry Gordon of New York, now serving as trainer for Wesley Ramey, fought ten no-decision rounds with Charley Phil Rosenberg, former bantamweight champion, at Covington, Ky. . . . . Lew Tendler, Philadelphia southpaw lightweight, lost a ten-round decision to Nate Goldman at Philadelphia . . . . Bushy Graham, Utica, N. Y., and Bud Taylor, the old Terre Haute, Ind., Terror, both whipped Abe Attell Goldstein, 118-pound king, in 1924, at New York.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I NOTICED in the Ring Question Box a reference to Bill Doherty and a request for a copy of his book. Bill whom I see nearly every day, is, I am glad to say, still very much alive although not far off the seventy mark in years. He is a patrol officer on the Fremantle wharf still in active work. Patrol officers I understand are supposed to retire at the age of 55, but nobody seems to be anxious to retire Bill. Perhaps nobody feels able to do it.

Honestly I think that old as he is he could lick any of the men on the patrol in a bare knuckle go now and as you will guess, the wharf patrol is not composed of weaklings. A fine fellow is Bill. He has a smile and a wave of the hand for everybody, and is widely known and respected. Looking at him, one may be excused for thinking that the vintage of the sixties was a rich one in human life.

His skin is clear and has that "alive" look discernible generally only in the faces of those in their prime. He still has a head of hair and his eyes are bright—especially if one of the fair sex is within sight. He can tell a joke and laugh at one and enjoy his beer and a good square meal with the best; but I have never seen him drunk nor carelessly dressed.

Poor Mick Dooley who died recently was different. In his youth Mick was spoiled by prosperity. He was associated with Larry Foley, Jem Mace and others at the old White House Inn, in Sydney, in the eighties, and never had to work. In those days, the wealthy squatters used to be proud to shake the hand of Dooley, the bruiser, and gladly paid him guineas for tuition and exhibitions.

For many years in Fremantle, I saw Mick daily—a tragic figure in the street, doing nothing, just waiting for the end. Ragged derelict as he was, there was, however, something arresting in that tall grim-faced old man, whose eyes under grey bushy brows, now and then flashed with their one time keenness as an acquaintance passed, and it was common to see strangers turn to look at him in the street as they never would have turned to look at an ordinary down and out.

"Who is that" perhaps one would hear them say, and the question would perchance be answered by "It's Mick Dooley—he fought Fitzsimmons, Jackson and Slavin," and always the words would be impressively uttered and have a pronounced effect upon the hearers.

Mick had plenty of friends and could have lived in ease and luxury if he wished, but irresistibly, he was drawn to the town, to the lights, the streets and the hurrying crowds where he could still feel that he was in the middle of things.

With the death of Dooley, I think there passed out the last exponent of the old Jem Mace style of boxing. Mick always stood bolt upright in the ring, hitting out mainly with the left hand in the only way known until the introduction of the crouch by Jeffries. In this respect, Bill Doherty holds the opinion that the abolition of "rabbit punch" was the ruination of the old style of boxing.

In the day of Dooley, Jackson, Fitzsimmons and Corbett, Bill says you had to stand up straight, to avoid getting chopped by the rabbit punch, which in his opinion was all to the good.

Neither Bill Doherty nor Mick Dooley was ever in America and they are perhaps little known there, but in Australia and South Africa their names are familiar to everyone who takes an interest in the noble art.

Bill's book was wonderfully well received in England and is on the shelves of most of the old aristocratic and sporting families. The introduction was written by young Knebworth, son and heir to the Earl of Lytton. Young Knebworth—Viscount Knebworth—sad to say, was killed in an aeroplane crash not long after the book was published.

Bill has letters from him and other titled English sportsmen, expressing their personal regard and admiration for him. In the ring, he was like a bulldog, not astonishingly clever but just grit through and through. Early in his career, when a trip to Africa hung in the balance, one of his supporters said when asked if Bill could fight:

"Well, perhaps he can't fight but he can make it darned awkward for those who can!"

I think he would have beaten Kid McCoy if the fight had taken place on the day and hour up to which Bill had trained. It was McCoy who caused the fight to be postponed. Bill was just then developing out of the middleweight division and training was a complicated business of keeping down weight without sacrificing strength.

Well, Mr. Fleischer, I am afraid I am boring you with my garrulous scribbling (you can publish any part of this letter if you think it worth while) and I will conclude with the tidings that really caused me to take pen in hand. I have an autographed copy of "In the Days of the Giants" and this I am sending to you.

In return I should be very pleased to get one of your books for my library of volumes on boxing, any one except "Gene Tunney, the Enigma of the Ring," which I have.

I'll see Bill and get him to inscribe the copy to you. I have often heard him express appreciation of your fairness and judgment—he, like myself, is a regular subscriber to THE RING.

With kind regards I remain, yours faithfully.

ARTHUR RUSSELL,
Bicton, Western Australia.

* * *

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

ALLOW me to offer you my warmest felicitations on the most interesting, thrilling manner in which you bring out each and every issue of THE RING, which is, in my judgment, the greatest, the fairest and the most fearless sports magazine in the world. I have been your constant reader for the past four years and never have failed to secure a copy of each issue of your wonderful review of sports, from month to month.

Last year, on one of my periodical visits to the States, I found time to see Londos wrestle Browning and Shikat in New York and Philadelphia, respectively. In both cases, I gathered definitely the impression that either of his opponents could have easily thrown the Greek if the bouts had not been previously "fixed." Consequently, I do not at all agree with A. C. Carr, who, in your June issue, praises Londos to the skies.

In one of your recent issues, there appeared a very interesting article entitled "The Afghan Loves His Wrestling" by Ghoofar Khan, in which the Afghan wrestler presented a very vivid picture of wrestling in Afghanistan, where wrestling is, not unlike any other Oriental country, conducted on a strictly "shooting match" basis. Men like Ghoofar Khan and his brother Ayub Khan would be, in my opinion, quite a welcome asset over here in England, in view of the fact that they are genuine, picturesque, skillful and colorful wrestlers. I only wish that they are given a little encouragement, which they well deserve, both in America as well as in Europe.

Afghanistan, that independent, mountainous country of a very hardy, wiry, tough and brave people called Afghans, is the very heart of Central Asia, which is the historic land of the Aryan race and possibly the plateau where wrestling originated several thousand years ago. And wrestlers from such Oriental lands should certainly be a source of added strength to the noble art of wrestling in the West.

EDWARD RICHARDSON,
Sheffield, England.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Rex Harwood, Louisville, Ky.

Q.—Was Marvin Hart ever world heavyweight champion?

A.—He claimed it but was never internationally recognized. When he fought Jack Root, the bout was advertised as for the title. Jim Jeffries refereed the bout. He had previously announced his retirement and said that the winner of the Hart-Root battle in 1905 would be crowned his successor. Hart won by knocking out Root in twelve rounds but never made much ado about his "title" nor did any one else as it was generally believed that Jeff had no right to pass on a championship without having open competition for same.

Hart fought Tommy Burns for the title on February 23, 1906 and Burns laid claim to it when he won. Burns was recognized because he went from place to place and disposed of every opponent until Jack Johnson stopped him in Australia and then Jeff came back with a denial that he had ever passed his title on to Hart, but that he, Jeffries, still owned. Jack Johnson disproved that in mighty convincing fashion when he all but battered Jeff into pulp in their memorable Reno battle for poor Jeff, aged and ill, had no more right to go into the ring with Johnson than you or I would have had. That, my pal, is a rather lengthy answer to your simple query, which I thought deserved more than a yes, or no.

Marie Thompson, Alabama.

Q.—When was Gene Tunney born?

A.—May 25, 1908, New York City.

Benjamin Stark, Kansas City

Q.—Is Joe Louis the world colored heavyweight champion?

A.—Yes, but such a title is not usually listed. There is no Negro his equal at this time, and I don't think there is a white man his equal.

Q.—Would you say that Louis is the best all around fighter in the last thirty years?

A.—No. I deem Jack Johnson in that class.

Q.—Do you think that Louis would have beaten Johnson, Langford, Dempsey, Tunney and Jeffries?

A.—I think Johnson, Langford and Jeffries in their prime would have mastered Louis, but I also think that he would have whipped Tunney and would have fought a vicious battle with Dempsey, with Dempsey emerging the victor.

Joe Heflin, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—Who were Molineaux and Richmond, mentioned in stories about Joe Louis?

A.—They were the first Negro fighters of note. Molineaux fought Yom Cribb twice in England for the championship in 1810. Both Molineaux and Richmond were American Negroes who had gone to England.

John Stipplies, Winnipeg, Can.

Q.—When was the first championship bout staged under the Marquis of Queensberry Rules?

A.—At New Orleans, September 7, 1892, between John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett.

Q.—Under what rules did fights take place before that?

A.—Under the London Prize Ring rules.

Q.—What was the difference between the rules?

A.—The chief difference was that the London Rules called for fighting with bare-fists or skin-tight gloves and a knock down constituted the end of the round and there was only thirty seconds intermission or rest period between rounds as against one minute which we now have.

Q.—When were the Marquis of Queensberry rules adopted?

A.—In 1865.

Mark Fletcher, Daytona, Fla.

Q.—Are championship fights permitted in our state. Will Joe Louis fight in Miami next winter?

A.—No, they are not legal. No, Mike Jacobs plans to take Louis to Europe, Japan, China and South America.

Q.—Is Joe Louis as good as the writers say he is?

A.—Yes, and then some. The best we have had in many years. He can have my dough on him against any man living.

Martin Huelsch, Trenton, N. J.

Q.—How many states are members of the National Boxing Association?

A.—Twenty-nine in addition to Cuba, Porto Rico, Montreal and Quebec.

Q.—Is Edward Foster, still a member of the Executive board?

A.—Yes, he is national secretary. Until a few weeks ago he was the president.

Max Goldfarb, Providence, R. I.

Q.—Does The Ring office carry any grip machines and other machines for strengthening the muscles of the arms, legs, and back and chest?

A.—Yes, we have all kinds of apparatus for body building which we sell to Ring readers at close to fifty percent off the retail price. You can get grip machines, pulley, rubber grips, skipping ropes, chest expanders with either 3, 5 or 7 strands; etc. Visit our store when in New York.

Mike Romano, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—How many feet are there in a pro ring in New York.

A.—Twenty feet square from rope to rope with three feet six inches of space outside the ropes. Some states legalize the twenty-four foot square and others only eighteen. Twenty is the average. That's the size of the ring in which Louis and Baer fought.

George Christensen, Phila.

Q.—Is it dangerous to drink olive oil in large quantities? Is a cup full a day too much?

A.—Yes, a teaspoonful a day is plenty. In fact, take it three times a week. That is ample.

Q.—When is it best to start as an amateur boxer?

A.—At sixteen.

Q.—How long should one fight as an amateur before turning pro?

A.—From six months to a year won't harm any.

Robert Tate, Fall River, Mass.

Q.—Is there a book I can buy on massaging?

A.—None that I know of.

Q.—Can you give me a list of some of the leading fights of Vic McLaglen?

A.—Sorry, I have no rcord of his fights.

Guido Gimoetti, Rio Vista, Cal.

Q.—What is the age of Canzoneri? How many titles did he hold.

A.—The record book has Tony listed as born Nov. 6, 1905, which would make him 30 years old but Tony says he was born in 1909 which makes him only 26. He falsified his age, says Canzoneri, to meet the N. Y. State boxing requirements. He held the feather, light and junior welter titles.

James Durham, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Is eating ice cream O.K. for a boxer?

A.—It cannot harm you. The ingredients are good for you—milk and cream.

Robert Maynes, Union City, N. J.

Q.—How can I obtain an A.A.U. card? Do age limits vary in different states?

A.—From your A.A.U. office. No.

Robert Manuel, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Q.—Is it wise to counter punch while using the Dempsey-Jeffries crouch?

A.—When using the crouch, it is quite difficult to counter. The crouch is a defensive method of fighting, while the counter is an attack.

Q.—Is is good for a fighter to cover up?

A.—Yes, but only when being showered with punches or when the attack is hitting the mark consistently.

Q.—If fouled, is it best to refuse to continue and claim the foul regardless of how much you are hurt or should you leave that to the referee to decide?

A.—By all means, let the official decide what the procedure should be.

Q.—How can I develop lung power and speed?

A.—By road running, hill climbing, tree climbing, rope skipping and long hikes.

Q.—Is rope skipping good as an exercise?

A.—Yes—Very good for developing stamina and lung power, and strengthening the legs.

Q.—What is more important, speed, punching power or footwork?

A.—Punching power is the best asset.

Q.—Will a straight left beat a hook or an uppercut?

A.—Don't know what you mean, If you mean will it land sooner, invariably, yes. If more effective, I again say, yes.

Q.—Should I use a crouch on a fighter smaller than myself?

A.—No need for it. If taller, it is most effective to bring the man down to your height.

Q.—I cannot punch the bag. How can I get the knack?

A.—Constant training.

Emil Romelik, Dunnellen, N. J.

Q.—I have a Liederman Cable exerciser and have been told it is not good for one who wants to be a boxer. What do you say? Will it slow me up?

A.—No harm. Don't worry.

J. Daly, Montana.

Q.—What can I do to correct curvature of the spine?

A.—There are any number of corrective exercises, but before you do any, I would suggest that you see your doctor and make certain that there is nothing serious with your spine as exercise may affect the condition. Then if o.k., would suggest the following:

1—First and foremost, when walking, try to throw your shoulders back, and keep them back even though it will hurt for a time. With shoulders far back, you'll force the spine to become straighter.

2—Stand at attention and then take the arm movements, shoulder high, forward and backwards. Every time you go back, get the arms back with a snap.

3—The breast stroke swimming movement is excellent but in getting the backwards movement, do it with a snap.

4—Body twisting to the side.

5—Touch the toes with finger tips and then raise high on toes, straightening body as you go upward.

You'll find all of these movements in my book, Height Increase Exercises, which as I have so often said, not only are exercises for increasing the height but are corrective exercises for all kinds of body deformities. Get a copy. If you were in New York or near here, I would advise you to take Prof. Joseph Pilates' Corrective course at the Van Dyke Studio Building, 939, 8th Avenue, New York City.

John P. Ziccardi, Grive City, Pa.

Q.—What is Retzlaff's nationality? How old is he? Where can I get his record? How many fights did he have? What is his height and weight?

A.—He is German-American, weighs 197, height 6 feet 3. Fought 55 times up to Jan. 1, 1935. Get Post Record Book or Everlast Record Book.

R. G. Blake, Woodhaven, L. I.

Q.—Is there a gym in New York where they teach Jju Jitsu?

A.—Yes, at George Bothner's Gym, 226 West 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

Q.—I am 28 years old and wish to obtain a powerful physique. Have just started a program of exercises, six days a week, fifteen minutes each morning, using five pound dumb bells, and a chest expander. How soon will I be able to see results?

A.—In about three months.

Dewey C. Knight, Lancaster, S. C.

Q.—What was the biggest gate for any fight in Florida?

A.—Sharkey-Stribling fight. $405,000.

Charles Kotsakos, Gulfport, Miss.

Q.—If Joe Louis is the outstanding contender, is there any rule that compels Braddock to fight him for the title?

A.—No.

Q.—Can the Boxing Commission of New York take Braddock's title from him if he refuses to meet Louis?

A.—They might try and probably announce that they have, but in the eyes of the public fans, Braddock would continue the champion until licked in the ring, or until he retired.

Q.—If Braddock fought Louis in a fifteen round bout, could that be only an exhibition without the title at stake.

A.—No. Every time Braddock goes into the ring, exhibition or no exhibition, if he is knocked out, he'd lose the crown.

Sam Bagdabov, Vancouver, Wash.

Q.—I am a skinny lad who just cannot get weight on. Please help me. Tell me what to do.

A.—That is simple. Take outdoor exercises. Walk a lot, sleep with your window open and be well covered to prevent catching a cold. Drink plenty of milk. Eat eggs, cereals of all kinds, especially oatmeal and farina; steaks, chops and fresh vegetables. Six months from now let me know how you feel and what you weigh as compared to now. Drink much water, at least 5 quarts a day.

R. C. Whalen, Canton, Ohio

Q.—I have had a rupture for about fourteen months and am now wearing a truss. I like exercising and am fond of outdoor athletics but every time I do some strenuous work, I feel pains and get scared. Do you think I'll require an operation? Would you advise me to do my exercises. Can I get cured without an operation?

A.—I would first advise that you stop all strenuous workouts. They will aggravate your condition. The next step is for you to get your family doctor to give you a diagnosis. He, not I, can tell you whether you can be cured without an operation, but even if you don't require one, heavy exercises are not good for you in your condition.

Edward Ferenc, Chicopee, Mass.

Q.—How can I toughen my fists?

A.—By doing spading, wood chopping, rowing exercises.

Q.—How can I develop good punching power?

A.—By working on heavy bag and working with a sparring partner.

Q.—What muscles should one develop for hard punching power?

A.—Shoulder muscles above all as good punching power comes from the shoulder. Also develop your wrists and hands.

Rao, Madras, India

Q.—Please give me the addresses of Johnson, Sharkey, Schmeling, Dempsey, Walker, Canzoneri, Buddy and Carnera.

A.—Sorry we give no addresses. In fact, we don't keep them here.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

THE Club Lido is the latest organization to step into the field to vie for promotorial honors in Montreal with the Jules Racicot interests. Judging by their initial venture, the new promotorial interests will keep Racicot & Co. stepping lively for the privilege of entertaining the largest fan turnouts, and between their respective promotions, the game promises to rise to a higher level than ever before in the Canadian Metropolis.

Joe Louis, Detroit's dusky dynamiter, invaded Canadian rings on a whirlwind five-day tour through Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Quebec, in the order named, under the auspices of the Club Lido, about the classiest "night playground" in Canada. Lou Dettner, former amateur ring star, who is one of the partners in the ownership and management of the establishment, is the matchmaker, with Armand Vincent as his aide-de-camp.

Louis showed his wares with six-ounce regulation fighting gloves, minus such protective equipment as headgears, etc., against a retinue of sparring partners. The fistic programs were supported by programs averaging thirty-six scheduled rounds. The various events were staged at the Mount Royal Arena, Montreal; the Auditorium, Ottawa; the Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto, and the Coliseum, Quebec.

Racicot had a tough break that probably helped his rivals in their enterprise. The hustling young promoter had Mickey Walker signed to fight Al McCoy and indications pointed to a ten-thousand-dollar turnout at the Forum. The date was for November 6, but Walker wired that he was unable to go through with it a few days before, due to the death of his father. Racicot hustled and got Larry Johnson to replace him, but the Montreal Commission refused to sanction the match, so Jules cancelled the show.

McCoy added another knockout victim to his growing list when he faced Abie Bain, Newark, in the headliner of Montreal's only card in October, which was staged at the Forum under the Racicot banner. McCoy lost little time getting the range, battered Bain unmercifully in the first heat and polished him off with a terrific short right hook to the chin in the second stanza.

The remainder of the card was good with plenty of action in the prelims though the semi-final waltz between the so-called "White Hope," Lou Poster, and Billy Jones, Philly Negro, nearly marred the evening. The lackadaisical Negro and the lumbering, awkward, muscle-bound Poster floundered through five dreary rounds when the Commission ordered it halted and declared "no contest." The fighters were given permanent suspensions here and their purses withheld.

The best battle of the night was the eight-rounder between Maxie Berger, rising local 130-pound flash, and Dave Castilloux, New England featherweight. It looked bad for Berger at first with Castilloux's superior experience asserting itself, making Berger look amateurish at times but the local Jewish favorite came along like a forest fire in the last three heats to snatch a close, disputed verdict from the frying pan. It was a creditable feat for Berger as Castilloux scored a win over Frankie Martin, Canadian bantam king, at the ball park last summer.

Roland Lauziere, unbeaten local featherweight, showed improving form in his winning start against Louis Pisano, stocky little New York Italian, in a bristling six-rounder. Lauziere was too tough, strong and aggressive for the colorful little Gotham showman. In the four-round opener, Henri Auger scored over his perennial rival, Joe Dunn.

STRAY SHOTS—Amateur ranks being forsaken by stars . . . . latest to jump into the money ranks are Doug Marsh, Desse Greene and Bert White, all title-holders off and on, with more coming, according to gossip . . . . Myer Alper, sharp-shooting local 130-pounder, made big hit in Ottawa when he scored over rugged Joe Marciente in the best fight of the night . . . . Alper gave a masterful display that marks him as a comer . . . . Gordon Wallace, Vancouver's Canadian welter champ, fought a draw with Ceferino Garcia and may get a crack at Barney Ross . . . . Katsumo Mariaka, Jimmy Jones' classy Jap flyweight stylist, making a hit wherever he shows . . . . Jones' nephew and ace, Sonny Jones, looks to be headed for stardom in welter ranks . . . . well, cheerio.

FISTIC SOCKS IN CLEVELAND
By PHIL SOLOMON

PAUL PIRRONE, Cleveland's aspirant to the middleweight fight championship, was passing out cigars on Monday, October 14. A six-pound fourteen-ounce girl was born to Mrs. Pirrone at St. Ann's Hospital.

Our latest sensation in the lightweight division, Frankie Wallace, was taken off the street and rushed to Lakeside Hospital for an appendix operation. Wallace recently beat Bobby Pacho.

Do you remember the Mexican light-heavyweight by the name of Rosy Rosales? If you do, we want to tell you that Rosy has opened a restaurant on Chester Avenue.

Tommy Moore, the Jamestown promoter, has just written to inform your writer that the Olympic Athletic Club has reorganized and is now in full swing. He wishes to inform boxers and managers that they must all be licensed in New York State, and before seeking engagements, to secure the necessary applications from the New York State Athletic Commission at 155 Worth Street, New York, N. Y.

Jimmy Dunn, the baldheaded gentleman who had the outstanding fighters ever developed in or around Cleveland, saw yours truly the other day and asked me to please mention the fact that he has opened a gym in Cleveland. The place is located on W. Denison Avenue. Jimmy called my attention to the fact that he was the manager of Carl Tremaine, Bryon Downey and Johnny Kilbane, who was the former featherweight of the world.

Henry Godale, who was known as the Orlando, Florida, promoter a couple of seasons ago, is back in the fight game, operating the Argonne A. C. in partnership with Joe Kelly.

Billy O'Donnell has just taken over the managership of Frankie Simms. Billy intends to turn Jessie Levels, the flyweight Golden Gloves champion, pro very shortly.

Corney Kunath, who is a very good prospect, and getting bigger every day, is doing well.

Henry Palmeri, who is managed by Tom Stanley, lost a tough fight to George Nichols in Sandusky and to top the whole thing off, there was no money in the house.

George Baratko has resumed boxing for the winter season. He looks very good in the gym. George will get plenty of work this winter, as he is a good drawing card in Cleveland, Akron and other spots in northern Ohio.

Walter Taylor, the fair-haired boy promoter, has told yours truly that he is ready to promote big time boxing shows in Cleveland, providing he can get the fighters to play ball with him.

Cleveland will blossom out with a new fight club featuring pro fight shows. The Century Sporting Club is the name, with Ross Widen and Sparky Rudolph at the helm of it. He plans to use local boys, and will feature Carmen Barth, George Baratko, Jimmy Vaughn, Babe Dunning, Johnny Dobler, Corney Kunath, Henry Palmeri, Lou Jallos, and many others that are willing to mix. The two promoters responsible for this club are well known in the amateur circles. A great many fighters got their start in this club.

The eighth annual Cleveland *Plain Dealer* Golden Glove amateur boxing tournament will take place on January 20, 21, 30 and 31, in the Public Hall Arena. Three rings will be in action the first two nights, two rings the third night, and one ring on the fourth night. On the final night, sixteen bouts, consisting of eight in the open division and eight in the novice, will be staged.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

THE sport of grunt, groan and grimace made its debut at Savannah last month, in the feature Man Mountain Dean threw Chief Bearfoot Billy Evans, 270 pound Indian in two minutes. Billy Sledge, heavyweight champion of Florida, slammed his foe in 25 minutes while Dick Lever and Babe Caddock went to a draw. This was the writer's inaugural wrestling show. Jack Curley will supply the talent here for me.

HERE, THERE and THITHER—At Tampa, Sixto Morales of Cuba beat Snag Trowbridge, both are lightweights . . . . Joe Knight outpunched Carl Knowles at Savannah . . . . Battling Bozo of Birmingham decisioned Fredie McArthur at Akron . . . . Billy Celebron, Sammy Mandell's welterweight is going places . . . . Texas Joe Dundee disposed of Roy Bailey at Jacksonville . . . . Tommy Todd, flashy Savannah welterweight decisioned Roy Strickland at Sumter . . . . At Louisville, Dominic Mancini knocked out Carlos Garcia of Mexico . . . . LeRoy Brown, 175 pounder of Charleston is going great on the West Coast . . . . Chino Alvarez looked good in flattening Pete Gulotto at Tampa . . . . In the last few months, Chino has scored over Relampago Saguero, knocked out Manuel Quintero, twice, and Al Reno as well. Rennie McDuffie, Atlanta wrestler, is giving his foes tough opposition. . . . . Charley Reed is promoting at Plant City, Fla. . . . Jim Downing, who brings the best wrestlers to Florida, is Jack Curley's right hand man and credit can be given to Jim for bringing the best fighters to Florida. Jim is operating in 8 arenas and playing to capacity houses . . . . Johnny Arts, bantamweight of St. Petersburg, ventured into the ring with Bobby Calmes at Jacksonville and as a result passed out of the picture in the second . . . . Howard Livingston is looking for talent for his shows. He can be reached at 800 N. E. 2nd, Ave., Miami, Florida . . . . Tuffy Phillips, middleweight of Ohio will soon evade the South.

Earl Dixon, bantamweight of Georgia, continues to lead his division in the south . . . . A. Frank Orr, Jr., of Mt. Carmel, Ill., bulletins that he will soon come down with Sailor Dutch Calhoon, 150 lbs., and Chief Rinklemeat, 147 . . . . Jack Griffin of Houston is gunning for Chino Alvarez. Jack is a good boy having whipped some of the best in the south . . . . Ray Bronson's boxing shows at Jacksonville is packing the fans in.

At Miami, Tommy Freeman disposed of Billy Hood . . . . Berry Baggett, light-heavyweight is one of the hardest punchers in the south in his class . . . . The latest southern boy to flash across the fistic horizon, is Eldridge Davenport of Ware Shoals, S.C. . . . Incidentally, L. C. Robertson is promoting there and is looking for good boys . . . . Ernir Tahquette, Indian welterweight from the middlewest, is headed south for the season . . . . Bud Soltys, lightweight, is looking for connections. He can be reached at 53 Capron St., Providence, R. I. . . . Jimmy Erwin, former fighter and manager, has opened business at Birmingham and for his first show he brought forth Petey Sarron opposite Andy Martin. With 20 years experience behind him, Jimmy should do well and here's luck to you, Pal.

The writer is looking for talent for his shows. The address is 1911 Waters Ave., Savannah, Ga. . . . . Adios.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

BOXING hereabouts at this writing is not as yet in full bloom. Since the indoor season began in September, the only club in steady operation is the Cambria A. C. The Olympia A. C., so far, has staged two shows. The large club, the Arena A. C., has yet to run a show.

Calvin Reed, local colored lightweight boxer, is still going strong after seven years in the squared circle. In the last four months, his pilot, Frankie Thomas, has had him against nine opponents. To date, this boy has had seventy-eight professional scraps and has fought some of the best lightweights in the game. A clean boy and a credit to the game, we look for him to come through for several more years.

Eddie Farmer is busy these days as manager of the Olympia A. C., the only gymnasium in Philly for boxers. This gymnasium was opened by Harry "Kid" Brown, former lightweight star, who is now an official referee in this city. Some of the boxers who train at the Olympia are Tony Morgano, Eddie Cool, Benny Bass, Tony Falco, Tommy Loughran, Lew Massey, Frankie Caris, Johnny Jadick, Calvin Reed, Frankie Blair, etc. Seventy-five professional boxers are listed here. Farmer has been connected with this gym for the past five years and is now doing a good job as manager.

Eddie Cool's sensational hit with Al Cassimini in New York may lead him into a Barney Ross match.

Chris Dundee, former Philadelphian, now a resident of Norfolk, Va., is doing very well as a successful manager. His middleweight star, Ken Overlin, whom Chris brought to the front, is of championship caliber and no doubt would be the next middleweight champion if given the opportunity. His record proves this. Chris has a large stable of prominent boxers in addition to Overlin.

Frankie Caris, middleweight, under Max Hoff, is still undefeated in twenty-four professional bouts. He is now ready for the best.

Tootsie Bashara, after a year's absence from Philly, is back following a tour of the entire country. He will now make his home here and will give the local lightweights plenty of trouble.

WHAT THE LOCAL BOYS HAVE DONE—Jackie Willis defeated Tony Strazzeri and knocked out Paul Erno. Roxie Forgione drew with Vincent Funk. Charley Loughran defeated Jim Baker. Johnny Jadick lost to Jack Portney but defeated Billy McMahon twice. Al Ettore won over Terry Mitchell. Johnny Santo walloped Bud Fisher. Johnny Hitchinson won over Fritz McBride. Tony Morgano drew with Johnny Craven. Mickey Harkins drew with Tiger Reed. Billy Ketchell stopped Billy Nichy. Young Gene Buffalo defeated Tony Manos. Benny Bass won over Georgie Gibbs. Mickey Blair drew with Young Gene Buffalo. Billy Smutts won over Carmen Vitulio. Gene Gullota outpointed Ted King. Tony Falco won over Teddy Loder. Eddie Cool defeated Charley Gomer and Al Cassimini. Frankie Caris defeated Joe Loughran.

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NEW YORK SOCK EXCHANGE
By BILLY STEVENS

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN'S second indoor show of the fall season was another financial winner when Primo Carnera scored a four-round T.K.O. over Walter Neusel.

A crowd of 12,768 fans paid $31,621 to see Promoter Jimmy Johnston's heavyweight tussle . . . . The German heavy did what is called unusual on this side of the ocean when he "retired" . . . . Receiving a cut eye, he turned his back to the big Italian and walked to his corner . . . . Nothing is thought of this procedure in Europe.

Joe Jacobs' latest famous crack, "I should have stood in bed," would have been very fitting for his heavy, Tony Galento, in his bout with Eddie Mader . . . . The newspaper boys stood up like majors in trying to push Galento to the front for a Joe Louis match, but Tony failed everybody miserably . . . . and Mader did a good job on the Newark Italian.

Johnny Buckley brought down a Boston protege of Jack Sharkey in the person of Frank Connolly, a 238-pounder, who scored a three-round kayo over Jerry Pavelic . . . . Tip-off is that Connolly is from the Coast and looks like he knows his way around . . . . George Brescia of the Carnera stable is a beaut with his slick boxing style for a big fellow . . . . taught by one of St. Paul's master boxers, Billy Defoe . . . . He and Joe Jacobs' entry, Heinz Kohlhaas, fought a great scrap for six heats . . . . Hymie Caplin's boy, George Turner beat Sammy Goldman's James J. Merriot in another good sixer . . . . Max Waxman came up with Joe Lipps from down South and Lipps' kayo win stamps him as a pretty good light-heavy . . . . Max Marek, Chicago Catholic Youth Organization lad, lost a close one to Bob Pastor. It was the best scrap of a most entertaining heavyweight program.

The city is loaded with clubs . . . . St. Nick's on Monday, Coliseum and Broadway on Tuesday, while Wednesday three vie for honors, New Lenox, Mecca Temple and Jamaica, Thursday the White Plains Club, Friday has the Garden and the little Luna Park Arena, while Saturday the reliable Ridgewood Club fills out a big week.

Max Waxman, with the help of Dempsey as a publicity medium, is lining up a good stable in Leonard Del Genio, lightweight; Reds Burman and Joe Lipps, light-heavyweights . . . . Del Genio got off to a sensational draw with Abe Wasserman at Max Joss' Broadway Arena in Brooklyn . . . . Burman scored a kayo and a win at the Ridgewood during the past month . . . . Lipps' first win in New York was a first-round kayo in the first bout at the Garden's Carnera-Neusel show.

Frankie Jacobs, once half manager of the sensational Jack Kid Berg, is keeping Petey Hayes right up there in the featherweight ranks . . . . While angling for a Freddie Miller title tussle, he is guiding two youngsters in Bernie "Schoolboy" Friedkin and Sammy Meadows that look like ready money . . . . Watch Joey Wach, Ray Arcel's own developed product . . . . In six pro starts he made the Garden.

The lightweight situation is getting hotter every minute . . . . The Garden has lightweights in mind because Lightweight Champ Tony Canzoneri is tops in drawing so far this season at the Garden . . . . Lou Ambers will liven up things when he is ready . . . . December 20 is his date in the Garden with the Roth-Klick winner . . . . Al Singer, with a good string of wins already under his belt, will sell out with any topnotcher right now.

Jimmy Johnston has lined up Jock McAvoy, British and European middleweight champion, with the sensational Al McCoy for a Garden battle. This is something to talk about, boys.

The Broadway Arena is sticking strictly to lightweights for the present . . . . Abe Wasserman beat Charley Badami and drew with Del Genio . . . . Eddie Cool got back into N. Y. stride when he beat Al Cassimini . . . . Sammy Richman, the former boxer, is helping Max Joss with his matches.

The Puerto Rican lightweight sensation, Pedro Montanez, filled the Lenox Club on two occasions when he licked Steve Haliako and Phil Rafferty. Then he followed with a two-round K.O. of Joey Greb. Pedro is the goods. The other clubs are now using him, although the Lenox Club is the hotbed for Puerto Rican fans . . . . He took a shot at the Luna Park in Coney Island and kayoed Joey Greb in two heats . . . . a very unusual feat . . . . Lew Bursten, European representative for Jeff Dickson, brought over this colorful battler . . . . Lew will return this month and will leave him with Jimmy Bronson.

Eddie Mead came in from Cleveland with Paul Pirrone and had a talk with Jimmy Johnston at the Garden about bouts with Eric Seelig, the German-Jew middleweight importation, and Jock McAvoy, the recent Scotch arrival . . . . George Smith, the best gate man in the country, took care of the Joe Louis tour for Mike Jacobs . . . . Tony Kelly, known as the mayor of Coney Island, has a good welter in Jimmy Gardner . . . . Beezy Thomas, the Stillman gym bootblack, got a picture layout in the New York *Post* because of his clowning tactics as round card boy at the Lenox.

The outdoor gyms in the country which are fitted up for indoor use also are getting the big names for training purposes . . . . Madam Bey's at Summit, N. J., Dr. Bier's at Pompton Lakes, N. J., and Gus Wilson's former Orangeburgh, N. Y., camps are getting the play . . . . Whitey Binstein had Paulino up at Orangeburgh . . . . Still, Stillman's and the Pioneer Gyms are filled with talent who work out daily.

Al Weill took over the Providence, R. I. Arena which has a seating capacity of 8,000 . . . . He opened with a Joe Louis exhibition bout . . . . Hartford is another spot that he may open soon . . . . Honey Melody of Boston held Eddie Zivic of Pittsburg to a draw . . . . The Hub youngster made a hit . . . . Billy Hogan scored his second win over Jimmy Murray at the Ridgewood . . . . Mike Belloise scored an upset when he kayoed Lou Camps at the New Lenox . . . . Matchmaker Billy Brown's six shows were all great battling windups . . . . The underneath bouts have shown some new talent that will go somewhere.

Abe Feldman is in a spot to fight John Henry Lewis for the 175 pounds title and Manager Hymie Caplin is talking Joe Louis these days and nights . . . . Abe scored a kayo over Johnny Krieger at John Leon's opening show at the Mecca Temple . . . . Joe Sekyra and Vincent Parilli put up a ding-dong affair with Joe winning a close duke over the South American . . . . The show was a good one and a winner at the gate . . . . Artie Rose, who handled his dukes pretty well as a battler some time back, is now handling Hymie Caplin's fighters and doing a good job with Lou Salica, Leo Rodak and Feldman . . . . There is no better trainer than Artie, especially with new talent.

Joe Woodman has the Italian lightweight importation Spoldi in tow . . . . He won his first American bout when he beat Red Cochrane in Chicago . . . . Nick Florio is now handling the training sessions of Primo Carnera and his brother Dan is working with most of the youngsters out of the Pioneer gym . . . . George Godfrey is back with his European "World's title" and can't get much attention . . . . Jack Johnson is still around dabbling in auto races and may open up a fight club in Harlem . . . . Walter Winchell commented on the Carnera-Neusel bout in his column.

Bob Olin, minus his light-heavyweight title, may again turn out to be the pleasing fighter he was in the past before he won the crown from Maxie Rosenbloom.

Lou Viscusi moved in bag and baggage from Hartford with his stable of fighters . . . . Jimmy Leto, welter, Steve Carr, light-heavy and Carl Red Guggino, a feather . . . . Joe's brother Jimmy, is training the boys at Stillman's gym . . . . The Sharkeys are in the limelight again . . . . Boston Jack announces his comeback . . . . Little Jackie Sharkey of those good old bantam days of Herman, Lynch and Williams, has his son in the ring . . . . Johnny Dundee got introduced at the Lenox and tore the place down with the reception . . . . Tony Canzoneri is another that gets full applause . . . . The crowds don't go for Carnera but that won't stop him from making plenty of money . . . . The Arizmendi win over Davey Day in Chicago and his victory over Jimmy Christy, makes a Freddie Miller title match worthwhile now.

Roseland Building on Broadway is getting to be the boxing headquarters for managers and promoters . . . . Billy Brown of the Lenox Club makes his matches there . . . . Managers that own offices there are Billy McCarney, George Sheppard, Matty Herbert and Lew Meyers . . . . Joe Jacobs and Hymie Caplin have offices at the Brass Rail Bldg., Al Weill and Max Joss at the Stand Bldg., Mike Jacobs and his help, Tom McArdle, Lew Brix and Nat Rogers in the Brill Bldg., Sol Gold is representing Barney Ross in the east out of the Paramount Bldg . . . . Charley and Bill Johnston have a suite at the Longacre Bldg. . . . Bobby North and Frankie Jacobs own offices in the 1650 Broadway Bldg.

NEWS FROM FLORIDA
By TURNER SCOTT

BOXING and wrestling is skyrocketing through Florida again. Turnaway crowds are being drawn at Tampa. Jim Downing, boxing and wrestling impresario, during the month of October had his best days since the boom. Chino Alvarez, Tampa lightie and one of Dixie's finest punchers, scored a three round kayo over Al Reno, Cleveland. In the semi-final, Sixton Morales, former Cuban 135-pound titlist, and Jimmy McNamara, New Orleans flash, boxed to a sizzling draw.

Doubling back, Alvarez stopped Pete Gulotta, New Yorker, in the 3rd round. A week later Sixto Morales stopped "Snag" Trowbridge, West Palm Beach bomber. In another 10-rounder, Tony Domingues, Cuban middleweight kingpin, stopped Pat O'Dea, New Orleans product.

Downing's latest stag saw Chino Alvarez stop Manuel Quintero, former contender for the welterweight diadem in one round. At St. Petersburg, weekly boxing shows are being staged, with Willis Williams matchmaker.

At Jacksonville, "Texas Joe" Dundee, formerly of Beaumont, Tex., but now of Orlando, got off the floor four times to stop Leo Bailey, West Point, Ga., slugger, in the third round. In another Jacksonville show, Bobby Calmes, classy Oklahoma featherweight, knocked out Johnny Arts, of St. Petersburg, in the second round.

With the cross-state canal bringing new fight fans to the Ocala section, Promoter Harry Sawtelle has opened his season with high class talent. Tommy Beck, Jacksonville middleweight, and "Texas Joe" Dundee boxed to a 10-round draw in a blistering bout. In the semi-final, Bobby Calmes knocked out "Baby Ben," of Tampa, in the eighth. Sawtelle is also staging weekly wrestling cards. In his last boxing attraction, Sammy Lucas, Jacksonville lightie, outpointed Baby Lincoln of Tampa.

Here in Orlando, "Texas Joe" Dundee outpointed Billy Hood in 15 rounds before a large turnout. In the eight-rounder, Bobby Calmes continued his knockout streak to finish "Kid" Osgood in Vineland in the third. This was the 32nd kayo of Calmes' short but colorful career.

At Miami Beach, Matchmaker Larry Kelly booked Joey Speigel of Pittsburgh against Mickey Makar, of New Jersey. Speigel scored a five-round kayo. Until the finish, Makar led on points and fans claimed that Tom Heeney, former "hard-rock" of heavyweight ranks, gave the New Jersey lad a fast count. In a return bout, Makar decisioned Joey.

In Kelly's last show, Tommy Freeman stopped Billy Hood in the sixth, after the fans had talked that the former champion was on the downgrade. He proved definitely he is still among the best in the middleweight ranks, earning a Jacksonville showing, and several other offers.

Nearby at Miami, Capt. W. H. Peeples opened the season with Curtis Scott, of Texas, meeting Benny Odell, protege of Bill Gore's. Odell polished Scott off in the seventh. In the other half of the double-windup, Ray McNatt of Texas upset the dope bucket by whipping "Tiger" Burns, the Memphis southpaw welter. Capt. Peeples has Buck Everett, of Gary, Ind., and Joe Knight, seventh ranking light-heavy, billed for this month. A $10,000 arena is being set up to accommodate the increasing winter patronage.

Led by "Man Mountain" Dean, top notch heavyweight wrestlers are coming in for the season. The "Man Mountain," former Miami traffic cop who turned to wrestling after being fired from the force, drew sellout crowds at Tampa, Orlando, St. Petersburg and Miami. Ed Don George, Joe Savoldi, Gus Sonnenberg, and Danno O'Mahoney are also slated to tour the state.

Young Bill Sledge, former Rice institute football star and flying student at Langley Field, recently won the southern heavyweight wrestling title from Bruce Nolan and is becoming the best drawing card of the field.

THINGUMABOBS—Tampa promoters are dickering for a bout between Eddie Flynn, '32 Olympic welter ace, and Tommy Freeman . . . . Chino Alvarez, the best lightweight prospect Florida has turned out, is gunning for a crack at Cleo Locatelli, Italian titlist . . . . if he takes Locatelli, he wants a crack at Tony Canzoneri or Barney Ross, both of whom will likely appear in Florida this winter . . . . Chino's punch is rated along with that of Billy Petrolle . . . . Bobby Calmes has had four bouts in Florida and stopped every opponent, establishing himself a future in junior-lightweight ranks . . . . Jimmy Harrell, who two years ago at 16 years of age was a main bout boy in New Orleans and other leading centers, has hit the comeback trail with a knockout over Terrell Floyd . . . . Jimmy Leto, now campaigning on the trail of Barney Ross, is a former Hillsborough high grid star at Tampa . . . . Tony Cancella, former sparring partner of Max Baer has returned to Tampa for the winter.

"Texas Joe" Dundee is one of the busiest fighters in the country. Recently, he had three main bouts in four nights, won one on points, another by knockout and was held to a draw once . . . . another series found him in top bouts at West Point, Ga., Melbourne, Fla., and Orlando within five days . . . . he started out in New York where he won 112 amateur bouts without a loss and turned pro on Benny Leonard's advice . . . . now as Leonard is having his ups and downs in the ring, Dundee is forging to the top.

Untiring efforts by promoters to book the best available performers are bringing their rewards with the best outlook since the the boom days . . . . for information, contact me at 629 Ridgewood Ave., Orlando.

At Fort Benning, Ga., Gordon Fontenberry, Cocoa, Fla., 175 pounder, beat Wilson Dunn of Texas, and Joe Dundee beat Peter Mike of Chicago.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

STEP by step, boxing is inevitably growing and regaining the popularity that it once enjoyed. From all parts of the country, boxing clubs have been re-opened and there appears to be a general revival in the various classes. Now all we need, is some active champions to display their title and defy the leading challengers to take it away from them. Bob Olin was dethroned as the light-heavyweight leader by John Henry Lewis last month but that does not mean that Olin is finished. He put up a great fight. He was merely beaten by a better man and might have the opportunity of turning the tables in another meeting. In the month's other features, Primo Carnera stopped Walter Neusel in four rounds at the Garden; Charley Retzlaff curbed the rise of Ford Smith; Marcel Thil scored over Al Diamond in an overweight match in Paris and Freddy Miller successfully defended his featherweight title against Vernon Cormier in Boston.

Believe it or not, Primo Carnera stepped right into the heavyweight picture with his four round knockout over Walter Neusel, and Charley Retzlaff by his victory over Ford Smith, is back in the spotlight. Eddie Mader, promising youngster, made further progress through his defeat of Tony Galento. Al Ettore defeated Terry Mitchell. Marty Gallagher humbled King Levinsky. Isadoro Gastanaga disposed of Joe Sekyra in seven rounds. Butch Rogers kayoed Andy Zeller in one round and Champ Clark in three. Steve Dudas scored over Unknown Winston and Terry Mitchell. Babe Hunt won from Willie McGee. Adolph Wiater and Otis Thomas fought a draw. Artie Sykes kayoed Nate Bartel in four rounds.

John Henry Lewis' dethronement of Bob Olin takes ranking spot among the light-heavyweights. Al McCoy kayoed Abie Bain in two rounds. Maxie Rosenbloom whipped Frank Rowsey. Adolf Heuser won over Edgar Norman and kayoed Tino Rolando in three rounds. Joe Knight scored over Carl Knowles and kayoed Salvatore Ruggirello in six rounds. Al Gainer disposed of Johnny Freeman in one round and won from Babe Hunt. Fred Lenhart kayoed Tom Patrick in one round.

Leo Kelly is performing in great style in Australia. He lost the decision to Ron Richards but came back to dispose of Tommy King in one, Pietro Georgi in four and Young Campbell in five rounds. Jock McAvoy finished Marcel Lauriot in the twelfth. Mickey Walker kayoed Mickey McAvoy in two sessions. Hank Bath disposed of Ralph Norwood and Billy Kramer in one round each and Terry O'Brien in three. George Nichols drew with Al Delaney. Jack Gibbons scored over Stanley Willardson. Phil Brubaker won over Leroy Brown and drew with George Simpson. Simpson kayoed Nash Garrison while Young Firpo disposed of Brown in six rounds.

Marcel Thil, middleweight leader, scored over Al Diamond in an overweight match. Freddy Steele disposed of Mike Payan in five and Swede Berglund in six rounds. Paul Pirrone kayoed Henry Firpo in three rounds. Babe Risko defeated Chester Palutis. Frank Battaglia won over Johnny Phagan and disposed of Karl Lautenschlager in three rounds. Fred Henneberry finished Moe Moss in the fifth. Oscar Rankins defeated Tait Littman. Erich Seelig is too heavy to be listed with the middleweights. Ken Overlin won over Al Quaill and George Black.

Fred Apostoli defeated Babe Marino. Kid Tunero kayoed Gene Moren in six rounds. Anson Green disposed of Joey Bazzone in seven. Frank Goosby required four rounds to finish Lou Rogers. Solly Krieger kayoed Charley Weise in six rounds but lost to Young Terry. Carmen Barth disposed of Dominick Rizzo in five rounds. Allen Matthews finished Jack Charvez in the first. Angel Cliville kayoed Marcel Bazin in three rounds. Kid Leonard won over Lou Thomas. Joe Parks scored over Marty Sampson.

Ceferino Garcia heads the list of active welterweights. He defeated Joe Bernal and drew with Gordon Wallace. Paul Schaeffer was disqualified in the sixth round of his bout with Jack Carroll in Australia. Kid Azteca split two decisions with Chief Paris. Cleto Locatelli scored over Johnny Morro. Johnny Jadick whipped Billy McMahon twice but was beaten by Jack Portney. Harry Dublinsky drew with Izzy Jannazzo and lost to Jimmy Leto. Jackie Davis disposed of Ralph Fulton in seven rounds but lost to George Salvatore. Tony Falco scored over Teddy Loder. Wildcat O'Connor won from Phil Rafferty. Young Peter Jackson defeated Gaston La Cadre. Tony Herrera won from Fritzie Zivic. Werther Arcelli whipped Caspar La Rosa. Leon Zorrita disposed of Nick Pastore in two rounds. Billy Hogan turned in two victories over Jimmy Murray. Murray Brandt bested Joe Pennino.

Among the lightweights, Wesley Ramey takes first place with a win over Bobby Pacho. Joey Ferrando whipped Frankie Cinque. Al Singer returns to the ranks with a kayo over Bucky Keyes in four rounds and a victory over Frankie Warno. Eddie Cool won from Al Casimini and Charley Gomer. Gomer disposed of Joey Thomas. Mickey Duris scored over Tony Herrera and kayoed Charley Burns in eight rounds. Benny Bass whipped Georgie Gibbs. Pedro Montanez defeated Phil Rafferty and Steve Haliako. Steve kayoed Paul Canamere in five rounds. Harry Mizler disposed of Tiger Humery in eight rounds. Jimmy Garrison, too heavy for the lightweights, scored over Lew Massey. George Daley whipped Seaman Watson.

Eddie Zivic drew with Honey Mellody. Cecil Payne drew with Henry Woods, whipped Al Hamilton and stopped him in eight rounds. Johnny Craven whipped Harry Serody. Roger Bernard defeated Sailor Born. Herb Bishop disposed of Ted Moroney in five rounds. Davey Day scored over Gene Salvatore. Abe Wasserman drew with Leonard Del Genio and defeated Charley Burns in eight rounds. Benny Bass whipped in two rounds. Mexican Joe Rivers finished Danny London in nine rounds. Davey Abad drew with Jimmy Thomas. Harry Carlton kayoed Teddy Borman in the fourth round. Irving Eldridge stopped Chang Collura in the third.

Freddy Miller, champ of the featherweights, defended his title in good style against Vernon Cormier and whipped Paul Lee in an overweight match. Henry Armstrong disposed of Lester Marston in seven rounds. Varias Milling lost to Young Casanova but turned in a win over Frankie Covelli. Midget Wolgast, now among the featherweights, whipped a bantamweight, Bobby Leyvas, and a flyweight, Small Montana, during the month. Petey Sarron won from Young Chocolate. Petey Hayes turned in victories over Artie Weinberg and Jerry Mazza. Mazza was also beaten by Vincento Torres.

Young Rightmire defeated Mickey Genaro, Paul Estrada and kayoed Harry Fierro in four rounds. Bushy Graham whipped Honey Boy Hughes. Ritchie Fontaine won over Johnny Pena. Merv Blandon defeated Billy Carr. Nel Tarleton drew with Johnny King. Juan Zurita scored over Poppy De Cico. Baby Manuel trounced Henry Hook. Hymie Wiseman won from Frankie Wolfram.

In the bantamweight division, Frankie Castillo heads the active boys with a victory over Young Tommy. Speedy Dado whipped Baby Palmore and drew with Tony Marino. Little Pancho drew with B. De Guzman. Frankie Martin triumphed over Indian Quintana and Harry Gerson. Quintana kayoed Al Thomas in two rounds. Star Frisco drew with Young Eagle. Johnny Ladao trimmed Jimmy Foxx. Lloyd Pine scored over Billy Landers and Babe Triscaro. Jimmy Perrin disposed of Frankie Hodges in two rounds. Luis Carpentero won over Johnny Edwards.

Small Montana, one of the flyweight leaders, drew with Tuffy Pierpont. Jackie Brown disposed of Bert Kirby in twelve rounds. Fred Bilsborough defeated Phil Milligan. Bobby Magee whipped Chris Dundee but was kayoed by Len Hampston in four rounds. Jim Warnock disposed of Bernard White in six rounds.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Douglas Lewis, England.
Bantamweight—Lloyd Pine, Barberton, Ohio.
Featherweight—Mike Villareal, Yuma, Ariz.
Lightweight—Aldo Spoldi, Italy.
Welterweight—Sammy Chivas, Detroit, Mich.
Middleweight—Christoforides, Greece.
Light-Heavyweight—Phil Brubaker, Dinuba, Calif.
Heavyweight—Joe Bauer, Cleveland, Ohio.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending November 5:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Joe Louis	Bob Olin	Freddy Steele	Jimmy McLarnin
2—Max Schmeling	Al McCoy	Lou Brouillard	Bep Van Klaveren
3—Primo Carnera	Maxey Rosenbloom	Paul Pirrone	Ceferino Garcia
4—Charley Retzlaff	Tony Shucco	Babe Risko	Jack Carroll
5—Ford Smith	Ambrose Palmer	Teddy Yarosz	Kid Azteca
6—Eddie Mader	Adolf Heuser	Frank Battaglia	Eddie Kid Wolfe
7—Buddy Baer	Joe Knight	Fred Henneberry	Cleto Locatelli
8—Tommy Loughran	Al Gainer	Oscar Rankins	Jack Portney
9—Hank Hankinson	Ray Actis	Ken Overlin	Jimmy Leto
10—Al Ettore	Fred Lenhart	Fred Apostoli	Gordon Wallace

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Freddy Miller	World's Champion Balcasar Sanchelli	Title Vacant
1—Lou Ambers	Maurice Holtzer	Louis Salica	Benny Lynch
2—Wesley Ramey	Henry Armstrong	Sixto Escobar	Small Montana
3—Frankie Klick	Young Casanova	Bobby Leyvas	Jackie Brown
4—Al Roth	Baby Arizmendi	Pablo Dano	Joe Mendiola
5—Joe Ghnouly	Midget Wolgast	Frankie Castillo	Maurice Huguenin
6—Leo Rodak	Petey Sarron	Speedy Dado	Valentin Anglemann
7—Joey Ferrando	Mike Belloise	Little Pancho	Tuffy Pierpont
8—Al Singer	Petey Hayes	Frankie Martin	Jim Campbell
9—Eddie Cool	Vernon Cormier	Indian Quintana	Syd Parker
10—Charley Gomer	Young Rightmire	Tony Marino	Fred Bilsborough

Hail the Champion!

(Continued from page 5)

is six feet tall and well built, and carries much power behind his broad shoulders. In fifty fights, he lost less than half a dozen, his most recent defeat being last July in New York, when he received a bad trimming from Abie Feldman, who administered the same kind of a beating to the Negro that the new champion gave to Olin.

Lewis, in his New York debut, fought Jimmy Braddock. He has whipped Maxie Rosenbloom three times, all in overweight matches while Rosie was the title-holder. In their third scrap, he scored three knockdowns over Maxie. Lewis is a clever boxer and a hard puncher. He uses his right hand well, shoots it out straight as a rifle shot, and seldom employs a swing or a hook.

He has the power, the speed and the punch, and should make a good champion, if he doesn't put his title in moth balls and go hunting for overweight matches. The match that will give Lewis a chance to make up financially for the shekels he lost in the Olin bout, is a contest with Al McCoy.

From Hollywood to New York

By EDDIE BORDEN

JACK KEARNS, with two weeks ballyhoo behind Hank Bath, fully demonstrated the advantage of having an experienced, sagacious manager at the helm. Bath came out of Colorado with a record of thirty-one knockouts in thirty-one starts but in all that time he did not enjoy one tenth of the publicity that he received for his first start under the Kearns banner.

Kearns has that flair for excessive exaggeration. Without even seeing Bath in action, he started challenging Jimmy Braddock and Joe Louis for combat in the ring and his opinions were printed in the newspapers all over the country. Kearns believes in the axiom, "You can knock me or boost me, but don't forget to spell my name right."

The jubilation of the master showman almost resulted in disaster. He went to Joe Waterman, matchmaker of the Olympic, and instead of seeking a feature event, insisted on a special bout with an ordinary opponent, one who would be a fair trial for Bath's first showing. They picked Terris Hill, who is considered a fair trial horse, for his first showing.

Bath began training for the bout and in the gymnasium, he showed traces of natural fighting ability. He stands six feet in height, weighs in the neighborhood of 180 pounds and has the proportions of a puncher. He has wide sloping shoulders, denoting hitting powers and showed two good hands, particularly his crashing right hand. He boxed with several sparring partners but one in particular, was of more service than the rest. His name is Ralph Norwood, a cagy, experienced veteran. After a few days, Bath started to get the range and began scoring knockdowns in the gym over Norwood and his work was highly impressive.

The night of the fight seemed like a jubilee celebration in the vicinity of the Olympic Auditorium. The fans, attracted by the publicity that Kearns' protege had received, turned out in full force to see this blazing young heavyweight. The Olympic was taxed to its full capacity, about 11,000 seats, and many thousands of disappointed fans were denied admission because of lack of space. It was a pleasant sight to behold such an array of fight fans under one roof.

In the meantime, in the dressing room, Hill, Bath's opponent, was examined by the Commission Doctor, and he discovered that Hill was under the influence of liquor, and the Commission refused to permit him to enter the ring. Confusion reigned. The state inspectors were running around aimlessly, unable to solve the problem.

They finally decided to select one of the heavyweights appearing in the other preliminary bouts. Inspectors Sam Gittleson and Carl Gerard, looked over the array of talent and they decided that Ralph Norwood was about the most formidable. They were then notified by Kearns that Norwood had been appearing in the gymnasium as Bath's sparring mate and that he was no fit opponent. Despite the fact that several newspapers had carried pictures of Bath flooring Norwood in the gym, the Inspectors insisted, contrary to Kearns' wishes. They suspected that Kearns was trying to dodge a tough opponent, so they issued the ultimatum that Bath would fight Norwood and no one else. Kearns asked to have Bath taken off the card but the Inspectors were adamant and in their autocratic manner forced Bath to go through with the Norwood match—knowing the facts as they did.

Bath went through with the affair and it lasted about forty seconds. Norwood was no match for his younger opponent and was counted out after being floored three times. Then came voices of disapproval from the fans. They gave vent to their feelings and it was apparent that something was put over on them. They did not know just what it was but something was radically wrong and they yelled and shouted. The Olympic was a bedlam of confusion, disorder and tumult. Luckily, the star bout that followed between Butch Rogers and Champ Clark was of such sensational order that the fans forgot all about the incidents of the previous bout. It was one of those Dempsey-Firpo affairs and ended with Rogers scoring another knockout, after being in an extremely dangerous spot in the first round.

The next day the newspapers blasted the Hank Bath incident but not one of them mentioned that the commission inspectors alone, not Jack Kearns, was to blame. They blamed Kearns for getting Hill drunk and then forcing his sparring partner into the ring, a gross libel. The newspapers did not even try to get the real facts, they jumped to conclusions and were assisted in their campaign, when the Commission, at a hurried meeting, suspended all the principals, but strangely enough, the only ones who were instrumental in bringing about this affair, the commission inspectors were exonerated. The two inspectors, Gittleson and Gerard, who caused this confusion, did not come out with the true facts and vindicate Kearns and all the others who were accused. They remained silent and content in the satisfaction that they were hiding behind the Commission's colors. That's the kind of sportsmanship they showed. I know the facts and because Kearns has been wrongly accused, I'm writing this for THE RING. Messrs. Commissioners, wake up!

Midget Wolgast is the prize enigma of the ring. It was only a few months ago that we withdrew his name from the flyweight division because it was our opinion that he could not make the flyweight limit. Now it becomes a problem again because the Midget cannot even make the bantamweight limit of 118 pounds. He was supposed to weigh 122 pounds for Bobby Leyvas in their bout at the American Legion and he came in weighing 126½, four pounds and a half overweight.

Now the Midget will be classified with the feathers and we wait for more comments of disapproval from his admirers. Wolgast proved too smart and crafty for Leyvas and though the plucky Mexican southpaw tried to assert himself with his awkward style, the Midget fought a smart fight and outsmarted Leyvas most of the way—Butch Rogers disposed of Champ Rogers in three rounds at the Olympic after hitting the floor in the first round himself.

Rogers went to his corner in bad shape and it looked doubtful if he'd continue, but he came through courageously and floored his opponent twice in the second and finally finished him with a crashing right hand smash in the third. There was no necessity to count.

Clark was finished for the evening and a potential heavyweight star was born. Rogers is an aggressive, slam-bang type who is destined to travel far. His style is appealing to the populace and he can punch with either hand—Bill Miller has been taking him along on the right road and we look to see Bill come through with a big money maker in the heavyweight ranks.

Bob Olin was deprived of his light-heavyweight title in St. Louis at the hands of John Henry Lewis but he gave a good account of himself and disproved the theory that he was a complete bust as a champion. Bob went down fighting and had most of the crowd cheering his efforts to retain the crown but Lewis' heavy artillery worked exceptionally good that evening. Joe Louis was engaged to boost the gate receipts by appearing as a referee but the fans do not care to see Louis in that role. They want to see his smashing fists and the promotional venture was nothing but a complete headache to those who bankrolled the venture.

Olin was guaranteed $15,000 and expenses while the total receipts barely reached that figure. The fight paved the way for a new world's champion to be crowned and it is possible that Lewis' managers were interested in the promotion which still gives them an opportunity of recouping their losses.

Butch Rogers followed up his knockout rampage, by putting over the finishing touches to Bud Zeller in the first round at the Olympic. Rogers, on this occasion, flattened his opponent with a left hook on the chin and it was several minutes before Zeller was revived. The fight was ended after forty-one seconds of the initial session.

Jack Roper, veteran heavyweight, won the special bonus prize of $100 donated by Mike Lyman for winning the best fight of the night among the preliminaries. Roper disposed of Big Sid Terris in the sixth round after a turbulent encounter.

The Olympic has been picking up with each succeeding show in their gate receipts and the fans are beginning to clamor there for fistic action. Waterman knows what to give the fans and has exceeded the anticipations of the most optimistic of his friends in building up the clientele at the Olympic. It is an up to date arena, built purposely for boxing and has a seating capaciity of 11,000. Give Waterman plenty of leeway, and he will have champions fighting there very soon.

Johnny Conde, the "Mayor of Main Street," is now showing the curious tourists who visit Los Angeles the mysteries of Chinatown—Willie Orner, owner of the Main Street Gym, refused to permit Terris Hill to train there following the exposures of Hill at the Commission offices—George Parnassas, manager of Ceferino Garcia, has received inviting offers to appear in Madison Square Garden, but has so much work in this locality that he was forced to turn them down—Jim Mullen is trying to pair Barney Ross and Garcia for the welterweight title in Chicago—Bud Creesy of Andover, Ohio, is now managing Louis and Patsy Severo.

Frankie Castillo, young Mexican bantam, turned in another good victory by giving Young Tommy a thorough whipping at the Olympic. Tommy seems to have seen his best days, while Castillo is on the ascendency to bigger things—Small Montana had a tough struggle against Tuffy Piermont some weeks ago. Piermont is a flyweight, but had to scale over the 112-pound limit. Piermont was dropped in the second round but redeemed himself when he knocked Montana out of the ring in the same round and scored a knockdown in the fourth round, but Montana was up immediately—A few more flyweights in this country and maybe activity will increase among the midgets of the ring—Joe Basco is handling the affairs of Lloyd Pine, crack bantam from Barberton, Ohio, who whipped Babe Triscaro in his last start.

Primo Carnera waged a successful comeback when he stopped Walter Neusel in four rounds at the Garden. It was the first defeat chalked up against Neusel in this country. Neusel suffered a deep cut over his eye which hampered his efforts and he was in no condition to continue when the fight was stopped. It was an important victory for Carnera in his comeback campaign.

Eddie Mader, who is in the throes of a remarkable winning streak, had no trouble in whipping Tony Galento, hard-hitting Jerseyite, in the semi-final. The gate receipts amounted to $31,621, which is an indication of improvement, and it is hoped that all of the Garden's shows continue to gain in attendance—The move of Mike Jacobs to stage his future activities in conjunction with the Garden is a move in the right direction. Harmonious understanding between the two outstanding New York promotional factions should result in better matches for the public.

Petey Hayes has started in an active campaign after many months of rest, due to a bad hand. He turned in victories over Artie Weinberg and Jerry Mazza and has shown symptoms of a return to his old form—Al Singer, former lightweight champion, started off auspiciously on his comeback by scoring a knockout over Bucky Keyes and whipping Frankie Covelli and got the decision after ten busy rounds at the Hollywood Legion. Milling has shown improved form, for a veteran, and is in line for plenty of work around on the strength of his recent performances.

Chris Dundee sends word along that Ken Overlin, his middleweight, is due for plenty of action by the manner in which he has been whipping all opposition and the latest addition to the stable is Norment Quarles, southern lightweight—Mushy and Claude Greenston are enduring a siege of inactivity until the return of their middleweight, Oscar Rankins. Oscar is good for fights around here with Freddy Steele, Jack Gibbons and Ray Actis, and his absence is keenly mourned by the energetic Greenstons.

Freddy Steele came into Hollywood and disposed of a tough opponent in Swede Berglund in six rounds when the referee stopped the fight because of a bad gash over Berglund's eye. Steele scored a nine-second knockdown in the third round and was in command all the way, outside of the fourth round, in which the Swede made a big spurt. Steele's work was highly impressive. He followed up a week later by stopping Mike Payan in five rounds. It won't be long before Steele will be showing in the East.

Leon Zorrita flashed a fine performance when he kayoed Nick Pastore of New York in two rounds. Zorrita has been advancing in leaps and bounds and is ready for bigger things against fellows like Garcia and Peter Jackson. This is another of Waterman's discoveries since he opened the Olympic. So far he has developed Butch Rogers, Frankie Castillo, Leon Zorrita, and was the first to start Small Montana and Hank Bath locally.

Charley Retzlaff flashed another fine performance when he whipped Ford Smith at St. Paul. Retzlaff's last two victories have put him right in the front ranks of the heavyweight contenders—Freddy Miller defended his featherweight title successfully over the fifteen-round route in Boston against Vernon Cormier. Miller wants to fight and he is one champion deserving of better treatment—Al Weill has purchased the contract of Al Gainer, New Haven light-heavyweight, and it must be a good buy as Al was never accused of doing any foolish things where money was concerned—Murray Waxman is fast developing into New York's premier publicity agent when it comes to exploiting fistic material. Right now, Murray is boosting the comeback campaign of Al Singer, Tony Galento, Teddy Loder, Louis Salica, Abie Feldman, Jack Portney and, individually and collectively, they comprise a formidable array of talent.

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

BY MICKEY McINTIRE

THE outstanding show of the month was that held in Grand Rapids, featuring Wesley Ramey, Michigan's bid for the lightweight crown. Ramey was opposed by Bobby Pacho, well known Mexican, now boxing out of Chicago. It was a very tough fight, and both boys were battered up at the finish. The decision went to Ramey but he knew he had been in a fight.

Frank Kapanowski, one of Michigan's leading middleweights, boxed Danny Wright of Kalamazoo. Kapanowski appeared to be well on the way to victory, when the two boys bumped heads, and Kapanowski came out of it with a badly gashed right eye. Kapanowski gamely kept going and came out of it with a draw.

Frankie Wolfram, featherweight contender, is back in town after being away for several weeks. Frankie was up in Winnipeg, his home town, and while there, he boxed Jackie Sharkey of Minneapolis, winning handily. Frankie is a very hard puncher for a featherweight, as Mose Butch, Ross Fields, Orville Drouillard, Hymie Wiseman, Ernie Maurer and Henry Hook will testify.

Bob Grace had a good month with his weekly promotions at the Dearborn Arena. He started off the month with a middleweight natural in which Bill Bommer, the former "Toy Bulldog of the Amateurs," opposed George Sutka of Wyandotte. They drew a good house, and those present saw a vicious battle that kept the crowd cheering all the way through. The decision was a draw.

Chuck Woods, one of Michigan's several top-notch welterweights, was active during the month. Chuck topped the first show at Saginaw and defeated Jimmy Cholak, Detroit southpaw. Then Chuck went over to Pittsburgh to wallop Mike Bardo. He beat Bardo but he was also a loser, as he broke his right hand in the fourth round, and a short layoff will result.

Boxing seems to be coming back around Detroit right now. Any evening one can find the West Side A. C. packed with fighters. Most of the boxers train after 4 o'clock, but there are always fighters there from 9 in the morning till about 7 at night. Julius Gonzales seems to be doing a nice business at his gymnasium, which is located on Michigan near Vinewood.

Walter Sharp started operations at the Deutches Haus, and in his first show, Frankie Misko, state middleweight champion, whipped Johnny Deshorone of Akron, Ohio. Misko has been winning regularly. His younger brother, Mickey, boxed George Sutka to a draw in the semi-final.

Red Casson, Detroit featherweight, who just returned from the East, where he fought in fifteen bouts, losing two, boxed on the same card. He boxed a draw with Johnny Sucardi, East Side fighter. Red is capable of more than he showed against Sucardi, and his record backs him up. He has successfully met Victor Vallee, Al Ragone, Eddie Shore, Ken Offet, Orville Drouillard, and Mickey Hines. Joey Miehielove, a protege of Chuck Woods, came through successfully at the Deutches Haus, outscoring Billy Marrone. Joe Stalnes was another winner on the same card.

Stan Evans, National A. A. U. heavyweight champion in 1934, now boxing pro, remains undefeated. He beat Chuck Grundish in a close bout at Bay City, and then defeated Gene Thompson of Toledo at Hazel Park. Thompson is the boy who stopped Lorenzo Pack when Pack was an amateur.

Bud Creed defeated Fritz Heinz and Mickey Misko kayoed Lee Parrish in Bay City. Jimmy Adamick knocked out King Kong on the same card. Adamick is undefeated since turning pro a year ago, and most of his opponents have gone out via the knockout route. Adamick needs lots of seasoning, but there is no question about his punching power.

Roger Bernard, veteran 130-pounder from Flint, is back in the East but before leaving, he boxed Sailor Born of Chicago for Art Butterfield in Flint. Bernard's hard body attack was more than the Sailor cared to wade through, but he managed to last the scheduled ten rounds.

Ward Snider, Flint welterweight, had a hard time beating Billy McNeil in the eight-round semi-final, which stole the show. Snider and McNeil put up a whirlwind battle, and the decision could have gone either way.

Bobby "Red" Wood, featherweight protege of Roger Bernard, defeated Cowboy Billy Burke.

Coca Cola Kid and Steve Takas, Detroit lightweights, boxed on the same card, Coca Cola gaining a slight edge over Foster Young of Lansing, and Takas losing to Ralph Barnett of Lansing by a technical knockout, when Steve got a bloody nose and the referee stopped the bout.

Reports from England have it that K. O. Morgan, the Detroit featherweight, is going great guns over there. We venture to guess that boys like Sixto Escobar and Lou Salica would come out second best in bouts with Morgan. As the boys say, "You can't hit him."

Mickey Misko beat Mickey Lyle of Akron, Ohio, by a technical knockout, and Frankie Misko scored over Johnny Deshorone, also of Akron, on the same card. The Misko brothers are two good middleweights.

Max O'Conner, colored middleweight of Detroit, is back in harness and looms as a dark menace to 160-pounders in the Middle West. O'Conner is good enough to be boxing top-notchers, but he can't get a break. He is under the management of Jimmy Brady now, and our guess is that Jimmy will keep him busy. He knocked out Lee Parrish in the second round at Saginaw, and came through with a decisive victory over Danny Wright at Flint.

Wad Sidorski drew with Lee Belden of Muskegon in a Dearborn feature. Bob Brace is featuring welterweights now, and in his next show Jackie Young came through with a clean-cut win over Billy McNeil. Then a week later Young triumphed over Billy Walker. Jackie Young is a very good defensive fighter.

The amateurs are going strong, and at this writing are preparing for the Industrial Tournament, which is open to boys working at the various plants. Then in January, the Detroit *Free Press* starts its Golden Gloves tournament, and the Detroit *Times* is going to run its Diamond Belt tournament, the winners of which go directly to the Olympic tryouts.

Some of the results follow: Joe Sworek beat Johnny Nagy. Tommy Morris whipped Troy Bellini and Gerald Coon. Patsy Urso defeated Teddy Simmons. Frank Bellomo scored over Danny Sanchez. Bobby O'Connell took two hairline decisions over Bob McIntire. Johnny Glionne won over Joe Mullane and Pat Thomas lost to Jerry Sullivan, Pat Martin and Billy Basil. Martin beat Basil. Ralph Milligan beat Sullivan. Patsy Lowe stopped Fred Beller. Buddy Michael beat Chris Laurentine. Joe Sanchelli beat Richard Khrouse. Sam Amico defeated Don Stevenson and Art Rubin. Rubin lost to Howell King. Dave Eagan beat LeRoy Jackson and stopped Wilbur Cunningham. William Peak scored a knockout over Ray McCullum and won from Walter Franklin, who lost to Joe Zanicheli. Tim Hill knocked out Joe Macjeiki, and James Mallory stopped Mike Vivian. Orth Rubin beat Tony Marony. George Mitchell shaded Tony Rupinski. Harry Swartz stopped John Barchi. Howell King beat Randall Conway. Joe Ricker beat John Hacker twice.

Lefty Gwynne, Michigan's leading bantamweight, has not been boxing much lately. Gwynne finds it hard to get opponents, as he rates as one of the leading bantams in the country. He has beaten Frankie Martin, Babe Triscaro, Billy Burke, Franklyn Young, Lester Quillen, Johnny Cheney and Georgie Annarino.

Frankie Vieth, formerly one of Michigan's leading middleweights, who has been enjoying a long layoff, is training again, under the direction of Chuck Murchison.

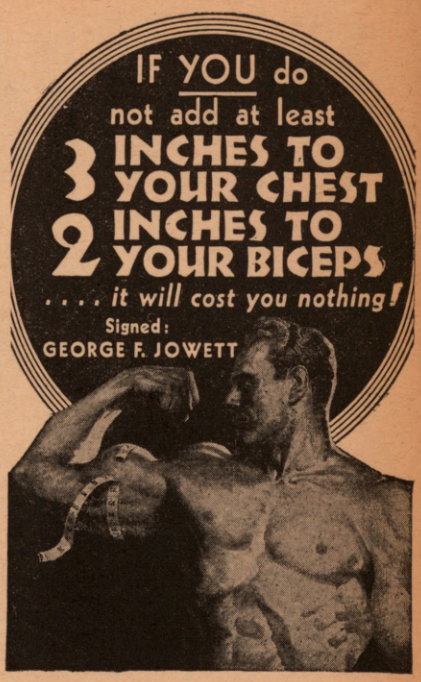
Frankie Wolfram, Detroit's leading featherweight, lost a disputed decision to Hymie Wiseman of Des Moines at the latter's home town. Wolfram and Wiseman will probably be rematched, as both of their fights have been close.

Gene Barrett, Flint lightweight, is reported to be keeping busy in the East. Gene is a great crowd pleaser, and whether he wins or loses, he always goes back for more.

Bert Ardt, one of the best defensive boxers around town, lost a close decision to Len Hendrickson at Kalamazoo. This makes it one apiece for these two.

Joe Stalnes defeated Vince McCoy at the Deutches Haus, and Joe Nadeau trimmed Gib Black. Black had just beaten Luis Carpentero.

Max O'Conner is back after a long layoff. He scored over Danny Wright, Haywood Storey, and stopped Lee Parrish. O'Conner is capable of beating boys like Frankie Battaglia, Gene Stanley, Kid Leonard and Paul Pirrone, but because of his color he is not given the opportunity.



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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

HARRY MIZLER, the St. George's lightweight and former champion of Great Britain, gave one of the gamest shows and brought off a 100 to 1 chance when he forced Gustave Humery, "The French Tiger," to retire in the eighth round of a ten-round bout.

For seven rounds, Humery punched and forced Mizler around the ring and had him on the canvas for five long counts.

The boxing fans who packed Jeff Dickson's show at the Royal Albert Hall were astounded at the way the Jewish boy fought back, and were all of one mind, that Mizler should retire during the seventh interval, but he begged his manager that he should be allowed to go out and try another round.

When the eighth round started, Mizler walked out as if the contest was about to begin and, after a few light lefts to the face, he shot a right to Humery's jaw that staggered him. This seemed to put new life into Mizler, who shot right after right over, and soon had the Fighting Tiger from France in a helpless state. When he tottered to his corner with his left hand raised, his manager, Louis De Pnthieu, the great French fighter of over twenty-five years ago, skied the towel to save a *real fighter* from being knocked out.

Never in my experience have I seen such a scene at the Royal Albert Hall when Mizler was declared the winner. It only goes to prove that a fight is not lost till the last gong, when boxers or fighters show *GUTS like Mizler showed on this night of nights*. Those who remember the fight between Jim Driscoll and Charles Ledoux, saw the same ending in the bout between Humery and Mizler, but this time the *boxer* was victorious.

In the other bout, scheduled for twelve rounds at the lightweight limit, George Daly, Blackfriars, and also Jeff Dickson's office boy, met Ex-Seaman Tommy Watson of Newcastle, and after a good bout, with Daly getting on top, he forced the ex-sailor to retire with a badly cut eye in the eighth.

A bout that was worthy of mention on the same program, because there was more action in one round than one sees in some ten-round bouts, was that between Peter Clayton of Southall and Billy Charlton of Newcastle. In the first minute Charlton was put down for nine and, on rising, took plenty, but proved to be a fighting gamecock and had Clayton backing away against the ropes from left hooks and right-hand punches to the body and jaw, and after four counts Clayton was counted out amid great excitement.

Remember, folks, these boys' names are PETER CLAYTON and BILLY CHARLTON.

Johnny McGrory was unfortunate to lose to Phil Zwick, the American, in the seventh round of their bout at Shawfield Park, Glasgow. The Scot was forced to retire with a broken collarbone. Up to this point McGrory was well in the lead.

A punch to the body in the sixth round ended the fight between George Reynolds, Cardiff, and Ted Hinton, Birmingham, at Portsmouth. Hinton was forced into a corner, and before he could wriggle out Reynolds landed the punch which ended the fight. Reynolds, except for the first round, when Hinton caught him with a right as he was coming in, was always the sturdier fighter.

Ernie Roderick, Liverpool, gained a narrow points victory in twelve rounds over George Bunter, West Hartlepool, at Liverpool. Roderick forced Bunter to box on the retreat throughout.

K. O. Morgan, the Detroit featherweight, again appeared in winning form at Glasgow when he outpointed George Marsden of Nottingham over twelve rounds.

Ginger Sadd, Norwich, and Pat Haley, Hanley, fought a great ten-round bout at Norwich before a big crowd. The former was declared the winner by a very narrow margin.

Harry Mason, former welterweight champion of Great Britain, finds it hard to pull out and do the fancy stuff as he did in years gone by. In his bout with Battling Charlie Parkin, Mansfield, at Bethnal Green Drill Hall, he showed some of his old cleverness but towards the end of the eleventh round he collapsed from right-hand punches to the head.

Angel Cliville, the American Negro, K.O.'ed Peltz, the Austrian middleweight, in the fourth round at Vienna.

At the Central Sporting Club, Paris, the Italian, Rolando, lost on points to Faes, the French cruiserweight, after ten hard rounds.

At the same club, Renaud and Lorain, both Parisians, put up a good bout before the former received the decision in ten rounds.

Jeff Dickson still holds sway in French boxing. He staged an attractive show at the Salle Wagram, Paris, with Kid Janas, the colored boy, who holds the welterweight championship of France, boxing Pete Martin of Porto Rico, and won.

At Casablanca, Young Perez, former world's flyweight champion, lost on points to the world's bantamweight champion, Sanchelli, in ten.

Billy Walker, the young Stratford bantamweight, showed up well against Freddie Tennant, Dundee, and won at the Stadium Club, London. In another bout, Seaman Bill Storrie, Royal Navy, outpointed Ernie Mason, Rotherhithe.

George Rose, Bristol, caused Curley Fay, High Wycombe, to retire after taking left jabs for six rounds at Hammersmith.

Reggie Meen, former heavyweight champion of the British Isles, was to have met Charlie Smith, Deptford, at Leicester and on the day of the contest, he was picked up wandering in torrential rain and taken to the hospital by the police. His place against Smith was taken by Max Hodgetts, who rose to the occasion and K.O.'ed Smith in the ninth after having the best of matters throughout.

Benny Sharkey, Newcastle, gave a disappointing display at Swansea when he met Cuthbert Taylor, Merthyr, and was readily beaten on points after fifteen rounds.

Joe Connolly, Bathgate, scored a clever ten-round point victory over Cuthbert Taylor, Merthyr, at Glasgow.

Len Hampston, Leeds, caused Jim Brady, Dundee, to retire at the end of the ninth at Brunswick Stadium, Leeds.

Valentin Angelmann, French flyweight champion, forced Willie Smith to retire in the fifth at the Central Sporting Club, Paris, after Smith had taken a good deal of punishment.

Arthur Elvin started his indoor season at the Empire Pool, Wembley, with a return between the Winnipeg cowboy, Eddie Wenstob, and Eddie Phillips, the cruiserweight champion of Britain, which drew a crowd of ten thousand. The contrast in styles, the bobbing and weaving of the Cowboy, and the orthodox Englishman, was soon apparent, when they met in the center of the ring, and after nine rounds without any thrills, with Wenstob in the lead, he ran into one of Phillips' pet right-hand punches which damaged his right eye, and from then to the end of the bout, Phillips overcame his arrears and was a narrow winner on points.

The supporting bout of ten rounds, featuring Maurice Strickland, heavyweight champion of New Zealand, and Ben Foord of South Africa, ended in the third round, with a victory for Strickland.

In one of the fiercest fights seen in Manchester, Fred Bilsborough, Salford, was declared the winner over Phil Milligan, Northern Area flyweight champion, at the end of twelve rounds.

Two lads who have come to the front in the last six months met in an eliminating contest of fifteen rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, and drew a capacity house. The boys were Alby Day and Jimmy Vaughan, who have met before, when the result was a draw.

Reinus De Boer, Dutch cruiserweight champion, outpointed the Italian, Zanetti, in ten rounds at Amsterdam.

Vilda Jaks, the Czechoslovakian middleweight champion, outpointed the young Greek, Christoforides, at the Wagram Hall, Paris, after ten hard rounds.

Maris Dubois, Switzerland, who holds the European bantamweight championship, stopped the Italian, Re, in the eighth round at Geneva.

Kid Janas, the colored French boy who resigned his welter title on account of increasing weights, outpointed Velha, the Portuguese champion, over ten rounds at Lisbon. Later in the week, in Paris, he K.O.'ed Red Pullen of Wales in the third of a ten-round bout.

Pat Butler, British welterweight champion, was stopped by Jean Morrin of France, who forced Butler to retire in the fifth after taking two counts. Morrin is still undefeated.

Leo Phillips, Birmingham, again won over Seaman Jim Lawlor, a southpaw from Lowstoft, when they met over ten hard rounds at Wolverhampton.

Norman Snow, Northampton, punched too hard for Len Wickwar, Leicester, at Rushden, and scored a K.O. in the sixth of a ten-round bout.

Leo Lee, Canning Town, showed distinct promise when he easily outpointed Fred Tennant, Dundee, over twelve rounds at Hackney.

Dave Crowley, Southern Area featherweight champion, proved too strong for Kid Farlo, Stepney, who was K.O.'ed in the third round of a spirited contest at Hackney.

George Rose, Bristol, failed against the hard-hitting Ernie Roderick, Liverpool, at Newcastle, being forced to take the count in the second of a twelve-round contest.

Boyo Rees, Abercymboi, successfully defended his Welsh lightweight title when he defeated Nobby Baker, Trealaw, over fifteen rounds by a clear margin at Mountain Ash.

Pat Butler, British welterweight champion, traveled down to Plymouth to stop George Swadling, Cornwall, in the fifth. George had to retire.

Nel Tarleton, Britain's featherweight king, and Johnny King, the kingpin of the British bantams, met at Liverpool over twelve rounds at the feather-weight limit, but in a non-championship fight, and it ended in a draw.

The hit of the card was the English debut of the colored feather from Pittsburgh, U. S. A., Jackie Wilson, who was cheered to the echo for his clever work in beating Billy Gannon of Liverpool, who holds a victory on a foul over Freddie Miller. Wilson will be a busy boy in English rings because of his pleasing style.

George Odwell, Camden Town, had to fight hard to beat the South African, Johnny Rust, on points after twelve rounds at the Chalton Ring.

Roy Mills, Sunderland, again appeared in a winning vein, when he easily defeated Mark Cooper, St. Helen's, at the end of twelve good rounds at North Shields.

K. O. Morgan, American featherweight, again proved victorious when he met Gilbert Johnstone, Dundee, over ten rounds at Music Hall, Aberdeen. Morgan, who was giving away a good deal of weight, won by a good margin on points.

Dick Corbett, Bethnal Green, seems to thrive on his fight-a-week program, and at Manchester he met the clever local, Fred Todkill, at 126 pounds and won cleverly on points, after a good bout.

Adolph Heuser, German cruiserweight, who is considered one of the best in Europe, battered the Italian, Tino Rolando, into submission in the third of a ten-rounder in Berlin and the referee stopped the bout.

Gunner Barlund, the Finn of whom I wrote has a future in the heavy class, won at the end of the first round at Cologne against the German, Werner Selle, who was forced to retire with a cut forehead.

Maurice Grisselle, former French heavyweight champion, lost on points to the South American heavyweight, Tomasulo, in ten rounds.

Alby Day, Old Ford, forced the fight throughout and won easily over Robert Disch, Holland, in ten rounds at the Ring.

Jack Kid Berg, British lightweight champ, was given a hard bout by Peter McKinley of Scotland in ten rounds at Hackney before receiving the decision.

"Spider" Armstrong, the Glasgow born youth, who went to Canada and won the world's amateur flyweight championship and bantamweight title, was outpointed over ten rounds in his first professional fight at the Stadium Club by Nipper Fred Morris, Stepney and Southern Area champion.

Tommy Bland, the Canadian lightweight champion, did admirably well to outpoint the fast improving southpaw welterweight, Ex-Seaman Jim Lawlor, Lowestoft, after ten hard-punching rounds.

Jimmy Stewart, Liverpool, equalled the world's quickest K.O. record when he K.O.'ed Jack Lord, Bolton, in two seconds at Belle Vue, Manchester. The referee in the ring sent the men to the respective corners, the gong sounded, a right hook from Stewart as they met in the center put Lord down and out amid great excitement. Thus Stewart equalled Battling Nelson's record of two seconds when in 1902 he K.O.'ed William Rossier.

Johnny King, bantamweight champion of Great Britain, boxing as a feather, was surprisingly given the decision over Simon Chavez, feather-weight champion of Venezuela, at the end of twelve rounds at Manchester.

Syd Parker, a classy flyweight from Bolton, scored a good win over Herbie Hill, Welsh fly-weight champion, after ten hard rounds.

Benny Sharkey, Newcastle, defeated Tommy Rogers, Willenhall, at the end of the first round at Wolverhampton, Rogers having sustained a badly cut eye when the referee intervened.

Pat Butler, Leicester, was badly beaten by Mick Miller, Mansfield, at Nottingham, and was forced to retire at the end of the tenth round with a badly cut eye.

Ernie Izzard, former British lightweight champ, made a triumphant return to the Ring after four years' absence when he stopped Bert Jenkins, Plymouth, in the third of a twelve-round bout when the referee intervened, with Jenkins helpless over the ropes.

In the championship contest at Prague, Vilda Jaks, the holder, retained his middleweight title against Carl Muller, when the referee at the end of the bout declared a draw.

Jim Rice and his able matchmaker, Jim Edgar, were rewarded with a capacity house when Jackie Wilson, the colored featherweight from Pittsburgh, gave a masterful exhibition of hit and get away, when he met the Irish featherweight champion, Spike Robinson of Belfast in the Ulster Hall, Belfast, in what was scheduled for twelve rounds.

TALLAHASSEE, FLA. NOTES
By JIMMIE SOCKWELL

PROMOTER JIMMY BOONE is proving to the fight fans of Tallahassee that he can put on some real shows in the way of leather slinging. The main event of ten rounds between Big Ben McCoy and Kid Ray proved to be a real fight. The two boys are in the heavyweight class.

Bob Carter, the crouching Negro welterweight, is having a hard time finding someone to fight. "Just too good," says Carter.

Pan-a-maw Kid, the boy who just can't be whipped, and the fighter who can pack the house, needs action. He's won twenty-two fights, with eighteen K.O.'s to his credit.

Little Hast Black, one of the hardest punchers down here, can slug or box like a whirlwind.

King Kong, a big heavy, is a star down here.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

MARTY GALLAGHER surprised his most ardent followers in scoring over King Levinsky in a ten-rounder at the Griffith Stadium in Washington. It was Gallagher's first start in a year and incidentally his best in many a day. The bout was close but Levinsky lost whatever chance he had with his foul tactics that cost him two rounds. Moon Mullins knocked out Young Santos in two rounds and Roy Williams lost to Leo Duncan in a fast six-rounder. More than six thousand fans turned out to see Gallagher make his comeback to the ring.

Chester Ruby and Augie Kroll, two Baltimoreans, fought a terrific four rounds before Ruby stiffened Kroll, who was many pounds the heavier and had considerable the better of the milling up until the final punch landed by the game little Ruby. Paris Apice dropped the duke to Bucky Taylor although he looked like the winner with plenty to spare.

Harry Jeffra, Baltimore's promising featherweight, suffered his first defeat since turning professional more than a year ago when Danny London of New York flattened the youngster in four rounds. London put Jeffra down for two counts in round three and had the Baltimorean helpless when the bout was halted in the next heat. Bucky Taylor took another questionable duke over Paris Apice, this time over the ten-round route. The show was staged at Carlin's Park, Baltimore, Md.

Six thousand fans packed Carlin's Arena in Baltimore to see Jackie Portney make a chopping block of Johnny Jadick for ten rounds. Jadick could not fathom the unorthodox style of Portney's which makes the good boys look bad. Portney hit Jadick at will and in round one put Johnny on the floor.

Gene Buffalo and Billy Ely fought ten rounds to a draw at the Lincoln Colonade in Washington. Buffalo was by far the better boxer and the press thought him a winner. Baby Kid Chocolate beat Calvin Reed in the eight-round semi-final.

California Joe Rivers scored a nine-round knockout over Danny London before a packed house in Baltimore. Rivers handed the New Yorker a terrific body beating but London stood his ground for nine heats before going down for the ten count. Even in defeat, London made a hit with the Baltimore fans as Rivers is considered unbeatable in the Monumental City. Paris Apice beat Russell Tucker in the eight-round semi-final. Joey Green won over Augie Kroll in a special six-rounder.

Bob Wilson knocked out Glenn Morgan in two rounds at Richmond, Va. It was Wilson's first fight in three months.

Ralph Chong, Chinese middleweight, had little trouble with Muckie Goldman in ten heats at Baltimore. Max Elling beat Sam Finazzo in the eight-round semi-final. Patsy Kelley drew with Earl Chaney in the special six-rounder.

PICK-UPS—Boxing and wrestling are at a standstill in Washington, pending the opening of Joe Turner's new Arena which will be ready for operation about the middle of December . . . . The Washington Auditorium has been taken over by the Federal Government for office space, consequently "Daddy Joe" was compelled to dig to the tune of twenty grand to remodel a garage in the center of the town to carry on his activities . . . . Goldie Ahearn will again make the matches for Turner, while Joe will handle the wrestling end, which, by the way, is the money-maker, by himself . . . . Jackie Portney and California Joe Rivers are red hot in Baltimore, with Les Sponsler showing each boy once a month with the assurance of at least two sell-outs per month—not bad Les . . . . Phil Zwick, the tall featherweight out of Cleveland, Ohio, writes from Liverpool, England, sending clippings of his many wins over there . . . . Howard Livingston, the rotund promoter for the American Legion in Washington, is now in Miami, Fla., where he hopes to take up the same duties for the local Legion there.

Joe Lipps, the promising young heavyweight, who showed to advantage in these parts, has moved on to New York, where he won his initial bout in the Garden by a knockout . . . . Sam Sobel, Florida fight manager, is looking after Lipps, with the assistance of Max Waxman . . . . Bob May, wealthy bus operator in Washington and Alexandria, is dickering for the management of Bob Wilson, Florida welterweight, to make Washington his home . . . . May already looks after Bob Tow, the heavyweight, and Sammy Seaman, flyweight from the Pacific Coast.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

LOUIS "KID" COCOA, the impressive welterweight titleholder of the New England states and by far the highest rated boxer to appear in New Orleans in many months, fought twice before packed houses during the month. Cocoa found little opposition in Wesley Farrell, New Orleans colored favorite and decisioned him in ten rounds. However, a couple of weeks later Cocoa found rough going in his tenner with Cuban Harvey Massey of Cincinnati, Ohio, emerging with but a draw.

Returning better than ever before, Jimmy Perrin, shifty New Orleans bantamweight star, scored two easy triumphs on the first two cards of the attempted revival of white boxing shows in New Orleans. Perrin kayoed Frankie Hodges, Oklahoma City, Okla., and decisively dusted off Kid Barrilito of Mexico in ten heats.

Johnny Higgins, Oakland, Iowa, was indefinitely suspended after the Louisiana Boxing Commission charged he crudely "dived" to Ervin Berlier, New Orleans southpaw junior welterweight, in the third round of their scheduled ten rounds.

Boxing fans and critics are acclaiming the merits of Nicky Camaratta, New Orleans, such statements as the "best featherweight prospect in years" being generously used. During the month Camaratta stood out in knocking out K. O. Lowry of Texas, and soundly trouncing Juan de la Cruz of Mexico.

Other white fighters in this territory performed as follows: Bill Raggio, a fair prospect, stopped Sterling Silver and decisioned K. O. Baer; Tommy Murphy decisioned Boswell Thompson and Sterling Silver; Irish McNeil beat Arky Pitts, all middleweights. Kid Glover knocked out Speedy Alcaraz; Ace Whatley won over Bunker Hill, all welterweights. George Murla outpointed Kid Wallace and Kayo Barrado; Doug Berlier beat Vincent Bono; Buck Vaughn decisioned Jules Guidry; Little Baer stopped Tommy Cain; Joe Engie trounced Babe Cashio, all featherweights. A few novice heavyweights appeared in New Orleans. Ritchie Clifford stopped Red Hatfield and Oklahoma Kid kayoed Pete Simino.

A new face in the colored main events was uncovered in Charley the Kid, lightweight. The Kid looked impressive in decisioning Eddie Cooper of Baltimore, Md., and stopping Buddy Scrutchins of Akron, Ohio.

Other ebony fighters showed in this manner: Jimmy Brown outpointed Mexican Pete and stopped Leatherface Crouch; Stonewall Jackson, Cincinnati, and Lee Page, Miami, Fla., battled twelve rounds to a draw, all middleweights. Chocolate Bon Bon, Atlanta, Ga., stopped Jackie Davis; Gene Thomas beat Wildcat O'Connor and Kid Willie, but drew with Jackie Davis; Kid Willie beat Tiger Jack Fox and Kid Stringbean, while Stringbean decisioned Wildcat O'Connor; Tiger Stewart kayoed Newsboy Brown and Kid Poray but was stopped by Jackie Davis, all welterweights. Roland Brown stopped Patent Leather Kid; Eddie Cooper defeated Kid Phillips twice; Joe Lahrisse won over Lee Dixon; K. O. Banks kayoed Israel Robinson; Clem Johnson beat Kid Spibbens, all lightweights. Carl Coste outpointed Leo Kid Morris, but the latter knocked out Kid Guidry, all bantamweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—Bill Keefe, eminent sports editor of the Times-Picayune, became a benedict . . . . Paul Gray and Louis Lessup, boxing managers, are colored . . . . Marty Burke states he will reenter the boxing promotional field again in New Orleans soon, but only with big shows . . . . Willard Brown is back from Australia and reports have it he is practically broke . . . . "Gates" of the white shows are only averaging around $600. . . . . The promoter deducts $290 for expenses before the fighters "cut" in on their percentage. . . . . This is in answer to many queries . . . . Jimmy Erwin is promoting at Birmingham, Ala., once a good fight town . . . . The writer will look after the interests of any boxers wishing to appear in Louisiana and vicinity . . . . Address is 627 Ursuline, New Orleans.

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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

JUST how it all came about that "Admiral" Ray Cass of the Boston Garden was able to induce Pete Reilly to "shoot" Freddy Miller into his ring in defense of his world's feather title against Vernon Cormier of Worcester on a strictly percentage gamble, is one of the mysteries. However, he did, and the boys traveled the fifteen-round championship distance before a "house" which numbered less than five thousand customers, without a whimper. For all of this, Reilly and Al Lippe, the latter Cormier's mentor, also Cass, are entitled to plenty of credit. They did boxing a favor and didn't get much out of it for themselves.

And who won? Miller, of course. He had too much class for Cormier. Of the fifteen stanzas, the champion captured at least eleven and received the unanimous decision of the ring officials. Cormier, however, made the fight, he carrying the battle practically the entire distance and taking all kinds of chances in his endeavor to put over a telling blow to Miller's jaw.

He did break through occasionally, but barring a tinge of crimson at the corner of the champion's left eye, also from his nose, did very little damage. Freddy, boxing on the defensive, never was in serious danger. He turned loose in the last round and had Vernon wobbling at the bell. The chances favor that he could have stopped the Worcester terrier in one of the early rounds had he really tried to do so.

Miller has plenty of stuff. He made a very good impression and, in the opinion of ringsiders, is likely to retain his title for some time. As champion, he rates as the best of the present generation of 126-pounders. We are of the opinion, however, that he is fortunate in not being called on to face such former featherweight stars as Attell, Driscoll, Dundee, Kilbane and other once great little men who on occasions put up their dukes inside Boston ropes.

In the semi-final on the same card, Honey Mellody of Charlestown (Joe Ferante), a lightweight who is fast spreading his wings, came through over Tommy Rawson, Jr., son of the former veteran feather of that name, without much trouble. Rawson was out to last the distance, and did, but otherwise the bout was mostly Mellody. In another bout, Andy Martin of Boston, claimant of the New England feather title, making his first appearance for several years within Boston ropes, lost a close decision to Louis Barisano of Newton, Mass.

One of the minor bouts served to illustrate the saying that a game man is not done fighting until the referee has counted him out. In this affair, Joe Little, a 170-pound Irish boy, received a tough mauling from Tommy Mades of Taunton in the initial chapter. Joe came back to his corner with a broken nose, an injury visible to all about the ring, also otherwise a wreck. His seconds hid the nose injury with a towel long enough to get the bell for the second round. Then Little, his face a mess, came out fighting—took some more punishment and, working in close, shot a right to Mades' jaw and knocked him out.

The Irish-American A. A. of South Boston, which has kept the amateur end of the game alive for several years and, indirectly, the "pro" end of the sport, staged a beauty the night of October 28, at the Boston Arena. It was the wind-up of its annual Golden Gloves series and went over very big—a success from fistic and financial angles. Twenty-four bouts were staged, ten ending in kayos. The vast majority of the frays were fighting fights, while several very promising boys were brought to the front. The winners of the Golden Gloves in the eight boxing classes follow: 112 pounds, Tommy Crowley, Lowell; 118, Domenic Salvati, East Boston; 126, Abe Denner, Boston; 135, Fred Camuso, Fall River; 147, Ralph Zannelli, Providence, R. I.; 160, Larry Baker, Dorchester; 175, Roy Kelley, Brookline; heavyweight, Dick Hogan, Charlestown.

If satisfactory weights and a date can be arranged, a fight here between Jock McAvoy, the British middleweight champion, and Al McCoy, the Dorchester-Maine boy, recent conqueror of Lou Brouillard, will be arranged. According to a cable from Dave Lumiansky from London, McAvoy's American representative, the Britisher is about to make the crossing and is willing to fight McCoy in Boston after he has had one or two warm-up bouts on this side. Also, he will insist that McCoy make some weight, all of which appeals as perfectly reasonable. If the McAvoy-McCoy match is made, and signs are favorable, the result should be one of the best ring contests Boston has seen in years. Furthermore, it is bound to be a paying venture for all concerned.

Al McCoy, now recognized by The Ring and other sporting publications in this country, Canada and abroad, as No. 1 man in the list of the world's best "cruisers," has become a real card in Boston, thanks to his list of eighteen straight wins piled up within the present year, many of the same being registered inside local ropes. His victory here in September over Brouillard settled all question as to his status. Sooner or later some ringster may clip McCoy on the jaw and end the present excitement, but at this time indications of such a dire happening are remote.

Undoubtedly readers have noted our enthusiasm for McCoy. Were they to know him—see him fight—be aware of his long struggle to win his way into the limelight, the chances favor they would feel the same way. Clean, decent and quiet, there is not a mark against this boy's personal record. He can box, fight and punch, also take the gaff and come back. He has a somewhat indifferent ring stance and a white-skinned body which impresses one as a bit frail.

Coming out from his corner on the first bell, he doesn't look particularly hot, or so very much like a fighter, but the picture changes very quickly after the first few blows are exchanged. All in a very few seconds, McCoy becomes a fox, and one running rabid, and all the while very dangerous because of his ability to lash out with a killer punch in either mitt. Barring Lou Brouillard, he is the first outstanding ringster of unquestioned ability and real gate drawing powers produced here for several years. Naturally, we of Boston and New England are strong for him, particularly as it is boys of his type who can bring back boxing to this city and section.

We are hearing much from George Cook, the Australian veteran heavyweight, who has resided in England for some time. Though Cook admits to being thirty-five, also in the game for twenty years, he is red hot to come to this country to meet any of the heavies, and Joe Louis in particular. Concerning Louis, Cook writes: "Many may think I am seeking the loser's end. However, I feel so sure of myself that if I am not on my feet at the end of a battle with him, I will ask nothing but expenses for my services. Furthermore, if Jack Sharkey is to make a comeback, I would remind him that he has owed me a fight for ten years. I'll box him winner-take-all, or on any percentage basis wherein the victor gets the big end of the purse." We are not saying that Cook can whip Louis, Sharkey or any of the heavies on this side of the water, but we are confident that he can give any of them a fight—plenty of trouble, with the chances favoring his being on his feet at the final bell. Promoters could do worse than bring Cook over here.

Inasmuch as several have tried to buy Al McCoy's contract from Barney Fox, his manager, while others have advised him to quit his manager, and still others have sought to cut themselves in on the boy's ring earnings, Al recently caused the following to appear in Boston papers, also has requested that the same be printed in The Ring:

"From time to time the statement has been made that were I to have some other manager than Barney Fox, I would get my long-sought chance to meet Bob Olin, or his successor, in a bout for the world's light-heavy title. Insofar as I am concerned, while I have clearly won that chance inside of ring ropes, and that, thanks to the guidance of Barney Fox, my pal as well as my manager, I can see no reason for making any change, or mortgaging myself to those persons who would share my earnings with me. If some day Fox should decide that he no longer cares to manage me, then I will step out of boxing, all of which must go to show how much chance anyone has of cutting themselves in.

"While it is possible that I may never get the 'shot' at the world's light-heavy title, which I have earned—a fact acknowledged by many of the sports writers, I plan to go along as I have for several years, fighting all comers and giving the sporting public my best efforts. That I have won eighteen straight bouts thus far this year—have kayoed eleven opponents, and not met with a defeat since August 23, 1934—speaks for that part of it."

The night of the Miller-Cormier bout, also since, the handling of the champion by Pete Reilly in the corner has led to much comment of an entirely favorable nature. The fact is not surprising, it having been so radically different from that often seen in ring corners. It is no rare sight to see seconds begin to abuse their charge as early as the end of the first round by dousing him with cold water, soaking his trunks until they cling to his legs, wetting his gloves, churning his head and limbs and otherwise giving him a worse mauling than he has received at the hands of his ring opponent.

And all of this accompanied by a torrent of confusing chatter—the same entirely meaningless and a handicap. The crowning feat in such cases is to pour the salts either into the boy's eyes or mouth, or get a drop of collodion into his eye. Thus the quiet, well-handled corners of both Miller and Cormier by such veterans as Reilly and Al Lippe were a refreshing sight for those having enough knowledge of the sport to appreciate it.

Boston has a prospective "Brown Bomber" in Johnny Burns of Roxbury, who may yet come to the front, though in the recent Golden Gloves tourney here the tide turned against him. However, he is but nineteen years old, and one defeat should not wreck a career which has hardly started. This colored boy, a natural boxer and all-around athlete, scored a wow of a success in the 175-pound class in one of the several elimination tryout shows prior to the grand finale. He knocked out all of his opponents, and that without much trouble. In the wind-up show, Burns was pitted against Roy Kelley, a white opponent, in one of the semi-finals, and in the first round had his foe eating resin half a dozen times for counts from six to nine. Though Kelley was down when the stanza ended, he came out in the second and made a game fight of it, evening the chapter.

In the third, Kelley got to Burns' wind, ramming home lefts and rights at close quarters. Burns went wild under this—forgot his boxing, and was downed four times, the last across a lower rope where he was counted out. Inasmuch as Joe Louis, when an amateur, met with a defeat in the same ring in the 1933 national championships, Max Marek, the present Chicago "pro" heavyweight, tagging him for the decision, Burns may yet be heard from. It was but his second appearance inside of public ropes.

If the announced plans of Lou Brouillard mature, by the time the present issue of The Ring reaches the readers, the Worcester, Mass., boy, former welter and middleweight champion, will be in France battling Marcel Thil for the world's middleweight title. We doubt if Lou annexes the crown, but he is scheduled to make the attempt, and that is something.

Many of the older fight fans will recall the name of Arthur "Rouse" O'Brien, one of the best and gamest of the old-time Boston feathers and lightweights. Death came to him early in October in the state hospital, where he had been a patient for about ten years—a forgotten man except to his kinfolk and a few close friends. A native of South Boston, where he was born in 1886, "Rouse" was fighting in the "pro" ranks by 1903. For years he battled, and that successfully, both in Boston and New England, also in New York, Philadelphia and across the water in England. He retired from the ring about twenty years ago and, after a brief business career, suffered a breakdown and had been under medical care up to his death.

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS

By G. A. M. TUTTY

RUMORS are around that Playfair Brown will promote again, but what we need is real keen promotion here.

"Spider" Armstrong was beaten in his first pro bout in England, something new for the "Spider," but he is destined to go far, as he'll be able to meet keen competition in England at his weight, something he was not able to get here. Tommy Bland won his first start abroad, under Mike Kaplansky, pilot of Armstrong and Eddie Wenstrob.

Moose Jaw is very proud of Lou Keiswetter, who is in New York, and hopes soon to get a good start.

To my many friends and correspondents I wish to say "A Merry Christmas and a Very Happy New Year to them and theirs." May 1936 be a great year for them and for boxing. Also to Nat Fleischer, our great editor and publisher. May he have many years of good work left for him and may they be prosperous, for to him must we give the prize for keeping up his great work on this publication, the one beacon of light when the boxing world was very dark. He led the way. Many, many years of good health and luck to you, Nat.

As the year passes, we must praise the work of Joe Louis, who has brought the game back by honest effort plus terrific hitting power. The smaller classes, too, are coming back steadily, so we shall again see boxing as a major sport attraction.

Frankie Genovese went to the Coast to fight Gordon Wallace and gave him his closest fight yet. Frankie, when right, is good. To the Maritime promoters who have written this column asking for Genovese's services to fight their Bobby Allen, just this to say: Make us a clean, definite offer and we'll be in your midst pronto! Frankie will fight anyone. So write to yours truly and we'll sign.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES
By HERB McHUGH

JUDGED on the displays put up by Moe Moss and Paul Schaefer, the standard of boxing in England must be at a low ebb. If this is not so, then the wrong class of fighter is being sent to Australia. As I have written repeatedly, there is plenty of money here, but not for those with the idea that Australia is a place to spend the annual vacation.

There was a hostile demonstration from disgruntled fans at the conclusion of the bout between Jack Carroll and Paul Schaefer, which was declared "no fight" during the sixth round. Just how Referee Joe Wallis arrived at his decision is hard to imagine, for at the time of the abrupt finish, Carroll was "pasting the sox" off Schaefer.

From the third round, Schaefer was never in the race. At times he cut a sorry figure endeavoring to get away from his sharp-shooting opponent. Carroll never let up and unwound punches from all angles and it looked certain that Schaefer was saved from being knocked out by an amazing verdict.

According to published reports, the referee cleared Carroll of any blame in the matter, but in his opinion Schaefer was not doing his best. It seemed, however, that the latter could not do any better and he went the way of most fighters of the past who have allowed Carroll to map out his own campaign.

The whole incident was regrettable, especially so coming on top of Moe Moss' defeat a week previously at the hands of Fred Henneberry.

In this affair, Moss certainly put up a showing in the early rounds, but a short left rip to the solar toppled him for "nine" in the fifth session. Although scrambling to his feet with a do-or-die effort, a left hook put him down for keeps.

Moss gave the impression that he was hardly in condition to give Australia's middleweight champion a go for it. There is the possibility that Moss shared the points with Henneberry, but this was due to the home boxer taking things rather easily, but once he decided to cut loose, customers were soon sent out into the cold night.

The best fight of the month was at Leichhardt Stadium when Leo Kelly and Ron Richards literally slashed each other for fifteen rounds. As against Palmer, the colored American light-heavy saw the decision go against him, but has become even more popular. Kelly might lack ring technique, but for super-punching he is miles ahead of any fighter who has visited us over the last twelve months.

The fact that the contest was decided over two-minute rounds lost Kelly the winning end. He had Richards exceptionally tired at the finish, only the Australian's pluck allowing him to see things through. However, no credit must be taken from Richards seeing that he "spotted" Kelly ten pounds.

Close on four thousand dollars found their way into the box office which, following on the five-thousand-dollar "gate" chalked up by Palmer and Kelly, proves the lure of the puncher as far as Australians are concerned.

The departure of Ambrose Palmer for England, via Vancouver, has somewhat upset the outlook in respect to the light-heavyweight division. He was a magnet for any promoter capable of signing him, a thing that has enabled George Barnes, matchmaker-in-chief at Leichhardt, to show his directors a healthy bank balance.

Palmer claims that he will stay in England for one fight only, but it would surprise most of us if he returns under twelve months. A charming lad, he will make friends wherever he goes. Not a great puncher, nevertheless he has the speed of a bantamweight and his style of fighting will please the most critical fan. Invariably he carries the fight to his opponent, his quick hitting and anticipation being most disconcerting to the chap listed to punch with him.

Charlie Lucas is full of optimism regarding the coming clash at the Sydney Sports Ground between Jack Carroll and Bep Van Klaveren, set down for decision on November 29. Word has been received that Van Klaveren is on his way. Having in mind Carroll's popularity, Lucas' promotion, which is backed by a committee appointed by the State Government, looks assured of success. Keen followers of form are awaiting this event. Despite that he has been winning all along the line, Carroll has yet to be seen opposed to a boxer of Van Klaveren's rating.

Leichhardt Stadium has cabled an attractive offer to Oscar Rankin. With Richards, Henneberry and Carroll offering as opponents, the American should finish on the right side financially should he accept.

Jack Laurence gets in from New York at the week-end. He will have "Red" Affinto and "Tony" Rock under his wing. Affinto is already lined up against Fred Henneberry.

Hardy Kruskamp is the latest wrestling sensation to hit the headlines. He and Lurich have had a couple of hectic battles, the last one resulting in Lurich walking out of the ring, giving Kruskamp the match, declaring that the American was definitely "off-side" with his drop-kicks. They are to meet again a few nights hence. Already the Leichhardt resort is booked out in anticipation of more "fireworks" and patrons are not likely to be disappointed.

Another American, Johnny Woods, is getting by to good effect. Not as brilliant as Kruskamp, still he has a way with him that assures him a nice little "cut" at every appearance.

Lurich, of course, remains the daddy of 'em all. He rarely does the same thing twice, consequently customers never know what to expect, the finale of the recent match against Kruskamp proving an example.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

BABE RISKO, the middleweight champ, journeyed to Scranton and added another win to his list when he punched out a decision over Chester Palutis, Anthracite favorite, in a ten-round non-title bout at Town Hall. The appearance of Risko, who had knocked out Teddy Yarosz, then champion, in the same ring last New Year's afternoon, proved a magnet for a capacity crowd.

Babe Hunt, good Oklahoma heavyweight, made a decided hit at the Arena when he won a ten-round battle from Willie McGee, Negro sparring mate of Primo Carnera. Hunt outboxed and outgeneraled the muscular black boy and, with the exception of the seventh and eighth rounds, when he was hampered by a bad cut over his left eye, won as he pleased.

Joey Brown of Syracuse and Mickey Montana of Jersey City slugged six rounds to a draw in the semi-final on the Hunt-McGee card. Other results: Tommy Howells, Buffalo, beat Jeff Furrone, Jersey City (6); Long Tom Williams, Chicago, outpointed Tommy Baxter, Buffalo (6); and Frankie Eagan, Buffalo, fought a draw with Eddie Dempsey, Syracuse (4).

Over at Utica, fifty miles from this city, Don Willets is packing them in every time he shows Bushy Graham at Convention Hall. Graham has been making a successful comeback and in his last start in his home town Bushy whipped Honeyboy Hughes of Granville in a fast six-round bout.

Frankie Graham, Bushy's brother, took the nod over Mickey Montana of Jersey City in the six-round semi. Bad Boy Emanuel, Syracuse, lost to Joey Kolba, Utica (6); Pedro Lorenzo, Philadelphia, drew with Lou Alpert, Utica (6); and Jackie Flowers, Clinton, lost a shade decision to Billy Munico, Auburn (6).

Mickey Walker, former middleweight champ, drew a capacity crowd at Binghamton to see him stop Mickey McAvoy, Hartford, in two rounds. The Toy Bulldog put the finishing touches to a card in which every bout ended by a knockout!

Connie Holmes, New York Negro featherweight, knocked out Mickey Devine, Batavia, in four rounds. Other results: Joey Kushner, Syracuse, knocked out Sammy Santiago, New York (4); Clarence Savage, Baldwinsville, knocked out Frankie O'Ben, New York (4); Dom Rizzo, New York, was knocked out by Pep O'Brien, Scranton (1).

Joey Kolba, Utica welterweight, stole the show at Albany the night Willie Pal beat Johnny Jadick by whipping tough Johnny Hoffman of Syracuse in a torrid six-rounder.

The amateurs are running every Monday night at the Arena. Irving Robbins is director of bouts and has developed a number of promising youngsters who may go on to greater glory in the pro ranks.

Eddie Brink, Scranton's Irish Adonis, knocked out Davey Schwartz, Philadelphia, in three rounds at Binghamton. Billy Munico, Auburn, trounced Jose Rodriquez of New York for the second time, in the six-round semi. Other results: Harry Pinto, Rome, drew with Sammy Marto, New York (6); Johnny Van Durick, Scranton, outboxed Johnny Hoffman, Syracuse (6); and Joey Kushner, Syracuse, knocked out Lou Guerra, New York (4).

Nick Julian's new pro club may be in operation this month. Julian plans to stage some big fights here and the writer will be matchmaker for the new organization, which will be known as Athletic Enterprises, Inc.

Jamestown, N. Y., a fertile field for pro boxing, with Tommy Moore, veteran manager of boxers, at the helm, plans bi-monthly shows. Moore made a flying visit here recently for the purpose of signing some of the central New York talent.

SHORT SHOTS—Paul Swiderski, sojourning in Spain, writes us that he is promoting shows now and then, just to keep "his hand in" . . . . Sam Gibbs, Montreal manager, claims his ace featherweight, Frankie Martin, is the best in the world and would like to pit him against Freddie Miller, the champion . . . . Gabe Genovese, manager of Babe Risko, has opened an office on Broadway in New York City for the sole purpose of booking bouts for the middleweight boss . . . . Gabe and the Babe have offers to go to the Coast and to Europe . . . . Lou Camps, the good New York featherweight, wants to show in this section, as does Joe Gollob, the Montreal lightweight . . . . Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel, who has turned "Good Boy," is a big card in New England rings . . . . The amateurs are packing them in in Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Auburn, Watertown, Johnson City, Endicott, Oswego and Utica . . . . The Simon-pure fisticuffers provide plenty of action . . . . Carl Sorenson, Albany lightweight, is a big card in this sector, as is Pat Cunningham of Johnson City and Jimmy Clark of Jamestown, the national champion.

A new pro club has opened in Erie, Pa. . . . . Jack McCann keeps Eddie Saxon, Johnny Nelson, Billy Munico and Jeff Furrone busy . . . . Eddie Gallagher is in demand with Bob Moody, Mickey Montana and Pedro Lorenzo . . . . Your correspondent is looking after Babe Amos, a very good local middleweight with a splendid record . . . . Babe is an Italian youngster and is always in tip-top shape . . . . He trains with Babe Risko . . . . Drop us a line at 1009 Cadillac Street, Syracuse, N. Y. . . . . Nat Fleischer's RING has a big circulation hereabouts . . . . Pep O'Brien, the veteran Scranton welter, is doing a comeback . . . . Leon Brint is president of the Syracuse Arena Amateur Club . . . . Present matchmakers in this section are: Syracuse, Joe Netro; Binghamton, Johnny McIntyre; Utica, Don Willets; Albany, Moe Myers; Jamestown, Tommy Moore; Buffalo, Charlie Murray . . . . Joey Kushner has compiled the remarkable feat of scoring close to twenty knockouts in his last twenty starts . . . . Jackie Flowers, Stanley Calahan's good colored clouter, is a bone-crusher.

Marc Buckland is promoting Arena shows again . . . . Marc and Frank Lampe operate the Eckel Grille . . . . Jack Lewis is seriously ill . . . . King McCollough, treasurer for the Arista-A. C., picked Louis to knock out Baer in the fourth . . . . He did . . . Bob Moody made a nice impression while acting as sparring partner for Louis . . . . Jack McCann combines steelworking with managing boxers, but likes the latter best.

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By GENE VINASSA

LITTLE Pancho Leyvas is the marvel of southern California boxing fans. The way he packed them in at Hollywood Legion Stadium during the winter and fall months of the past year is only rivaled by the hit "Baby" Arizmendi made in California before he won the New York State featherweight title.

Mexican fans of Los Angeles and surrounding territory hip-hurrahed strenuously when Arizmendi was the rage out here and the large Latin colony is now steamed up over the young phenom from Yuma, Arizona.

They come to see Leyvas with babies in arms—toilers off the fields in overalls and sombreros—dignified consular agents! Their enthusiasm is frankly amazing.

Leyvas won recognition by defeating Speedy Dado, Young Tommy and Pablo Dano—all ranking bantamweights—within a period of seven weeks. In his ninth "pro" fight he gave the cagy Dado a terrific beating. If anyone had suggested the Arizona scrapper could do that when he arrived in Los Angeles last spring in blue jeans to take a twenty-five-dollar fight, the officials would have consigned him to the psychopathic ward. George Parnassus, who handles the best stable of fighters in California, with Ceferino Garcia, Filipino welterweight, and Swede Berglund, middleweight, took a tip from a friend who saw Leyvas box in Yuma and sent carfare to the little Mexican jumping-bean. In three main events at Hollywood, Leyvas and Parnassus drew down better than $3500 for their end. A match between Lou Salica and the colorful Mexican would do better than $30,000 in the Los Angeles ball park.

Ceferino Garcia gave Joe Bernal a terrific hammering in a ten-rounder at San Francisco, putting the San Francisco battler on the deck twice for nine-counts. The hard-hitting Filipino won every round. Harry B. Smith, able sports editor of the Frisco *Chronicle*, said, in part, following the battle: "If anybody emerged with glory and distinction it was Garcia, whose fight was quite enough as far as yours truly is concerned to give him the first chance at the welterweight title." The net "gate" was $6600.

Fred Apostoli, former national amateur middleweight champion, handed "Babe" Marino a neat socking in their ten-round contest in Frisco, easily winning nine rounds, with Marino grabbing but one. Apostoli's body punches slowed his foe down to a walk in the closing rounds. Receipts amounted to $2,266. There was some talk of matching the winner with Paul Pirrone, Cleveland puncher.

Harvey Petitt, who managed Goldie Hess, Vearl Whitehead and Sammy Jackson, all main eventers, a few years ago, has bobbed up with a corking Negro welter named Leon Zoritta, whose actions in the ring remind old-timers of Jimmy Duffy, former four-round star of Oakland, Calif. The colored boy flattened Nick Pastore of New York in two heats at the Olympic.

Johnny Indrisano, former welterweight contender of Boston, who gave Vearl Whitehead a boxing lesson in his (Indrisano's) final ring bout at Hollywood Stadium, has been doing a splendid job as a licensed referee at Hollywood and Olympic clubs. The Bostonian moves around the ring and handles himself with the ease and grace of a referee of twenty years' experience. He also drew down some fat pay checks as technical director on Mae West's current movie hit, "Klondike Lou," a Paramount production.

San Francisco boxing writers are singing the praises of Ritchie Fontaine, Butte, Mont., featherweight, who dealt out a neat lacing to Johnny Pena in a ten-round semi-final to the Montana-Pierpont contest at Oakland.

RANDOM SHOTS—Matchmaker Joe Waterman of the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles has done a nice job at the Grand Avenue house of sock . . . . his first show, featuring Midget Wolgast and Little Dempsey in the top bout, grossed $1950, and five weeks later, with Butch Rogers and Champ Clark in the main event, but with Hank Bath as an added attraction, the gross gate was $6300 . . . . Bath is the young Colorado heavyweight under the management of Jack Kearns . . . . he looks like a heluva battler, and has won all his fights by knockouts . . . . Jimmy O'Gatty, former New York middleweight, is one of the many ex-fighters working in the flickers, and receives steady employment in all of Mae West's pictures . . . . Jack Allen of Vancouver, B. C., plans on bringing his star welter, Gordon Wallace, to Los Angeles after the first of the year . . . . he's one of the "regulars" of the boxing game, and is extremely popular in California.

Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who are not under contract to anyone, can get plenty of action in California with Al Lang, boxing manager, Barbara Hotel, Sixth and Westlake Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

BUFFALO is one of the best fight towns in the country and has developed numerous good glove wielders in the past but today we haven't a single boxer who is good enough to draw a crowd. There's a fortune awaiting a good boxer who can mix and give action. Whoever he may be, the boy who'll stand up with the best in his respective division will quickly command good purses.

Big Boy Brackey and Al Delaney, highly touted young heavies last spring, have conclusively shown that they do not measure with the up-and-coming young heavies. Buddy Baer knocked out both Brackey and Delaney, badly outclassing both.

Despite the fact that boxing has been in a terrific slump, the game is still a top-line sport with the fans, as was evidenced by the huge turnout and million-dollar gate at the Louis-Baer imbroglio. The fans won't go for counterfeits, however, and the quicker the promoters learn this the better for their finances. A well backed club here would not get rich quickly, but it could build up a nice clientele with evenly matched shows.

Young heavyweight boxers of promise will do well to get in touch with Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Boxers should be free from managerial ties and contracts.

Jimmy Clark, flashy Jamestown Negro welter, is all set to go to the Olympics in Germany. Clark is the New York state champion and a likely looking prospect.

When Big Boy Brackey tried on the gloves for the first time since Buddy Baer flattened him, the Lackawanna heavy ran into another snag. George Nichols knocked him cold in the gym and Tommy Timlin, ex-mentor of Brackey, soon had the story printed on the local papers and flashed over the radio. Timlin is trying to develop a new fighter and has Rudy Stiller, a youthful German, coming along nicely in the amateurs.

South Side fans look upon young Paul Maloney as a comer. He's from the section that produced Jimmy Slattery.

No fighter gets far on soft marks. Big Boy Brackey would have been better off if he had taken a chance when he was coming along. T. Aquinas Timlin, who got Brackey started here, says Big Boy would never agree to fight a boxer with a good ring rep.

Red Carr, who is now managing Brackey, has been noted for picking easy marks for his men, but Red will never reap a harvest with Brackey unless the latter consents to box well known heavies.

Lou Scozza is still around town with few chances to box. There was talk of Lou going to England and Australia, but apparently the trip is off.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Steve Halaiko is laid up due to low punches and will be "on the shelf" for a few weeks . . . . Steve has been fighting most of his bouts around New York and Brooklyn . . . . The amateurs here are doing well . . . . A packed house greeted the Eagles' opening show and it is thought the Simon-pures will enjoy a prosperous season . . . . Clark Anderson, veteran Negro featherweight, now retired, is doorman at Billy Clore's Vendome Hotel . . . . Knockout Brennan is again in line for appointment as boxing referee . . . . Old Kayo would fit in nicely in the local picture . . . . He has a world of color and still retains a big East Side following . . . . The Delaney-Nichols set-to placed the local pro game at a new low . . . . Small crowd saw a listless fight . . . . Bill Abbott, *Times* sporting editor, believes competition in the game would result in far better programs . . . . Abbott also expressed the opinion that the coming Uzcudun-Louis match is a most one-sided affair, pointing out that the Basque is a catcher and is passe as a fighter . . . . Tommy Moore has gotten a new license for Jamestown . . . . The little hustler has the Olympic A. C. and invites correspondence with live-wire boxers, who are young and coming . . . . Big Boy Brackey will fight for Moore in his opening show, but if reports are true that Bill Fogarty is to be Brackey's opponent, Tommy is getting off on the wrong foot . . . . Fogarty is no match for Brackey, even if the latter has slipped a lot since last spring.

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BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

JOE SEKYRA, conceding twenty-five pounds to Izzy Gastanaga, had the fans on their feet for seven consecutive rounds, until Izzy landed the haymaker. Joe displayed a classy brand of boxing and courage, and would be welcomed highly should he return to Cuba. Gastanaga showed that he is still a hard puncher.

Kid Juancito, Cuban bantamweight champion, scored a two-round knockout over Mariano Arrilla of Spain. Kid Pintado drew in four with Little Tommy Loughran of Cuba.

Cuco Sanchez, one of Cuba's most popular referees, was the victim of a heart attack in the Juancito-Arrilla bout, and passed away. Sanchez was an active and colorful worker, and his death was a sad blow to all connected with boxing. May He Rest In Peace.

Joe Coego, Cuba's great lightweight champion, easily won over Valentin Miro of Spain. Coego will soon be matched with some good American lightweight.

Rene Sanchez, corking local welterweight, scored a ten-round K.O. over Mario Blanco, who just returned from abroad.

Equileor and Azua are the new boxing promoters in Havana, and their first program was given at Oriental Race Track, right outside of Havana. They starred Conrado Conde and Pelon Guerra of Mexico. Conde, with a two-fisted attack, showed no fear or respect for Guerra's clever boxing, and romped home an easy winner after ten rounds of good battling.

Eddie Champan knocked out Antonio Hevaia in seven rounds, and Kid Pintado again drew, this time with Mario Cardenas.

Little Tommy Loughran, Cuban bantam, scored a two-round knockout over Conguito the second.

Joe Legon proved that he is the leading lightweight contender when he easily beat Kid Sila in ten rounds at Miramar Garden. Legon is a mighty pleasing performer, and a bout with Joe Coego, present champion, is in the making.

Pincho Gutierrez promoted the show, and again he has proven that he knows his stuff. Amador Urquia, his assistant, has been in the boxing game for years.

Aramis Del Pino and Luis Parga are outlining some snappy shows for their Cristal Arena and will most likely use Fillo Echevarria, conqueror of Baby Arizmendi, as soon as he returns from California with his manager, Manolo Brana.

Joe Coego, Cuban lightweight champion, in a return bout, drew in ten rounds with Valentin Miro of Spain.

Alex Yanes, featherweight champion, and Kid Juancito, bantam champion of Cuba, also drew in ten rounds of hard fighting.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

KID MORO got a stiff one from the commission when he was fined $150 and given a suspension of indefinite period for stalling in his scrap with Sonny Valdez.

Professor Higami, Honolulu's favorite groan artist, invaded the States not as a wrestler but as a manager for a tour of American cities. Under his wing is Shunichi Shikuma, an expert jiu-jitsu artist, who defeated the famous Man Mountain Dean during his lone appearance. Shikuma is a heavyweight and a former Japanese high school teacher.

Maui—Al Citrino, in his local debut, flattened Clever Sison in the seventh round. Henry Callejo won from Manuel Telles in the semi-windup. Hitoshi Tanaka beat Kid Alfonso. Satoru Umetsu defeated Kid Waialua. Satogi Hotta kayoed Kid Vicente.

Honolulu—Five thousand fans witnessed two championship fights, a rare treat for local fans. Tiny Muroda, 110½ pounds, defended his flyweight title successfully against Joey Rosenbery, Jewish fighter from California. The verdict was a draw. The champion went down for a nine-count in the first round with a right to the chin. Tiny was up but again he was floored, this time till six. Muroda was saved by the bell after he suffered a third knockdown. The bantamweight championship went to Augie Curtis on a ten-round decision over Al Pazmore.

Kid Waianae beat Young Benny Leonard. Packy Furukawa won from Emil Samson. Fighting Sadaba and Tony Leopold, a draw. Kid Francis disposed of Baby Sanico.

Civic Auditorium—A crowd of over four thousand fans attended the Will Rogers memorial benefit boxing show at the Civic Auditorium. The card was headed by Al Citrino and Young Gildo, who fought to a ten-round draw. Freddy Gomez won a technical knockout over Mickey Donahue when Referee Blake stopped the bout one minute and ten seconds after the opening round. Donahue was down two times but came up gamely and faced the attack only to be stopped by the referee. Bobby Neer won the nod from Young Aguinaldo. Battling Bolo beat Frank Torres. Henry Callejo beat Freddie Buck. Kid Felipe won from Delphine Augustus.

Maui—When Al Citrino was awarded the decision over Young Gildo at the Kahului Stadium, three thousand or so backers of Gildo started a riot protesting the decision.

K. O. Pagan disposed of Hermon Villa in the fifth via a technical kayo . . . . Hitoshi Tanaka fought a draw with Kid Luzon . . . . Umetsu finished Kid Domingo in three . . . . Hotta won from Fighting Caesar . . . . and Kid Vicente flattened Battling Pascual in the first round.

Honolulu—Tiger Phillips staged a comeback and what a sad comeback it was! Phillips couldn't last two rounds for he failed to come out in the third against Roaring Rodrigues who gained a T.K.O. in the third round.

Bobby Near trounced Young Aguinaldo . . . . Kid Javellano won from Abe Konaaihele . . . . Larry Santana held Little Hufana to a draw . . . . Adolph Samuel beat Young Lawrence . . . . Kid Waialua won from Henry Francis.

Maui—The Filipino fans carried out their threat of boycotting fights on Maui as a result of Al Citrino-Young Gildo match. A small crowd of only 500 fans saw Joe Velasco flatten Young Tony in the second.

Joe Stone won easily from Henry Callejo . . . . Kid Felipe won from Manuel Telles . . . . Hitoshi Tanaka beat Kid Mariano . . . . Kid Luzon lost to Fighting Caesar via kayo in the second heat.

Honolulu—5000 fans got their share of thrills when the veteran Kid Moro, 133½ pounder, disposed of Freddie Gomez, 138 pounder, in 1 minute 30 seconds in the initial round thus clinching for Moro the Territorial Welterweight Championship. Gomez was down three times. A left to the jaw finished the Mexican.

Augie Curtis defended his Bantamweight belt by a knockout victory over Little Reynes in the sixth in 2 minutes 10 seconds. Two-fisted attack to the face wrote finish for Reynes . . . . Kid Ray kayoed Jerry Hashimoto . . . . Henry Glorring scored over Tony Leopold . . . . Young Benny Leonard and Kid Goldie a draw . . . . Lt. John Lovell refereed the two championship bout and the rest was handled by Alky Dawson.

BOXING THE ROUNDS IN MISSOURI
With MURL BROWN

POPLAR BLUFF, Missouri—Young Simington defeated Joe Walcott, St. Louis, Mo. Negro lightweight, via the K.O. route in six rounds. Murl Thompson won from Willie Green in eight rounds and Ocie Merritt won from Tommy Jones in eight fast rounds.

St. Louis, Missouri—Tony Canzoneri, lightweight champion of the world, defeated Joe Ghnouly, St. Louis lightweight, in ten rounds (non-title). The show drew $8700 and was promoted by Solly Kessler.

Springfield, Missouri—Young Simington K.O.'ed Tony Garcia of Moline, Ill. in the fifth round. Rual Bowden and Sherill James drew in eight fast crowd pleasing rounds. Bobby Hiter won from Tubby Lewis in six rounds.

Poplar Bluff, Missouri—Young Simington won from Tommy Jones in ten rounds. Murl Thompson won from Dobie Collins in six rounds. Ocie Merritt won from Larry Dundee in six rounds.

St. Louis, Missouri—Bobby Packo dropped a close decision to Frankie Wallace in ten rounds. This bout was hard fought and a crowd pleaser from start to finish. Young Simington won from Ocie Merritt in ten rounds. Jimmy Webb K.O.'ed Lou Grobe in four rounds. The show drew $3500 and was promoted by Solly Kessler.

Poplar Bluff, Missouri—Babe Davis, St. Louis heavyweight, won from Pete Monahan in eight rounds. Larry Dundee and Tommy Jones drew in six rounds.

St. Louis, Missouri—Allen Matthews K.O.'ed Jack Charvez in four rounds. Jimmy Webb won from George Daw in eight rounds. The show drew $1100 and was promoted by Solly Kessler.

Poplar Bluff, Missouri—Al Stillman, Missouri heavyweight champion won from Dude Freeman in eight rounds via the K.O. route. Murl Thompson lost to Armand Sicillia in eight rounds.

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St. Louis, Missouri—Bob Olin lost the light-heavyweight crown to John Henry Lewis at the Arena before 10,000 fans who paid $17,000. Joe Louis refereed two rounds of one of the prelims. This card was promoted by Lew Raymond and Benny Greenberg. Other results of the Olin-Lewis Card: Jimmy Garrison won from Lew Massey, eastern lightweight in eight rounds. Joe Parks won from Marty Sampson and Young Rightmire won from Paul Estrada in eight fast rounds.

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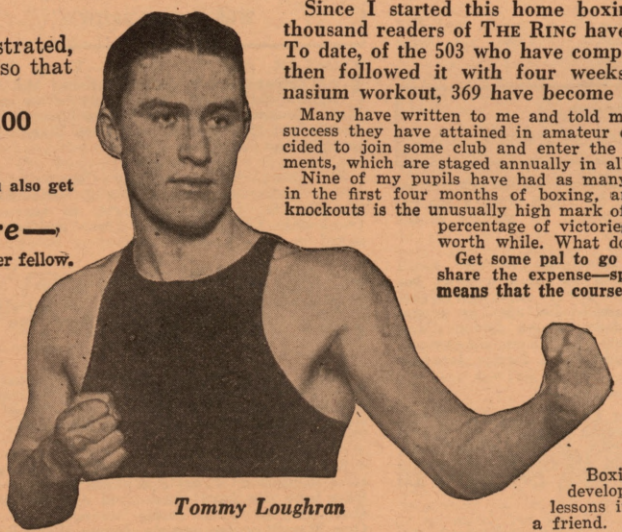

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IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—Before a capacity crowd at Town Hall, Babe Risko, world's middleweight champion, returned to the city which was responsible for his rise to stardom and defeated Chester Palutis, hard-punching coal miner, in ten rounds. His manager, Gabe Genovese, and Joe Netro, matchmaker from Syracuse, were in town with the title-holder. In the other bouts, Billy "Butch" Knox outpointed Billy Rose, Steve Kahley got the nod over Johnny Vandurek, Johnny Nealon upset the dope by punching his way to a clear-cut win over Joie Dunn, while Midget Cool K.O.'ed Charley Sabatella in the third. Chick Feldman, dean of anthracite sport scribes and former deputy boxing commissioner, handled the broadcasting.

At Hazleton—Charley Loughran, brother of the famous Tommy, easily defeated Jim Baker in the first half of a double wind-up. In the other half, Rex Fallabel gained the decision over Joe Nealon. In the prelims, Jim Sharkey drew with Wes Farrow, Mickey Beletter K.O.'ed Harry Devlin (three rounds), while Eddie Roman won from Midget Cool.

At Pottsville—Matt Rice came out of retirement to hold Pat Igoe to a draw. The bout was a slow eight-round affair, with both boys waiting for the other to make the first move.

Eddie Brink, leading lightweight of the Coal Fields, traveled to Binghamton and K.O.'ed Natie Schwartz in the second. Brink is a comer. Watch him. Scranton was also represented in the semi by Johnny Vandurek, who got the nod over Johnny Hoffman.

Joe Everone, Throop welterweight, made a big hit at White Plains, N. Y., in defeating Steve Fisher. Look for Joe to be the next constable of Throop.

Pep O'Brien, veteran lightweight from Old Forge, made his first comeback attempt good by stopping Leroy Carr in the second round at Bingo.

Cole Watson will take over the reins of the Keystone A. C. at Reading. Good luck, Watson.

ANTHRACITE ROAMERS—Wildcat O'Connor is doing very good around Jersey and New York way . . . . The Cat has a lot of company when in the Big City, as Mickey Serrian, Scranton welter, and Joe Kaminsky, Nanticoke light-heavy, are doing most of their fighting there . . . . Tony Rock, Mayfield City welter, is now campaigning in Australia and should go over big, as he sure is a crowd pleaser . . . . Al Pabalis, local amateur star, who is rapidly rising to the front ranks, should be a heavyweight in another year.

Now, you Coal Region RING worms, if you want to help keep this column alive, tell your friends that THE RING is on sale the fifteenth of each month. When in Scranton, you can purchase THE RING at Bo's Smoke Shop, 300 Block Spruce Street.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

STEVE DUDAS won a hard-fought fight over Eddie Unknown Winston at the Valley Arena. Roland Lecuyer of Holyoke won the eight-round semi over Gene Barrett of Flint, Mich. The decision was a split affair as the battle was fast, hard fought and close. Wade Lumpkin of Holyoke won a six-round bout over Jules Vigh of New York. Lumpkin won all the way. Johnny Buiso, West Springfield, knocked out Johnny Knight of New Haven, Conn., in the first round of a scheduled four. Billy Stewart of Holyoke won a decision over Joe Turco of New Haven, Conn.

Joe Ferrando of Jersey City won a close fight over Frankie Cinque of New York. This bout was hard and fast throughout, both boys fighting harder every round and having the fans on their feet.

Richie Thurer of Springfield and Hildreth Erickson of Athol, Mass., battled to a draw in the eight-round semi. This also was a lively mill. Erickson scored three knockdowns, but Thurer always came up fighting to take the play away from Erickson.

Al Annone of Springfield made another comeback and stopped Al Frico of Springfield in the fifth round by a technical K. O. Frico surrendered after taking a bad beating. Billy Stewart of Holyoke won a close fight from K. O. White of Pittsfield, Mass., in four rounds, and Tommy Grady won over Dean Cross of Athol.

Leo Salvas fought Steve Carr a hard, fast fight at Waterbury, Conn., also Charlie Weise at Pittsfield, Mass., and John Anderson at Waterbury, Conn., this month. Tommy Grady of Springfield fought Elmer Ciccone.

Joe O'Brien's Gym is getting to be a hot bed of fistiana. Almost all the Springfield boxers are training there, along with boys from all the surrounding towns.

Pittsfield, Mass.—Charlie Weise of New York won a close decision over Leo Salvas in a sterling fight which resulted in a re-match, for the following card. Schoolboy Opidi of Pittsfield won a decision over Eddie Michaels of Westfield, Mass., in the six-round semi; Doug Murchie of North Adams, Mass., won a decision over K. O. White in another six-round bout; George Bernard of Briggsville lost a decision to Eddie Decker of Pittsfield, Mass.

Boxing is doing well right now in this locality. Boston, Holyoke, New Haven, Conn., Waterbury, Conn., Albany, N. Y., Bennington, Vt., and Pittsfield are running shows.

In a re-match, Johnny Jadick won all the way over Billy McMahon of New York at the Valley Arena at Holyoke, Mass. Gene Barrett won the eight-round semi from Harry Dillon, Patterson, N. J. Solly Ambrosia of Hartford, Conn., won over Charlie Ersey of Athol, Mass., in six rounds. Art McAlpine, colored middleweight of Springfield, Mass., won the decision over Eddie Mathews of Athol, Mass., in the four-round opener. Sammy Athas lost to Johnny Buiso.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

MOOCH MURPHY, Trenton feather, proved again that he is ready for big time by the manner in which he polished off the hard-hitting Willie Cubic, Newark Negro, in the feature bout of eight rounds at the Moose. The only round that Cubic won was the third. Murphy won six and one was even.

Larry Mangine and Arky Berman came together again, this time for a scheduled six. In their first meeting, the boys fought a draw. This time Mangine K.O.'ed Berman in the third round after having dropped Berman for three nine counts. This bout was one of the most sensational seen here in many a moon.

Johnny Pastor of Hightstown won his last two bouts via the K.O. route. His victims were Buck Tremain and Babe Roberts, both of Trenton.

Frankie Fratto won over Steve Hart in a six-rounder. Larry Lane, Negro, outpointed Ray Maguire in a four-rounder. Lane dropped Maguire three times. Joe Cazar won a six-round decision over Arthur Kelly, Negro, after being dropped for a nine count in the first.

Al Singer, former lightweight champion, toyed with Frankie Warno of Trenton for ten rounds.

Jackie Davis of Cleveland stopped Ralph Hatchland of Albany in the fourth round of a scheduled ten. Pat Robertson of New York stopped Frankie Cabana of Trenton in the third round of a scheduled six. Paul Enna of Philadelphia stopped Frankie Van of Bayonne in the fourth. Two weeks later, Enna lost to Tiger Kitchen, Negro, of Trenton, in a six-rounder.

Reds Burman of New York, a protege of Jack Dempsey, stopped Pat Roland of Lindenwald, N. J., in less than a minute of the first round. Arthur Kelly, Negro, of Trenton, won by a technical knockout over Jimmy Wilson of Orange in the first round. Wilson was dropped four times when the referee stopped the bout.

Joe Marasco of Orange won by a technical K.O. when his opponent, Ted Borman of Camden, was unable to continue after being knocked out of the ring. Borman twisted his ankle in the fall.

Johnny Turko of Trenton stopped Hughy Rudder of Plainsboro in the first round. Mickey Bellerino stopped Dom Purnetti in the second round.

Two weeks later Bellerino lost to Johnny Marcellini of Philadelphia in two rounds.

Stanley Pyontek of Trenton won over Puggie Snyder of Vineland by a technical K.O. in the sixth when Referee Tommy Elm stopped the bout. It became apparent that Snyder was making a good job of being a punching bag for Pyontek.

Larry Mangine, rising young lightweight of Trenton, will be on the sidelines for a month or so. Mangine has infected teeth which were poisoning his system. He also has a torn ligament on his side.

Geo. Levy, Trenton lightweight, held Jerry Paul of Providence to a draw in a ten-round bout at Newark.

Because of Mooch Murphy's sensational wins in the last couple of months, the fans are clamoring for a bout between Murphy and Geo. Levy. As Levy has fifteen pounds on Murphy, there is little hope that these boys will ever meet. This writer wants to go on record as saying that if they do meet, Murphy will win easily.

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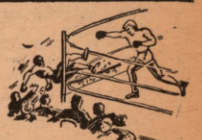

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NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.

By BABE ORLANDO

"WILDCAT" O'Connor and Phil Rafferty closed the outdoor season at the Braddock Bowl in Jersey City with a fiercely fought contest of ten heats, with the former receiving the duke. The semi-final eight-rounder was a nip and tuck affair between Joey Zodda and Irish Jimmy Brady, which was called a draw by Referee Erhardt. In the prelims, Little Jack Sharkey, II, made short work of Rocco Zuccaro, knocking him out in two rounds; Billy Beauhold polished off Nick Cocuzza in the second of a sixer; Barney Villa kayoed Paul Courtlandt in two heats, while Lou Payon finished Jack White in the first round.

Al Rossi edged out Gene Dundee in the feature go of eight rounds in Newark. The semi-final saw Freddie Fiducia draw with Tony Celli, Willie Skidmore beat Dudley Bright in six, Lou Pallarino won over Spider Moran, while John Mims knocked out Pete Bolelenbach in two heats.

Little Jackie Farrell and Bill Johnston have renovated and remodeled the old indoor Oakland Club into an up-to-date fight arena, and will run their first indoor show at the remodeled Braddock Bowl by the time this goes to print. The old club was condemned by the fire department for the lack of fire exits in case of an emergency. In the premier of the indoor bowl, Ralph Lenny will make his first appearance in a local ring in several years, pitted against Red Coggino, son of Newark's little Italy. The co-feature will show "Wildcat" O'Connor stacked up against George Salvatore.

Charlie Manto kayoed Mickey McVoy in the fifth of their scheduled eight-round feature go in Passaic. Vincent Funk stopped Joe Johnson in the sixth of the semi-final bout.

Steve Dudas, making his first appearance since he fought One-Punch Leo Williams several months ago, beat "Unknown" Winston in the main event of ten rounds at Holyoke.

Dominick Rizzo, tipping the beam at 154 pounds, was stopped by Carmen Barth, weighing 163 pounds, in the fifth of their scheduled ten-rounder in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Fighting his first main event of his career, Joey Tagg scored a three-round kayo over Patsy De Carlo at Columbia Hall in Jersey City. Elmer Robinson knocked out Charlie Stephano, three; Gene Pack beat Gene Gulliano, three; Johnny Scibelli and Irish Jimmy Russell drew, six; Sam Satello beat Joey Caselli, four; Bruno Alvino and Joey De Lanzo drew, four.

Joe Jennette's loss is Al Ridgway's gain by the latter signing up Emil Calcagni, Cresskill, 138-pound bearcat, and Tony Grabowski, 145-pound iron man of Union City, who were formerly both managed by the former colored heavyweight. Ridgway has Calcagni signed for a shot at the Garden in the near future. Leo Kaljian, who a few weeks ago won the 135-pound amateur diadem of Hudson County, is also under Ridgway's wing.

Some of the local boys who show signs of going places in the fistic ladder of success are: Billy Cheslock, 142; Emil Calcagni, 140; Tony Grabowski, 147; Jack Sharkey, Jr., 128; Joey Tagg, 130; Johnny Scibelli, 120; Ritchie Thurer, 170 pounds.

Lou Lombardi is laid up with a broken hand, sustained while boxing with Emil Calcagni at Joe Jennette's gym.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES

By SAM PORCELLI

THE Rochester Boxing Association ran its first amateur show and drew a packed house. The show was one of the best amateur shows that was ever put on in the city of Rochester, and by the looks of things Rochester will see some real good bouts.

Al Traino, Rochester's good lightweight and toy bulldog, returned from Pittsburgh, where he made a big hit with the Pittsburgh fans. Traino defeated Battling Gizzy of that city, and had Gizzy on the floor twice. Traino is booked to fight Chuck Woods there soon.

The following shows took place during the month: Joe DeCarlo defeated Tony Palizzo, Sam Leta stopped Russell Infantino, one round. Charles Levantano K.O.'ed Ed Turner, three rounds. Paul Colombo, Batavia, defeated Henry Smith. Sammy Devine defeated Nello Nucello. Don Cooper stopped Wyburn Stewart, three rounds. Hughie Smith defeated Sammy Goritz, three rounds. Jimmy Loracono defeated Joe D. Alphonse, three rounds. Jack Polivino defeated Walter Stewart, three rounds.

Eddie Monin, Niagara Falls, K.O.'ed Dick Keck on October 28. Mickey Sibigo, Lackawanna, defeated Russ Infantino, Batavia, five rounds.

Frank Schaefer stopped Jeff Davis in three. Marty Labiono, Rochester, defeated Pete Tyding, five rounds. Johnny Sherman defeated Jackie Wilson. Johnny Colombo defeated Frankie Cohen. Eddie Thomas, Rochester, defeated Jimmy Gombel, five rounds. Sammy Goritz, Rochester, defeated Art Fletcher, Niagara Falls, in five rounds, and Stanley Felong, Rochester, defeated Steve Bucelata, Niagara Falls, in five rounds.

Jule Bauman opened his wrestling season and gave the fans a great show. Bauman is bringing in a lot of new faces and he drew a good house with the new boys. The following boys showed on the card: Curly Donchin threw Cleve Welch; Dutch Heffner, Texas, threw Leo Grandovich in two out of three falls; Bill Keef won the nod over Jack Gacek in twenty minutes, and Bert Rubi got the nod over Frank Malcewicz in twenty minutes.

Tommy Moore, well-known Jamestown boxing promoter, has opened his pro club. Tommy should make a success of his venture.

The Rochester gyms are packed every day with the amateur and pro boxers. There are two amateur clubs running weekly and the pros will start soon.

Phil Verdi, a good bantamweight a few years ago, has a good prospect in Frank Benny. Phil will show him on the next amateur card.

The writer would like to hear from some good amateur teams. The address is 238 Lyndhurst Street. Will also answer all mail. Kindly send stamped envelope.

The following pro clubs are running weekly: Buffalo, Syracuse, Binghamton, Utica, Jamestown, New York.

The following cities are running amateur fights: Endicott, Johnson City, Syracuse, Buffalo, Auburn, Utica and Rochester.

THE RING is on sale on the first of each month at Clinton and Main Streets.

The following boys are well liked amateurs here: Sam Leta, Irish Jim Brown, Stanley Felong, Jack Polivo, Joe Mirabella, Jim Loracono, George Spargue, and Nello Nucelli.

Jimmy Downs and Bobby Owens have returned from their tour out West, where they did plenty of fighting. Downs said that he is not going to fight any more and will hang the gloves up for good.

IN THE NORTHWEST

By DAVID CAVADAS

THE winter boxing season got off to a flying start here with many successful and high-class shows.

The major attraction was Gordon Wallace, who proved he has been an underestimated fighter, when he was awarded a ten-round draw with the classy Ceferino Garcia. Most of the fans and reporters believe that Wallace should have won the decision. In the first five rounds Gordon more than held his own. In these rounds he built up a tremendous lead by continually driving Garcia to the ropes and pounding him.

Wallace, as Canadian welter king, also removed his last obstacle in Canada when he won a clean-cut twelve-round decision from Frankie Genovese, young Toronto Italian. Gordie is now Canadian champion.

"Tiger" Jack Fox of Spokane defeated Maxie Rosenbloom in a ten-round bout.

Henry Woods was lucky to earn a draw in a defense of his state lightweight title fight with Cecil Payne of Louisville, Ky. Payne holds two previous wins over Woods.

Fred Lenhart, Spokane light-heavy, stopped the long win streak of Jack Gibbons, son of Mike Gibbons, St. Paul phantom of some years ago. Fred got the duke.

Alan Foston, our lightweight prospect, won a decision from Young Corpuz in a thrilling bout.

Al Ford, young colored lightweight, lost two decisions this month to Young Corpuz and Leo Dardeen.

Lou Kieswetter, our Canadian heavyweight champion, is in New York.

Freddie Steele, pride of the Northwest middleweights, stopped "Swede" Berglund in six rounds in California.

I will willingly answer all questions. Send me a stamped envelope for the reply at 1296 Hastings East, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

FROM THE MIDDLE WEST
By HAROLD WALSH

JOHNNY HANNISON, once one of Ohio's leading lightweights, is doing a good job of reviving the boxing game in Akron, a city which, when Suey Welch was at the helm, was second only to Cleveland in successful boxing shows. Hannison was formerly managed by Welch and understands the boxing game and should do well. He started off good with Paul Pirrone of Cleveland knocking out Henry Firpo of Louisville, Ky., in four rounds.

The best looking Ohio prospect is Suey Welch's big heavyweight, Hank Hankison, who did well in California, but lost to Eddie Mader in New York. Big Hank hails from Lancaster, Ohio, but never amounted to anything until he hit the trail to California and hooked up with his old manager, Suey Welch. Another boy who is coming along is Lloyd Pine, Akron featherweight, who defeated Babe Triscaro in ten rounds recently.

Tommy Walsh, once the leading fight manager of the West, who with Nate Lewis, handled such great fighters as Jock Malone, Charley White, Joe Mandot, Johnny Griffiths, Bud Christiano, Joe Burman, Johnny Coulon and others, is back in the fight game and has a half dozen good boys, including Gene Stanley, the Detroit middleweight.

Jack Hurley, the Fargo-Duluth promoter and manager, along with his great fighter, Billy Petrolle, has rounded up another stable of fighters headed by Frankie Sagilio of Chicago. Hurley is confident that he and Petrolle will develop Sagilio into another Fargo Express.

Three former internationally known fighters are making their homes in Barberton, O., near Akron, and all three are salesmen. They are Johnny Griffiths, the Akron Flash, who jointly held the welterweight title with Jack Britton. In fact, Johnny and Jack fought fourteen times, with five victories to Britton, four to Johnny and the balance even. The other fighters living in Barberton are Frankie Wine, who fought all the heavies, including Jack Dempsey, and also took part in bouts in South Africa and Australia, and Norman Genet, the Barberton Iron Man, who was the first man to defeat Young Stribling. Genet and Stribling fought what was really the first Battle of the Palms in Florida. Genet also defeated Johnny Griffiths, drew with Jack Britton and fought great fights with Jock Malone and Jimmy Slattery. Norm fought an exhibition one night with Jack Dempsey in Buffalo and the next night gave Jimmy Slattery a great fight when Slattery was at his best.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

THE Grim Reaper reached out and claimed John F. Corbett, old-time Colorado boxing promoter. Corbett was the discoverer and trainer of "Young" Corbett, Denverite, who once held the featherweight championship. Corbett had been in ill health since 1925 when he suffered a nervous breakdown.

At Hot Springs, N. Mex.: Jim Perry, Fort Sumner, N. Mex., light-heavyweight champion of New Mexico, scored a six-round technical kayo over Willis Brown of Lordsburg. Brown suffered two broken ribs before his seconds tossed in the towel.

At House, N. Mex.: Jim Perry scored another kayo over Speedy Holloway of Tulia, Texas, in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round bout. This battle was an added feature to the two-day round-up held at House. After stopping Holloway the first night of the celebration, Perry came back the next night and outpointed Speedy Ryan of Melrose in a fast ten-round go. The latter achievement was quite an upset, as the terrific hitting Ryan has been cutting quite a swath in southwestern ring circles.

At Fort Morgan, Colo.: Chuck Reed, Fort Morgan welterweight, pounded out a ten-round decision over the veteran, "Cowboy Eddie" Anderson. Apparently Eddie's ring days are about over, though he is still a crafty old mittman.

At Colorado Springs, Colo.: Tony La Rue, Colorado Springs welterweight, trying to beat back up the fistic trail, met with a setback when he encountered Chuck Reed, Fort Morgan boy, who at one time was champion of the state in the welterweight division. La Rue failed to win a single round of the ten, and only got an even break in two.

At Walsenburg, Colo.: Mike Montoya, the bemustached La Veta middleweight, pounded out a fifteen-round decision over Joe Martinez, Monte Vista Mexican. It was the seventh meeting of the pair and Montoya has emerged with four victories. The battle was savagely contested with Montoya having an edge in nine rounds. In the semi-windup, "Cyclone" Lynch, Walsenburg Negro heavyweight, knocked out Willie Conners, dusky Pueblo heavy, in the opening round.

Hank Bath, sensational Fort Morgan lightheavy, has placed himself under the management of Jack Kearns. Kearns has him out on the Pacific Coast and is feeding him the usual diet of "pushovers." His first bout out there, in which he shoved over Ralph Norcross, a former sparmate, got the kid plenty of publicity, but unfortunately, most of it was the wrong kind.

Kearns no doubt has a weakness for Rocky Mountain heavyweights, since he picked up Jack Dempsey in these rugged parts. Maybe Bath won't be another Dempsey but the husky farmer lad is a cracker-jack prospect. For one thing, he has got a wallop that would make a Missouri mule sit up and take notice.

Reddy Gallagher, boxing columnist on the Denver *Post*, is trying to line up a Colorado heavyweight boxing tournament with the idea of uncovering some new talent. Not a bad idea, either. For the first time in years Colorado hasn't at least one representative heavyweight in the business. Hank Bath will be a heavyweight in a couple more years, but right now, "Cyclone" Lynch and Chester Paasche just about constitute the crop. Needless to say, both are very much "run of the mine" stuff.

Back down through the years we've had "Denver Ed" Smith, Pete Everett, Jim Flynn, Jack Dempsey and a host of lesser lights to represent Colorado in the fistic puddle.

Yes, by all means let's have that tournament. Besides, we might as well begin scouting around for another bunch of "white hopes." We're gonna need 'em if dusky Joe Louis ever gets a crack at the crown.

Everett Marshall retained his heavyweight wrestling "championship" by tossing a Hindu answering to the name of Khan. Khan's best weapon of offense was a ferocious snarl and a thunderous grunt. They certainly believe in feeding Marshall tough opposition.

But the biggest joke of all is the state boxing commission's silly idea of recognizing Marshall as champion. You'd think they would eventually get wise to themselves and wait till Marshall beat O'Mahoney before "crowning" him. But boxing commissions are supposed to do funny things and the Colorado outfit is certainly no exception to the rule.

The mitt game is rather slow out here now, and boys who are figuring on a trip to these parts might do well to cancel the idea. Unless you can make a deal to fight Emilio Martinez, you might as well steer clear of Denver. Apparently the Mexican must be one of the principals in any Denver engagement.

Anyone wanting information on the fight game in these parts can get it by dropping a line to T. W. McNiel, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colo. But don't forget that postage stamp if you expect a reply. Last month I received ninety-four letters, so you can see what the postage bill amounts to. I also have a list of promoters out here that you can have for a thin dime.

P. S. S., Portland, Ore.: Yes, there was a Colorado heavyweight by the name of Bob York. He was a durable fellow and fought several creditable battles. Dempsey knocked him out in four rounds in 1916. He died in Fort Worth, Texas, several years ago of pneumonia, three days after a fight with "Texas" Tate. His home was in Pueblo.

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS
By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL

BEACH, N. D.—Dick Demeray of Bismark, N. D., won by a kayo over Speedy Moulden of St. Louis, Mo., in the third round of what was to have been a ten-round main event. Moulden carried the fight to Demeray until a solid left to the body tumbled the colorful Moulden to the canvas for the full count. Monk Gillman of Beach drew with Vern "Rusty" Grambling of Bismark in the semi-final.

Belgrade—Hubert Dennis, "The Bozeman Wild Cat" of Bozeman, stopped Billy Vaughn of Torrington, Wyo., in the seventh round of a great fight card. They battled hard every minute, with Dennis having the edge. Dennis weighed 134½, while Vaughn tipped the beam at 139½. Johnny Olsen, Kallispell, took a decision from Smiling "Kid" Berg, Boise, Ida., in four. Shorty Hughes, Bozeman, took a disputed K.O. over Joe Mosher, C.C.C. worker at Twin Bridges. Tiger Bruce Fisher of Helena stopped Speedy O'Neil of Ennis in the second round of the semi-final.

Leads, S. D.—Jimmy Kirwan, Miles City, won the decision over Tony Olquin, Denver, in eight. Marvin Stanley, Miles City, stopped Tommy Lee, also of Denver, in the third of a four-rounder.

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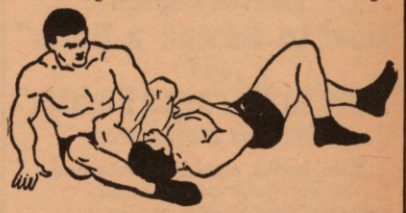

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

THE long planned build-up of Little Nate Bartell, Cincinnati's heavyweight, went for naught on a recent Music Hall program when Artie Sykes, the rugged Syrian from Elmira, N. Y., "wiped" the floor with Natie, dropping him for several counts. He had Natie out, with the bell saving Bartell for the fourth session, in which Artie whipped over the deciding punch which kept Bartell down for the complete count.

Tiger Walker, Danny Davis' colored lightweight, stepped back into the local photo when he knocked out Aubrey Kid Martin of West Virginia in one of Herman Katz's main events at Music Hall.

Al Hamilton took Wesley Martin of Cleveland into camp in a tenner at Music Hall before he and his manager, Bob Bonner, departed for Seattle, Washington, where Bonner, Hamilton and several other members of the Bonner stable are scheduled for a series of matches.

They still book Hamilton as Ohio lightweight champion in Cincinnati. Yet he isn't. Al George holds the title and until he is defeated in the ring, he'll hold the crown. The other lightweights are listed in order in my Ohio Boxing Ratings.

Lloyd Pine of Akron, Joe Basco's new state bantamweight champion, after winning the title from Babe Triscaro of Cleveland, went on to defend his title by knocking out Benny Armburger and beating Billy Landers. Pine is the youngest state champion, being only twenty years of age.

R. E. Heffner, Alliance manager, bulletins the record of Harry Weekly, lightweight challenger for Al George's title. Heffner is ready to send Weekly in against the state title-holder any time.
Les Huffman, Columbus promoter, also is shooting at George's crown with Mutt Schwartz. Huffman goes on to say he's ready for Al Hamilton, Jack Hoster, Jimmy Vaughan, Tiger Walker and Champion George.
Johnny Romans, former Newark lightweight, who is now in Milwaukee, is another Ohio lightweight hot after the lightweight title of Ohio. Romans writes that he is coming back and hopes for a few warm-up matches before he issues his challenge to George.
So, folks, it looks like there will be plenty of competition in the 135-pound ranks during Ohio's indoor season.

George Mull, Akron middleweight with twenty-three knockouts scored in thirty professional starts, is issuing a challenge to state champions Teddy Yarosz and Paul Pirrone. Mull's manager, Roy Mumford, typed the lines telling of Mull's sensational ten-round win over Jimmy Belmont of Pittsburgh at Wheeling, W. Va. This win earned Mull state ranking.

On one of Eddie Schaff's opening programs at Dayton, Ohio, Alabama Kid won the judges' ten-round verdict over Young Tiger Flowers, Cleveland light-heavyweight. It was a bang-up battle from start to finish and Flowers perhaps gave the Kid the most exciting tussle of 1935.

Lloyd Pine, Ohio bantamweight champion, is going places. His record to date, besides the winning of the title from Babe Triscaro, knocked out Benny Armburger, Luis Carpentero and Billy Mack, and won decisions from Billy Landers, Lenny Cohen of Chicago and Harold Matthews of Omaha.

Just a reminder to boxing and wrestling fans the world over. I have Wrestling Ratings, which include the rankings of nearly one thousand wrestlers, for 25 cents; Ohio State Boxing Ratings, 10 cents; National Boxing Promoters' List, 50 cents; National Wrestling Promoters' List, 25 cents. All orders in cash only and a stamped envelope, and the address is 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. News and information can also be secured at this address with a stamped envelope.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Jack (Pop) Davis' heavyweight, Daniel Boone, is yet to make his debut, which will probably be at the Bavarian Arena in Covington, where Mickey Kilcher holds full sway . . . . Kilcher's best card seems to be Luis Carpentero, the Filipino bantamweight, as Carpentero has headed the majority of Mickey's cards . . . . Sam Weinberg of Philadelphia is anxious to show Eddie Cool, Philly lightweight contender, in Cincinnati . . . . Cool would be a "hot" match for Freddie Miller or Al Hamilton . . . . Johnny Hansion opened in Akron with a real card of bouts and Johnny hopes to bring the game back in the Rubber City via the same route . . . . The Firestone Club in Akron turned from boxing to wrestling . . . . Joe Basco still cannot figure how Al Hamilton beat Wesley Martin . . . . the latter has turned in wins over Mose Butch, Paul Lee and several others, yet when he faced Al, he was "lost" . . . . Sonny Hatsme, Dayton Filipino, is going good at this writing.

Some of the results of matches around the state were as follows: Long John knocked out Bobby Johnson; Hack Wilson knocked out Jack Smart; Gus Bosnack kayoed Buck Brown; Sonny Hatsme bested Bobby Young; George Mull knocked out Mickey Lyle; Battling Bozo bested Buddy McArthur (Bozo is now under the Basco banner of Barberton); Tiger Rosey Jackson gained an unpopular verdict from Pete Leone; Harold Humiston beat Charley Ray; Young Tunney beat Young Terry; Marcel Mayer stopped Pickey Mack; Mike Hogan beat Jim Beckholt; Bob Mattingly won the nod from Young Hitler; Babe Dunning beat Jack Delchrome; Pete Leone defeated Tommy Muzik and Wildcat Jackson bested Bob Kelly.

MINNESOTA FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

CHARLES "DYNAMITE" RETZLAFF, St. Paul's heavyweight puncher, made the wise ones take notice when he belted out a decision in ten rounds over Ford Smith of Montana at the St. Paul Auditorium. Smith, a kayo winner over Art Lasky, and the conqueror of Buddy Baer, was handed a sound beating, and was repeatedly rocked by the sledge-hammer rights of the St. Paul heavy. In the supporting card, Young Mickey Walker, hailing from Fort Dodge, Ia., went to a good draw with Paul Lee, Indianapolis featherweight; Max Kalbrenner beat Walsh McCormick; Emmett Weller shaded Gene Connelly; Petit Ferrera of Des Moines won over Lew Thomas of Indianapolis.

Seattle, Wash.—Jack Gibbons, St. Paul's sensational middleweight, discovered he can't always give away weight and come out the winner. Gibbons, a victor in sixty-two fights, met defeat at the hands of Fred Lenhart, burly Tacoman.

St. Paul—Fred Spies went to a draw with John Schroeper; Donald Kies won over Joe Leierin. In the other bouts Melvin Kelly drew with Herman Heindricks, and Leon Hilgert drew with Ton Beaudette.

Results of a few of the amateur cards during the past month are as follows: At the St. Agnes Hall, Kid Schliefer won from John Schrofer, George Martin won from Ray Schultz, Mick Tschida won from John Moeller, Ken Barry and Harold Berger went to a draw. At the Elks Club, Bill Baker won over Ernie Chicore, Leo Miseheck beat Bob Kasterman, Don Utes fought to a draw with Stan Tadora, Bill Deal won from Gordon Butler, Billy Protz scored over Bel Tadisco, Jerry Marx beat Tommy Murphy. At Nick Kahler's Gym, Billy Shaw scored a kayo over Marlin Reynolds, Johnny Costello beat Al McLachan, Carl Neilson won over Johnny Edmonds, Arne Neilson knocked out Billy Dunn, Amos Thorpe knocked out Len Dorne and lost a decision to Cliff Bjorklund, Carl Ford decisioned Bucky Thompson, and Bernie Lyons won over Johnny Flaherty. In another good card at Kahler's gym, Billy Shaw went to a draw with Chuck Carr, Don Price and LeRoy Steeber also drew, Buckey Thompson kayoed Dick Dahlquist in two, Johnny Edwards won over Joe Firgen, Al Lorraine drew with Cliff Bjorklund, Carl Ford won over Max Russell, George Rathbun beat Carl Bartholomew, and Tom McKeon beat Chuck Curtis.

LAST-MINUTE FLASHES—Earl Kane and Johnny De Otis will be trainers and instructors for the Unity House boxing classes during the fall and winter . . . . Young Mickey Walker, who is under the management of Roy Gillman of Fort Dodge, is hailed as a great prospect by Twin City sports writers . . . . Bill Hawkins of Sioux City told your scribe months ago about this little battler . . . . Watch him . . . . as he appears to be going places . . . . Jimmy Potts' gym is now open for the winter season . . . . The entire gym has been remodeled and redecorated.
James J. Braddock, world's heavyweight champion was in town as third man for Tony Stecher's wrestling card . . . . Charley Retzlaff is under consideration for a shot at Joe Louis . . . . At Duluth, Minn. Frankie Sagilio, of Chicago, and Freddy Chynoweth, also of Chicago went six rounds to a draw . . . . Johnny Erjavec scored a kayo over Paul Atlas . . . . Wen Lambert won over Curly Martin . . . . E. E. Schaaf at 144 Glencoe Ave., Dayton, Ohio would like to hear from boxers and managers interested in showing their wares in his boxing club.
We had a very interesting letter from Benny Tollinger, who operates the Panama Cafe in Chicago, and also has a stable of fighters . . . . A little battler from Sioux City, that we have been watching with interest, is Terry Griffiths a lightweight, who looks very promising . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin who promoted in Sioux City all summer, was back in town looking things over . . . . George Truckenbaugh is holding some dandy club cards at Fort Dodge, Ia. . . . Fighters would do well to contact him . . . . He can be reached c/o Elks club . . . . With the mailing of these notes, your correspondent, is taking a trip to Texas for a vacation, and in the meantime, my address in Texas will be 1003 E. Magrill St., Longview . . . . Fighters and managers can contact me there for the present . . . . Will see you next month.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

TY DILLON popular Sioux City boxing promoter was named as matchmaker for the Sioux City *Journal's* Goodfellow boxing card, which is the big fistic event of the indoor season. The card is staged right before Xmas, and the proceeds above expenses are turned over to the poor kiddies. Mr. Dillon is to be congratulated on his new venture.

In the first indoor boxing show of the season under the direction of Tommy O'Loughlin, a fair sized crowd turned out. The main event featured Young Rightmire our ace featherweight, and Mickey Genaro, of New York, in 15 rounds. Rightmire always a big drawing card here, would have no doubt played to a packed house, if he had been matched with a suitable opponent. Genaro was completely outclassed. In another 15 rounder, Jackie Elverrillo, Chicago negro and Petey Mike, of Florida, staged a nice battle with Elverrillo getting the nod. In a fast sixer, Al Pahl and Lloyd Weaver presented a neat battle with Pahl getting the duke.

Des Moines, Ia.—Hymie Wiseman, Des Moines featherweight, outpointed Frankie Wolfram, of Winnipeg in 10 rounds. Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines, lightweight won over Jess Ackerman, also of Des Moines in six rounds. Steve Cronin, Des Moines, welter scored over Jimmy Conway; Jackie Dugan won over George Keener.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—Ray Mann, Sioux City welterweight, went to a fast draw with Snub Pollard, of Fort Dodge; Goldie O'Hara, of Fort Dodge, and Socko Cadwell battled to a draw; Joe Lukas, Fort Dodge, bantam, stopped Young Johnson, of Sioux City. Jack Harding, Sioux City stopped Ozzie Habhab of Fort Dodge in two rounds.

Sioux Falls, So. Dak.—Everette "Young" Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight knocked out Harry Fearro, of Chicago in 4 rounds; Fearro was badly overmatched. Jimmy Wooten received a neat pummeling from Socko Cadwell of Sioux City but received the judges' decision in six; Petey Mike, of Florida, won an eight round decision over George Kenard, Omaha, negro. Jackie Elverillo, Chicago negro, knocked out Eddie Long, of Centerville, So. Dak. in five rounds. Wilbur Bielke, Sioux Falls featherweight won a decision over Killer Wanleas.

Perry, Ia.—Eddie Spencer, Perry, Ia. and Russell Beals, Sioux City, battled to a fast draw; Billy Hendricks, and The Blond Tiger of Davenport, also went to a good draw. The prelims all ended in draws. John Chase, and Ralph Smith; Bobby Davis and Harold Beals; Chuck Mathews and Francis Patten. The matches were well made.

Eagel Grove, Ia.—Bearcat Wright, veteran Omaha negro, scored a kayo over Jack Paine, of St. Joe., Mo. in three rounds; Bud Rule, and Al Van Fleet went to a good draw in six rounds; Lon Chaney scored over Bud Thonigar, of Sioux City, and Frank Copp won over Al Johnson in the prelims.

Onawa, Ia.—Terry Griffith, hard punching Sioux City lightweight, added another kayo victim to his list, when he stopped Jack Presti, of Seattle, Wash., in five rounds. Al Pahl, Sioux City welter, repeated over Lloyd Weaver; Curley St. Onge, won over Wayne Ogle; Kid Mann, Sioux City, defeated Newsboy Brown.

Ottumwa, Ia.—A record crowd turned out to witness the boxing card presented by Bob Siegrist, for the Ottumwa Milk fund benefit. In the feature, Johnny Miler, Albia, heavyweight, won an eight round decision over Harry Hobbs, Oskaloosa Negro. Tommy Maroon, Des Moines, welterweight, and "Slugger" Edwards of Clinton went to a fast draw; Ray Nelson quit in the third round of his bout with Battling Winston, Ottumwa middleweight; Young Dorn, lost by a T.K.O. to Amos Thrasher in the first round. Lester Smith scored a kayo over Ray Kinder; Young Fahrnay lost to Lester Schaefer; Max Barrier won over Ed Smith.

Sheldon, Ia.—Jack Phillips, Spencer, Ia. heavy, knocked out Kid Osman in three rounds before a large crowd. Jack Mulder, knocked out Jack Bravehart in two rounds.

Onawa, Ia.—Lawrence St. Onge, Sioux City light-heavyweight halted Les Burton, of Battle Creek in the first; Terry Griffiths, Sioux City lightweight, defeated Tony Azzinerio in six; Jimmy Boyles won from Ben Nemo. Jack St. Onge won over Babe Bliss; Buddy O'Dell and Kid Burton went to a fast draw.

Burlington, Ia.—Billy Hoon, Rock Island, Ill., welter decisively licked Willie Phoenix, of Brookfield, Mo. in six. Chuck Wilhelmy, of Burlington, won over Carl Brady, of Muscatine, and Bud Glison knocked out Lorn Morrison.

Davenport, Ia.—Frankie Battaglia, of Winnipeg, stopped Kid Leonard, of East Moline, in two. Young Mickey Walker, of Pratt, Kan. outpointed Armanda Cecelia, of Springfield, Ill., in eight. Pret Fearrar, of Des Moines put the kayo on Jack Roberts, Denver, Colo., heavy in two.

Greattinger, Ia.—Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight won an eight round decision over Joe Goeders. Lloyd Weaver, won a four-round decision over Johnny Cosgrove, and Terry Griffiths won over Kid Swezey. Peter Doss, won over Barney Hassell.

YOUR QUESTIONS—F. C. Des Moines, Ia. Wolfram informed me of the whole deal. Danny Davis, Cincinnati, O. Get in touch with Ty Dillon; S. D. Denver, Colo. My collection of boxing material is not for sale at any price. H. B. P. Omaha, Nebr. Write full details. Fan, St. Paul, Minn. Sign your name to your letter. Only way I can answer. R. E. L. Fort Dodge, Ia. Look over the Ring book shop, and you will find just what you want. J. O. V. Sioux Falls, So. Dak. Tommy O'Loughlin is the manager of Rightmire. He was the matchmaker here during the summer, at the park arena.

Please have your notes in my hands by the 1st of every month, and mail same to 2206 N. Lafayette Pl. Sioux City, Ia. Enclose stamp for all replies, as we can't use up valuable space answering questions. Thanks.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS . . . . Young Rightmire, local featherweight comer added a feather to his war bonnet when he defeated Claude Varner, of Los Angeles in eight rounds at Chicago . . . . Dick Demaray, Bismarck, North Dakota, welter, knocked out Speedy Moulden, of St. Louis in three at Bismarck . . . . In a bitterly fought battle at Des Moines, Ia., Ton Ligouri, veteran Des Moines lightweight, won over Jimmy Legrone fellow townsman in ten rounds . . . . A series of semi-monthly boxing cards will be presented at Spencer, Ia., under the direction of C. Van Fleet, of Goldfield, Ia. . . . . Mr. Van Fleet has had considerable experience in the promotion of boxing and wrestling cards in southern Iowa . . . .

At Graettinger, Ia., Andy Miller, and Verne Trickle went to a draw . . . . Peter Doss beat Barney Hassel. Swede Allen won over Kid Jobe. . . . . Bob Jackson beat Chief Korver . . . . Tommy Corbett, Omaha welter, who is in the west won over Tony O'Dell at Ogden, Utah . . . . Bobby O'Dowd, popular little Sioux City feather, who is club fighting around Chicago is finding plenty of work . . . . O'Dowd is always a willing mixer . . . . and has no trouble keeping busy . . . .

Richard F. Garvey is promoting shows at Manley, Ia. . . . . George Truckenbaugh, of Fort Dodge, is promoting for the Elks club there . . . . Bud Rule is going with cards at Eagle Grove, Ia. . . . . Bob Siegrist, of Ottumwa, according to press clippings is an excellent promoter . . . . Allen M. Munn, of Des Moines is much in demand as a referee . . . . Promoters can reach him at 3404 40th St. Pl. Des Moines . . . . Lloyd Hagan, Sports Editor of the Sioux City *Tribune* is also busy as a third man . . .

At Lincoln, Nebr., Harold Matthews stopped Jack Presti in two rounds . . . . The indoor season has just opened up there . . . . Earl Puryear veteran bantamweight is located at Omaha . . . . this for F. G. A. at Kansas City . . . . James J. Braddock, the world's heavyweight champion, paid Sioux City a visit with his manager Joe Gould . . . . Bob Morley, Sioux City amateur boxer is one of the most promising youngsters this writer has lamped for some time . . . . Fighting at the lightweight limit, he is a tough kid to mix with . . . . He is looked after by Bill Carrigg, popular Sioux City sportsman, and trained by "Pop" Rightmire . . . . Johnny Apt of Salina Kansas, has a good prospect in Bruce Brown, middleweight, and a number of other youngsters . . . .

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

ALMOST unexpected and unpleasant occurrence marked the opening of the Wembley Stadium. What was thought would have been a most sensational bout proved a flop when Young Herrera, our fighting ace, defeated Don Petrin, the light-heavyweight boxer from New Jersey, U. S. A. Both boys entered the ring at 178 pounds.

Petrin quit on Herrera in the sixth round, claiming he was fouled. He appealed to the referee, who ruled that no foul had been committed. Don immediately walked out of the ring, hurrying home in his complete ring attire, to the amazement of hundreds of fight fans.

Syd Brown won by T.K.O. over Bill Tate in four rounds; Black Bond gained an easy victory over Black Bill; Dida Brown earned the decision over Syd White in one of the most spirited bouts ever seen here; Quintana Shadow won by K.O. over Red Cap Wilson in three rounds; Boy Jack Peterson scored over Baby Herrera.

A small attendance witnessed the first series of wrestling contests here. In the main contest, Jeff Silvera defeated Reggy Pennado, G. Espeut defeated Frank Rogers, and K. Sherington won over Eric Rose.

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NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

KNOCKING out two men in the same evening is a rare feat that just isn't being done every day in the week, but when both are belted out in less than a round, that's not only a rarity, but punching power as well. Lou Beard, local lightweight, nailed Steve Arrelano with the first punch of the fight, finishing matters for the evening. Promoter Jimmie Guest, feeling that the cash customers deserved to see more battling for their money, persuaded Beard to take on another opponent, said opponent being Battling Woods, who was promptly flattened in something less than two minutes. Kid Pancho and "Iron Man" Linn also tried to halt the upward rush of "Larruping" Lou during the month, Pancho lasting a round and a half and Linn managing to stick the distance, though absorbing a terrific beating.

With the departure of Clyde Chastian, Dutch Weimer, Chief Parris and George Salvadore to more fertile fields, Beard is the only high class fighter left in this section and he is planning an invasion of the East around the first of the year due to lack of worthy opponents hereabouts. He should make a distinct hit any place he shows.

Phil Latona, young Denison lightweight, proved that he is really on the way up by banging out a decisive win over hard-punching Cullen Williams. The Denison kid is not only a capable performer but a very pleasing one.

Dick Ruble, flashy Texas University welterweight, boosted his win column again with knockouts over Billy Parks and Ray Sheldon. Ruble has run up thirty-three victories and no defeats since turning pro.

Clyde Smith, formerly of St. Paul and Minnesota correspondent for THE RING, has opened a gym in Longview, Texas, and plans to run shows there. He brought with him from the North a couple of good fighters in Gene Connelly, lightweight, and Adam Smith, heavy, former International Golden Gloves champion of Chicago. Smith is the right sort of fellow and we heartily recommend him to any and all.

Bobby Burns, the old-time Memphis fighter, is requested to get in touch with Mike O'Kelly, general delivery, San Antonio, Texas, at once.

Ralph Sikes, the San Antonio welter, and one of the most promising boys ever developed in this section, had his brilliant career halted abruptly by an injured eye, sustained in a bout with Eddie Murdock several months ago. The injured optic failed to respond to treatment thus far and it is doubtful if it will ever permit him to box again. The many friends of the popular Sikes will be pleased to know, however, that he is now holding down a swell position on the Houston *Press*, and says he likes it.

San Antonio has a new welter prospect in the person of young Billy Deeg that promises to make a name for himself in fistic circles. He is one of the greatest natural punchers we have ever seen. His record of fifteen kayoes in eighteen starts attests to the fact. He is being smartly brought along by Baldy Baldesarelli, veteran Alamo City manager.

Al Elizondo, San Antonio's dynamic 122-pounder, looks like the goods. Weathering a severe pasting, including a knockdown in the early rounds, he came from behind to knock out Midget Aztec, a clever lad who holds decisions over Henry Moreno, Kid Laredo and others. Elizondo is only a youngster, but is improving rapidly and appears to be the best in the state at that weight.

Once again the plague of rotten decisions seems to be the curse locally. Duke Tramel, veteran Fort Worth puncher, administered a thorough and convincing beating to young Dick McCawley, apparently winning as he pleased, only to have McCawley's hand raised in token of victory. We repeat that rendering of erroneous decisions has done more to hurt the boxing game here than everything else combined. If some system of selecting competent officials isn't found, there won't be a club in the state operating in three months.

Other results over the state: Dutch Weimer K.O.'ed Sid Buckholts; Billy Deeg stopped Mike Fontana, Jimmy Scarmouza and decisioned Bobby Garcia; Johnny Higgins beat Jack Griffin and kayoed Donkey Dickens; Johnny Lacaille won from Ike Bostwick and drew with Santos Delgado; Kid Baisden beat Barefoot Collins and Maxie Maxwell.

Duke Tramel flattened Bunker Hill; Patty McDuff, who is being fed a list of set-ups that threatens to rival that of a former heavyweight champion's early career, stopped George Brown and Joe Blackwell; Johnny Lacaille was awarded a T.K.O. over Red Wright, due to a badly cut eye; Wilson Dunn K.O.'ed Maxie Maxwell; Jo Jo Passante beat Hal Cameron, Babe Kennedy and stopped Dave Mason; Red Wright K.O.'ed Mauel Garcia; Adolph Meave beat Tommy Collins; Johnny Lindsey won from Sailor Berrera; George Brown beat Weldon Waycott; Bobby Garcia lost via T.K.O. to Dick McCawley; Johnny Wallace beat Otis Fotenot; George Coffee K.O.'ed Battling Sam.

IN BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA
By JERRY IRWIN

BOXING, after an absence of three years, has been resumed in Birmingham by the Joint Post of American Legion. Birmingham, as you will recall, just prior to the national depression, was the best boxing town in the South. It was not an unusual occurrence to draw six and eight-thousand-dollar gates for a boxing show, with local boys such as Petey Sarron and Battling Bozo meeting imported opponents. The depression hit Birmingham hard and boxing was shelved for the past three years. But now, with the return of better conditions throughout the country and the boxing game back on its feet, boxing will again resume operations in Birmingham, and from present indications, Birmingham will be the best fistic center in the South again.

"Blasting" Tommy Blanton, Birmingham's new heavyweight, is forging to the front and bids fair to become the new Stribling of the South. Blanton is a college boxer. He won the Southern amateur championship, then quit college and entered the professional ranks. He has won eighteen professional bouts and is a fine looking prospect.

Efforts are under way to bring Joe Louis back to his home state of Alabama and have the Brown Bomber show in an exhibition for the home folks. Fans from all over the South would flock to the Birmingham Auditorium to see the favorite son of the South and the most-talked-of athlete in action.

The Birmingham Auditorium, where the American Legion holds its bouts, is the finest indoor arena south of New York. It has a seating capacity of eight thousand, is both air-cooled and steam-heated, is arranged so that any seat is only a short distance from the ring, and is located right in the heart of the city, with plenty of parking space for cars. It is truly the Madison Square Garden of the South when it comes to fight arenas.

Boxing is picking up all over the South, and you are going to get good reports from now on from the Southern clubs and fighters. Managers and fighters should communicate with us in regard to showing their wares at our club. Address Jimmy Erwin, Auditorium, Birmingham, Ala.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

SALINA, KANS.—Bruce Brown defeated Gene Carlock in a ten-round main event. Joe Renniers beat Bobby Hull in ten. Jack Barry knocked out Paul Menard in three. Bobby Moyer beat Billy Abrams in four rounds.

Bruce Brown of Salina, Kans., is one of the sweetest middleweight fighters in the Middle West. Although colored, the lad is getting several bouts in Missouri, since mixed bouts are allowed. Johnny Apt is promoting at Salina. Any promoters wishing to use this fast, hard-hitting middle can contact him by writing Apt, who can put you in touch with Brown's manager.

Kansas City, Mo.—Bruce Brown gave Jack Charvez, the Indian, a terrific beating in eight rounds at the Arena.

Clinton, Mo.—Johnny Wagner of Ft. Scott, Kansas, has opened the Clinton Athletic Club in this city, and will hold boxing and wrestling shows here. Wagner is getting into shape and will participate in fights himself and is open to meet any boxers at 175 pounds. Wrestlers and fighters looking for work, write Wagner at Clinton, Mo.

Harold Murphy, light-heavy boxer of Springfield, Mo., is now located in Ventura, Calif., and is promoting wrestling shows at the Ventura Athletic Club.

Les Showers, premier amateur boxing director, is closing his three-day amateur tournament at Sterling, Colo., where he packed them in to capacity each night. Next spot is Newton, Kans., for the big pre-Olympic meet, with Kansas, Missouri, Colorado and Nebraska battling for the championships. Possibly it will necessitate four nights for the affair owing to the heavy entry list.

Bob Capocy and Mosco of Chicago have a fine stable of fighters and will invade the Middle West soon. Bob LaMonte, their ace welter, will probably show at Salina in a main event.

Tom Healer is promoting in Kansas City at the Arena, and Gabe Kaufman is promoting at Convention Hall.

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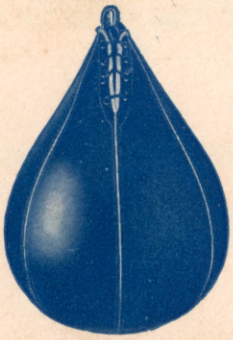

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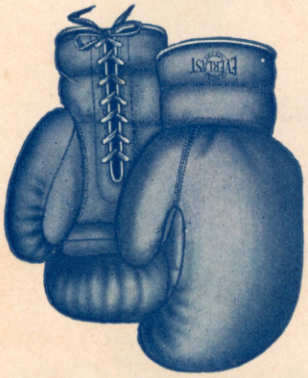

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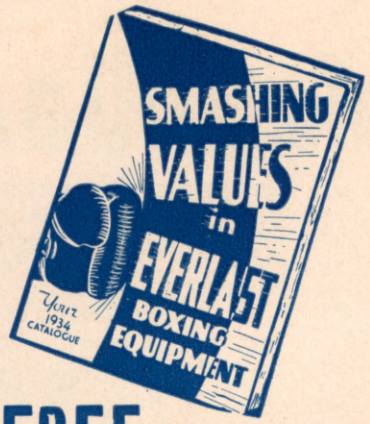

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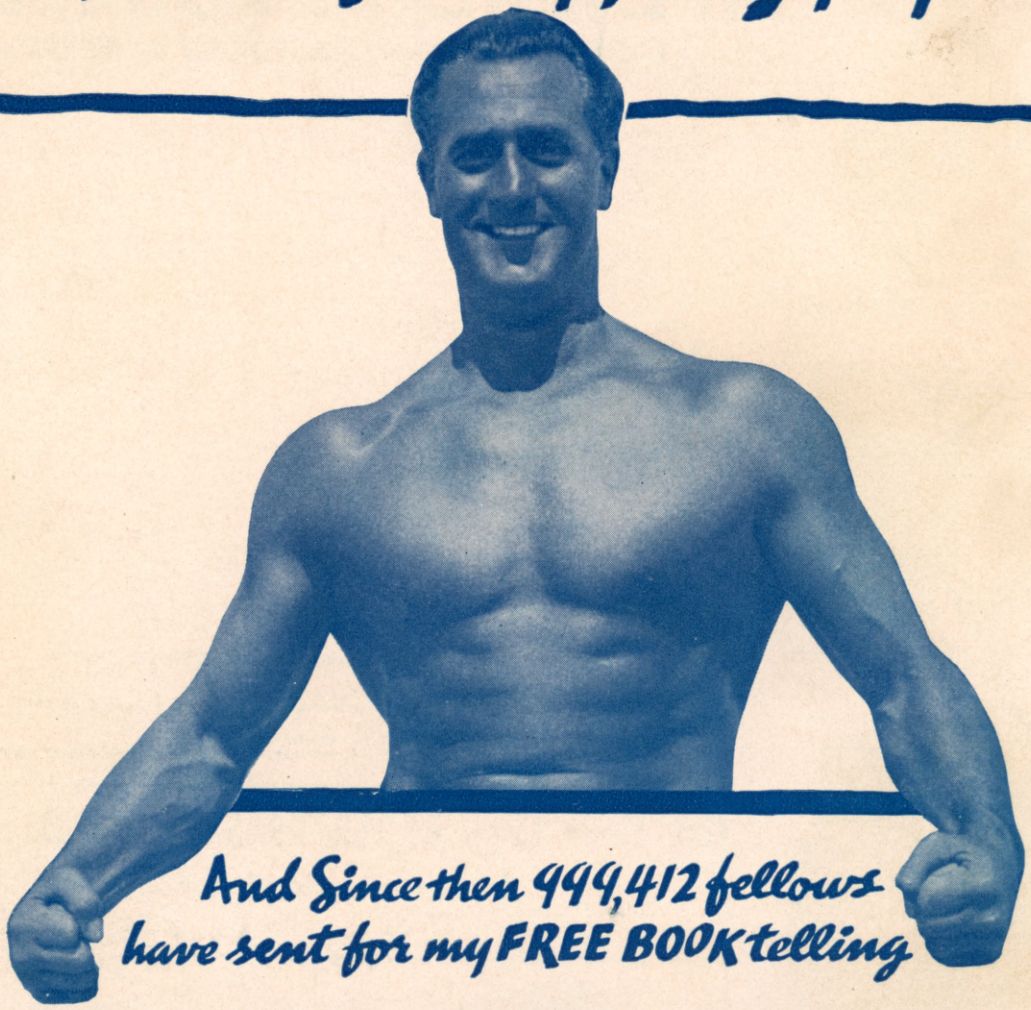

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